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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

March
1913



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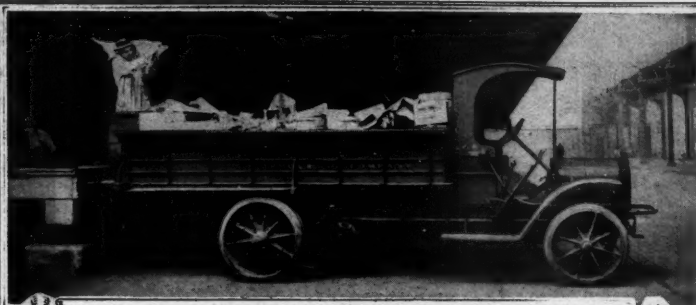
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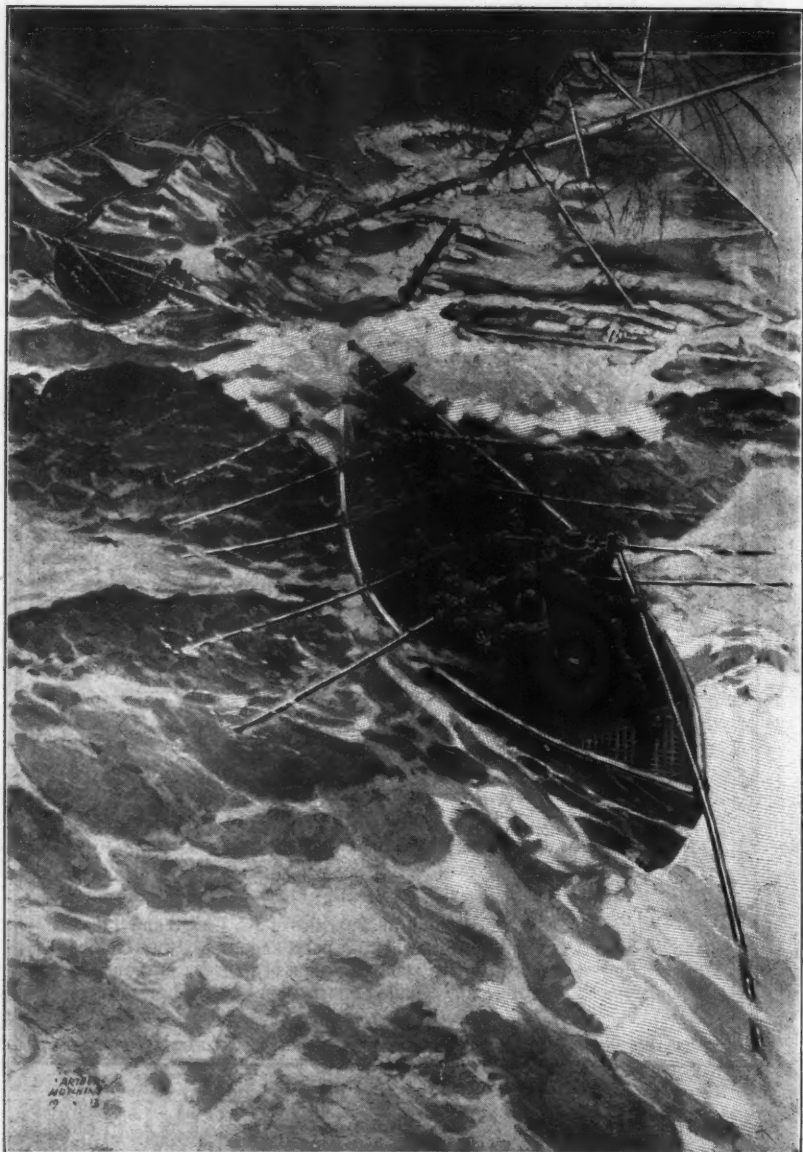
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1913

The Inauguration at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

CEREMONIES attending the inaugural of four years ago are recalled as the fourth of March approaches. The man who has been at five, ten or fifteen inaugurations can tell you about every one of them—the more remote, the more vividly the details are remembered—but the average visitor seldom harks back beyond the last event four years ago. Many thousands recall the snow-blizzard that broke like an avalanche upon Washington the day that President Roosevelt retired and William Howard Taft took the oath of office. The inaugural ceremony was held in the Senate chamber, and, directly after, President Roosevelt left the Capitol to reach the railroad station, through the slush and sweep of one of the worst snowstorms ever known in Washington.

The mild winter of 1913 presages the balminess of a May day in Washington March 4th. The records and predictions of the Weather Bureau have been baffled in attempting to follow the vagaries of the "cold waves," which seem to have abandoned the northern and eastern section of [the country and to have visited "the glorious climate of California" for choice.

* * * * *

The inauguration of President Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, will be simple and in accordance with the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, whose spirit—if he still watches over events mundane—may well be gratified at the restoration of his party to power. The personal friendship between President Wilson and his predecessor suggests that the harmony and unity of the republic will not be broken by any display of partisanship or petty feeling at the inauguration. The world is steadily outgrowing the bitterness and hatred characteristic of the days when the sword, pistol and bludgeon were resorted to by the representatives of conflicting factions and parties in Washington.

The thousands coming to witness the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson as President will greet him with heartiest wishes. Inaugurated about the time the republic of France welcomes Poincare to the presidency, Governor Wilson succeeds to a powerful leadership. The situation in Europe, with

the Balkan storm still raging, and the diplomatic entanglements in Morocco and Algiers disturbing all the powers, is in strong contrast to the conditions in America, where the new President will find his country at peace with all the world—unless unhappy Mexico finds a new abyss of blood and flame into which to plunge her children and the best interests of at least two generations.

* * * * *

ALL the delicious dreams of the usual Inaugural Ball "faded like a wreath of mist at eve" when President-elect Wilson decided that it had "ceased to be necessary to the enjoyment of the people." Dressmakers, milliners and jewelers suspended operations as plans for Paris creations, gorgeous headwear and humming-bird shoes vanished into thin air. The sensational display of feathered slippers costing \$2,500 a pair, radiant with the gorgeous metallic tints of five hundred Columbian humming-birds, will not be made at the Inaugural Ball. Such extravagance reminds one of decadent Rome, when gorgeous array and ornamentation sapped the strength of manly valor and womanly character. And President Wilson has studied history!

After it was announced that the ball was not to be, a proposition was made to establish a fixed standard limiting the cost of ball and reception costumes, as at some high school graduations—something that would eliminate useless extravagance, and induce women to dress in a modest manner approved by a queen of fashion. In England, Queen Alexandra had a potential influence in simplifying the styles at court functions. The average expenditure of a young woman in Washington society has been estimated at from three to four thousand dollars a season. Think what a nice little cottage, with rose vines and green blinds, this amount would buy—and the more one sees of society the more one feels how useless, in these prosaic and practical days, is the enormous expenditure inspired by some women's barbaric instinct for adornment, foreshadowed in Eve's first trousseau in the Garden of Eden, and increased in mystery, beauty and cost as administrations advance.

* * * * *

WHEN Mrs. Grover Cleveland visited Washington prior to her marriage to Professor Preston, she was the guest of honor at a series of notable social functions. Her charming debut as the bride of the White House was recalled, and many anecdotes were related of social life in the Cleveland administration. One incident had to do with a newspaper man's first visit to the White House in "full dress." He was in line at the first reception given by President Cleveland and his bride, and in the excitement of stepping up to shake the President's hand, the train of a lady's dress in front was trod upon and there was a resounding rip. Such a look greeted the luckless newspaper man that he blushed to the roots of his hair and was about to turn back and run, when the sweet little woman at the President's side, who had seen the catastrophe, smiled and whispered, "Never mind." With such graciousness did the first lady of the land say the words that she whose train had been ripped shot forth a forgiving look toward the young man who stood awkwardly in the spotlight trying hard to appear at ease in an expansive shirt front that seemed as stiff as the steel cuirass of an old time knight.

This kindness and tact was characteristic of the bride of the White House, who later became a bride at Princeton, where the presidential limelight was still focussed.

ONE of the most *recherche* social events of the season was the John Hays Hammond ball, at which Mrs. Cleveland was the guest of honor. The Hammond home dispenses the old-time Colonial hospitality that has made it especially popular among Washington functions, and no social leader is more admired than the charming Mrs. Hammond.

The ball in Mrs. Cleveland's honor was a brilliant function. About two hundred guests, chiefly of the younger set, enjoyed the beautiful decorations, exquisite music and most artistic dancing of the season. Baskets of American beauty roses and pyramids of white lilacs and other lovely blooms decorated the splendidly lighted salon, forming an exquisite background against which the bright faces and beautiful costumes of blushing debutantes reminded the beholder that American wealth and fashion have long since excelled the vaunted glories of Persia and imperial Rome. The hostess was resplendent in silver and white brocade with emeralds and diamond ornaments, and Mrs. Cleveland, who received in the famous yellow velvet gown worn at the coming out ball given Miss Esther Cleveland, was most charming. Miss Helen Taft and other young belles of the season, and many gallant cavaliers of the social coterie at the national capital made up a scene which will long be remembered in the annals of Washington society. The honors paid to the wife and daughter of the late President Cleveland were most heartily rendered by Washington society. The Con-

gressional Club and the senatorial, diplomatic and judicial departments all vied with one another in doing honor to the former first lady of the land and her daughter, and a White House dinner was given by President and Mrs. Taft to Mrs. Cleveland and her fiancée, Professor Preston. Many men prominently associated with the Cleveland administration came to Washington to do honor to Mrs. Cleveland, who will long be remembered as one of the most beautiful brides that ever stood under the shimmering chandelier at the White House. The contrast between the costumes worn when Mrs. Cleveland was a bride and those worn today make an interesting comparison.



MISS ESTHER CLEVELAND

The daughter of Grover Cleveland. During her visit in Washington many entertainments were planned in her honor

HIGH cost of living has nothing to do with the high cost of being elected to Congress. Among the congressmen so fortunate as to have a star preceding their name in the Congressional Directory, indicating re-elected, John J. Fitzgerald, Democrat, of New York, has long claimed the medal for economy on election bills. But when a Washington reporter announced that Mr. Fitzgerald's last election cost him only \$11.98, and that such was his sworn statement filed with the clerk of the House, the Congressman from New York felt that it behooved him to deny the story, even at the risk of sharing honors. He proceeded to declare his expenses as \$826. Then the laurels fell to Congressman Sherley of Kentucky, who expended only \$400, while Congressman Francis Burton Harrison, the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and one of the Progressive New York congressmen, declared that \$3,916 was necessary to secure his re-election. There was much amusement in comparing the tabulated list, grimly called the "Congressional Cost Market," and as one Republican congressman who was defeated remarked in going out of the gloom, "The Congressional bargain counter is growing more popular." But the question always comes up, even if a con-

gressman does not expend much money individually, how much does it cost his friends? There is no doubt that the late legal provision has done much toward eliminating an unquestionable over-lavish and unnecessary expenditure in congressional campaigns. And there is still room for good work.

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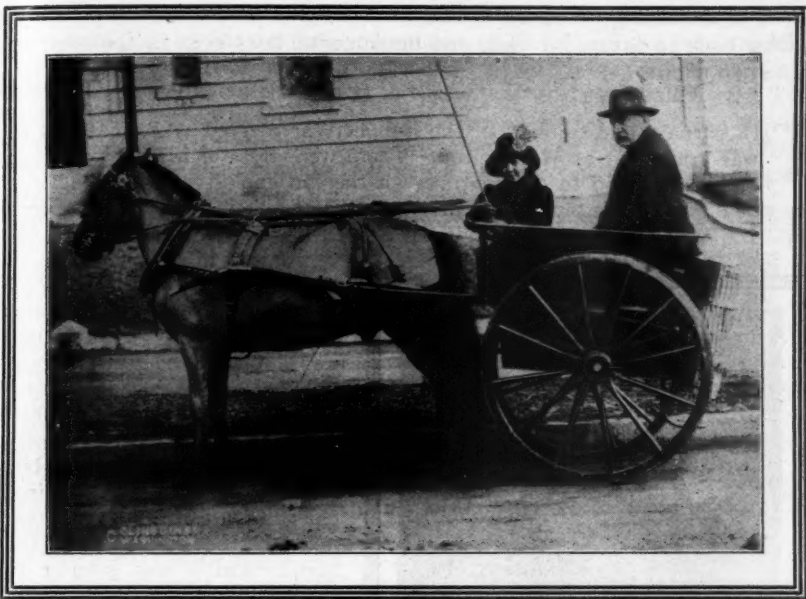
NOW comes the negation of an old saying utilized in political parlance that "lightning does not strike twice in the same place." A government map has been printed showing a zone where trees are most likely to be struck by lightning, and the fallacy of lightning not striking twice in the same place has been proven by a scientific investigation conducted by three thousand forest service officers in a national forest terri-



Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

HON. JOHN J. FITZGERALD

Congressman from New York, one of the most prominent members of the House of Representatives



HON. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER NATALIE

Who may be seen driving about Dupont Circle on bright mornings. Mr. Hammond has never lost his thirst for adventure and expects to start shortly on a trip into the wildest mountain regions of Mexico in an attempt to pacify the Yaqui Indians

tory covering nearly two hundred million acres. It has been observed that some trees are favorably located for attracting the flashes of lightning and bear the scars of seven or eight thunderbolts. The same is true of some rocky summits and buildings, and out of 907 cases recorded by one observer, 21 covered repeated strokes on trees and buildings. This ought to furnish a new pointer or two for the ubiquitous lightning rod agent.

The old theory that the majority of persons killed by lightning are those who seek shelter under trees is also exploded, for more than half of such deaths occur in the open, and less than one-quarter under trees. The report also throws light on the origin of forest fires, and lightning has been given as one of the chief causes second only to the sparks from locomotives. Forked lightning is much more destructive than the ball or thunderbolt variety. It is more freakish, while the thunderbolt makes the most noise.

Scientific investigators have also exploded the old-fashioned verse which insists that "Lightning never strikes the laurel" and also the old saw:

"Beware the oak, it draws the stroke,
Avoid the ash, it courts the flash,
Creep under the thorn, it saves from harm."

These verses are probably constructed for the purpose of rhyme rather than to exploit scientific fact, although report does show that some trees suffer more than others, but this it is claimed is because of position rather than the variety of the tree. The report has engaged the sober interest of many defeated candidates who were interested in the late freaks of political lightning,

getting back to nature for basic and fundamental laws even in the conduct of human affairs.

* * * * *

THE carnage and conflicts of the Balkan War revived a keen interest in war armament at Washington. There were tests of high-power shells at Indian Head to demonstrate whether an explosive dashing against the side of the ship is more dangerous than armor-piercing shells which penetrate the armor and explode inside with much less force. W. S. Isham, inventor of a high-explosive shell,



THE CORCORAN GOLD MEDAL PAINTING

It is entitled "The New York Window" and is the work of Childe Hassam. It was awarded the first W. A. Clark prize of two thousand dollars, and the Corcoran medal at the fourth exhibition of contemporary oil paintings by American artists

appeared before the House Committee on Naval Affairs and upon his testimony \$100,000 was appropriated for this purpose. He introduced evidence showing that this type of shell was far superior to the armor-piercing shell now used, but Admiral Nathan C. Twining, chief of the bureau of ordnance, held to the opinion that the high-explosive was inferior to the armor-piercing shell. Final tests were made on the monitor Tallahassee and the old naval ram Katahdin at the range of ten thousand yards. The perfection of naval armament is just now of all-absorbing interest and the testing is noted as the investment penny in times of peace that will save pounds in time of war.

* * * * *

AN exciting experiment was recently conducted in Washington where it was desired to procure a like-

ness of the features of a typical American boy. Photographs were taken by the hundreds and were received from all parts of the country; from city and town alike, all types appeared. Finally a scientific study was inaugurated as the judges settled down to work. There was nothing on the photographs to furnish a clew as to names, no data as to the residence, for the purpose was to get the purest type of American boy. Now the theories of the ethnologists are shaken, for the face chosen was that of a Russian Jew's son, born across the water. This indicates that the "melting pot" of Israel Zangwill began work early. The face has every characteristic looked for in the general conception of a keen, alert and altogether typical American boy.

ONE of the first indications of a change in executive tenancy was the removal of Pauline Wayne, the administrative cow, presented to President Taft by Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin, and long a familiar figure about the White House stables. She placidly chewed her cud and minded it little as she was led away to continue to give good milk for the Taft family. She seemed to give a little impressive switch of her tail as she tried to drive away the early spring flies whose attention she resented, probably as the harbingers of the incoming Democratic administration. With a resigned "moo" she walked down the executive avenue to find "fresh fields and pastures new" away from the White House stable.

* * *

IF the tariff and financial hearings at Washington could continue long enough the Capital City would be the center for celebrities not only of the government but of nearly every branch of business in the country. Washingtonians who have become accustomed to passing government officials in the streets and parks have taken an unusual interest in the men whose names are prominent in the world of finance, and the hearings of the Pujo Committee have been crowded with attentive listeners.

Mr. George F. Baker, who in financial affairs is second only to J. Pierpont Morgan, has a way of remaining silent and yet carrying on big operations in a most successful way. Someone has said that "he makes less noise than a mouse in a wool

barn." Mr. Baker was found to be on the directorate of over fifty-seven giant incorporations. His modesty, however, was impressive, and his biography in "Who's Who" more limited than that of the average new Congressman. The facts elicited were that he was born in Troy, New York, seventy-three years ago and that his father was a Washington newspaper man. Residence was given as on Madison Avenue, New York, and the witness admitted to having a summer home in Tuxedo. The names of the banks and railroads of which he is a director made an impressive list, but there are men living who can remember when George F. Baker came to the First National Bank in New York fifty years ago as a clerk. He had little to say then, but always knew what was going on, and his advancement



MISS HELEN TAFT AND "CARO"
The pet at the White House and "the first dog of the land"



CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN

The Norwegian explorer and discoverer of the South Pole, who has been lecturing to American audiences. His first address was before the National Geographic Society at Washington

was rapid. He has been through many a hard-fought financial battle, but has seemed to have just the right sort of judgment at all times. Even during the dark days of the Jay Cooke failure, with a nod George F. Baker made plans go through and with a shake of his head brought undesirable operations to a stop.

His disapproval "flows out from him" without speaking, as one observer remarked, like "an agitation of the psychic ether." His frank testimony before the Pujo Committee has had a paradoxical effect in establishing more confidence in these financial leaders than has been given them for at least a decade past.

* * *

WHEN Captain Roald Amundsen, the discoverer of the South

Pole, entered the White House to discuss with the President his proposed "drift" across the Arctic Sea in the historic "Fram," the suggestion was made that the next time the intrepid explorer came to Washington it would be with the record of having visited the North as well as the South Pole. Captain Amundsen will start from Behring Sea on his five years' trip to the North next July, and will use Nansen's famous weather-beaten "Fram," now lying in dock at Buenos Aires.

It was a pretty tribute that Captain Amundsen paid in calling upon Miss Jane Wilkes, daughter of the late Rear Admiral Charles Wilkes, who discovered the south polar continent in the early forties. Admiral Wilkes and his party in two small sailing ships coasted for fifteen hundred miles along the Antarctic coast. He is recorded as being the first man to discover land in this region and the first one to state that there was a south polar continent. The memory of Captain Wilkes was greatly honored by Captain Amundsen's tribute and made a fitting and appropriate feature of his visit to Washington.

* * * * *

IN the Senate chamber the rollcall of the states is now complete from west to east, and from our northern to our southern boundaries. Arizona and New Mexico can each now respond with two votes. No more states can be added to the United States of America, unless Texas should choose to divide itself, which is most unlikely, although this state has a legal right to do so. The new states of the future must come from distant Alaska or the islands across the seas. With the election of United States senators, the

Senate will become still more pre-eminent as a legislative as well as a deliberative body. The increase of membership in the House to 435 members has made it more or less unwieldy, and the work must necessarily be subdivided, and assigned to committees, and the average congressman is having less to do with national affairs than ever. The increasing interest in affairs at Washington is indicated by the length of the Congressional sessions in recent years; and many of the leading organizations of the country have a permanent representative in the District of Columbia, to keep in touch with affairs during the long sessions of Congress. There are more men possessing diversified information of national affairs located at Washington than at any other capital in the world, not even excepting London. Washington is a capital where official life and governmental matters predominate, and do not suffer business detraction as in the large commercial capitals of Berlin, Paris or London.

* * *

IT is curious how they will laugh at an old joke, but this was a joke told by an Englishman to an American about a Canadian; consequently it represented the triple alliance. In arriving one gorgeous October morning at Hamilton, Ontario, that beautiful city where Sir John MacDonald's statue reigns supreme, a traveling man met a new cabby, a loyal subject of the King, just arrived from Halifax. When he was asked where he was to go, as the cabman tipped his hat, the traveler replied in a voice more emphatic than usual, "Go to Hell and Blazes." A fight ensued, and the cabman's labeled hat and the drummer's derby were picked up, when it was discovered that there was a firm doing business in sedate, Sunday-loving Hamilton under the name of Hell & Blazes. When the hats were brushed and everything was straightened out, the cabman said regretfully, "If you only said 'Go to Halifax' or more plain hell—I would have understood it all, sir, but to tell me to go to Hell & Blazes and not knowing the name or number, sir, what else could you expect?" The drummer took him aside and told him the story of the minister who was to announce the finding of a pocketbook by Miss Helen Hunt, and who told the congregation if anyone missed a pocket book "to go to Helen Hunt for it."



MISS BARBARA STEPHENS

The pretty debutante daughter of Congressman Stephens of California. She was formally presented to Washington society at a tea given by Mrs. John D. Works, wife of the California Senator, and her mother

This may be one of the results of Thomas W. Lawson hyphenation, or the coining of words that are enlarging our vocabulary and struggling for admission to our dictionaries.

* * * * *

AS the Panama Canal approaches completion and thousands of tourists come and go, there are various opinions as to why the Panama Canal has been a success, but there is one thing upon which everyone agrees, and that is that the first great conquest made on the Canal Zone was the elimination of the mosquito. This made living conditions on the Canal not only endurable but attractive. Following that came the wonderful development of railroad transportation; and there are few machinists who do not

insist that the great success of the enterprise is largely due to the development of excavating and other construction machinery.

In every city, town and hamlet throughout the land, the progress of the Canal Zone is watched with absorbing interest. The comparison is made that if the Culebra Cut was made into a ditch six feet deep and six feet wide it would encircle the globe, with many thousand miles of ditch to spare; but when you see the great steam engines at work the stupendous results seem naturally to follow operations conducted on such a gigantic scale, and it is doubtful whether there is any other part of the United States that will eventually be familiar to more of the American people than the Canal Zone.

The Navy Department will rendezvous a fleet at Colon this winter, and give the naval forces a chance to know all



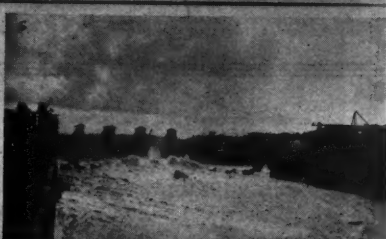
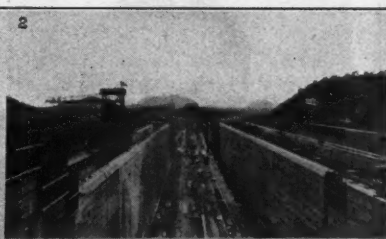
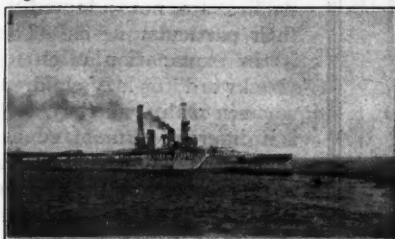
"DOC," THE FAVORITE BULL DOG OF LITTLE VINSON WALSH MCLEAN—

Washington's "hundred million dollar baby." Master Vinson declares that he can manage "Doc" without help except when a cat appears on the scene

about the Panama Canal before the water is turned on into the big ditch, and this looks like completion in 1913.

* * * * *

WHEN it comes to incubating new ideas, look toward Missouri. Here comes a suggestion that shows a psychological study of American youth. There is "A School for the Discontented" located at Kansas City. It is called the "Lathrop Industrial School," and it is educating children over fourteen years of age who have reached the fifth grade and find the work of regular schools distasteful. The theory is to overcome the aversion



1. U. S. S. Arkansas, used by President Taft on his recent trip to Panama.
3. The aristocratic part of Panama. The residence of the President of Panama is shown at right of picture.
5. Secretary Hilles, Mrs. Hilles, Miss Louise Taft and friends preparing to make inspection of Culebra Cut.
7. President Taft and party. Ruins of old Spanish Cathedral in Panama, founded in fifteenth century.

2. A view of the locks at Miraflores showing immense length—1,000 feet—by 110 feet breadth.
4. Part of Florida east coast railway, over which President Taft traveled to Panama.
6. The Spillway which furnishes the outlet from Gatun Lake.
8. Entrance to Gatun Locks from Gatun Lake.



WILLIAM J. FLYNN

The new chief of the Secret Service. One of his principal duties is to protect the life of the President

of children for school due to the fact that the ordinary studies are not adapted to their particular needs. This is the explanation often for "backward" or lazy children, when in reality all they need is a different form of educational activity. So the idea of "pre-vocational" training has been conceived, and courses in bench woodworking, shopdrawing, pattern-making, printing, carpentry and shop electricity are provided for the boys; and cooking, sewing, millinery and embroidery for the girls. Classes in plumbing, brick-laying and concrete work will be also formed as soon as the demand warrants. This takes the place of the old apprentice system and captures the boy before he drifts to the livery stable or becomes a street corner loafer. The idea is to stimulate interest and

make each study apply to the work in hand. Thus arithmetic would be utilized in the shop; English in practical instruction in necessary business forms; no attempt is made to teach technical grammar. Geography and history are taught from the commercial standpoint, and local government is an important subject. Three-year courses are provided. The first two years the teacher directs the choice of the pupils, but the last year each boy is allowed to select his work in the trade he wishes to learn. The work promises to develop into efficient men and women many who previously lagged behind in ordinary school work and have drifted toward becoming derelicts or loafers to recruit the army of discontented and helpless.

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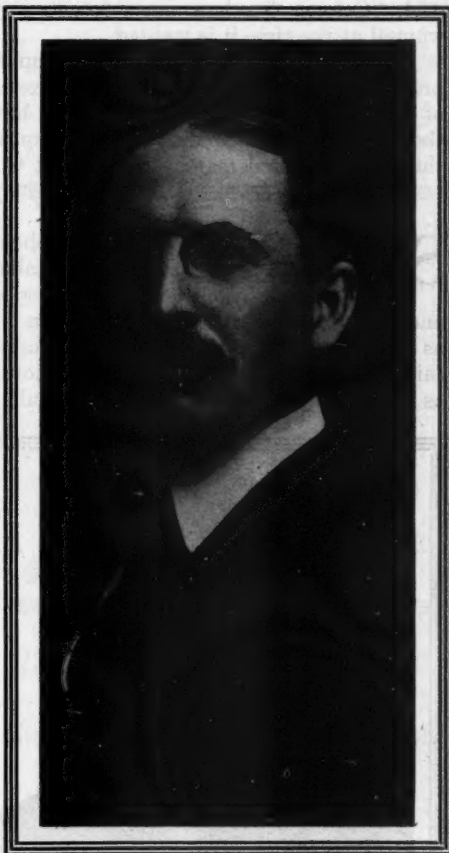
THE resignation of Chief John E. Wilkie from the United States Secret Service retires a faithful, stalwart leader of those who have guarded the President in all his travels. Chief Wilkie will in future devote his efforts to leading the customs inspection, and William J. Flynn becomes his successor as chief of the Secret Service Bureau. Of all interesting departments of the government, the Secret Service Bureau is perhaps the most fascinating. Its band of men guards the President and accompanies him in all his travels.

President Taft's recent trip of eleven hundred miles from Key West to Colon was made by a nineteen-knot ship in sixty hours, which does not seem as if Colon or the Isthmus itself is very far away, after all. The President

inaugurated a most delightful route to Colon by going via Key West over the Flagler railway, which bridges the seas of the Caribbean. The passenger looking out of his window is a long time out of sight of land, but just to think of only two days and a half to Colon and two days from Colon to Havana, reveals a development of rapid transit which proves that Mr. Henry M. Flagler has created a new route to the Southern continent.

On his third trip to the Isthmus with the President, Mr. L. C. Wheeler, the well-known secret service man, who has visited every state and territory with President Taft, noted the wonderful and decided improvement in two years, but outside of the industrial improvements made, he noted the marked development in business activities. Those who were in Panama five years ago cannot realize what a revolution American methods have made in the Little Republic of the Canal Zone. The coming in of German, French and other merchants, adapting themselves like frontiersmen to the new conditions and anticipating great developments close at hand, show that the keen commercial sagacity of Europe is a good match for American ingenuity.

Through the great spillway the waters of the Gatun Lock rush with the roar of a Niagara. The immense volume of water controlled by the levees that govern the level of the lake, and so simply that the work could be done by a woman or a child, is now one of the wonders of the age. Everywhere over the construction tracks of the Canal Zone, hither and thither, Colonel Goethals' well-known "brain car" has sped incessantly for years. "The man in the brain car" seems to have carried in his head every detail of the stupendous work, from the riveting of a brace to the maintenance and efficiency of his army of workers. Even when inquiries were made at his office about some old photographs, he seemed to remember them and to know just where they were. As one of his associates



JOHN E. WILKIE

Who after fifteen years' service as Chief of the Secret Service, resigned in order to give all his time to superintending the special agents of customs service. This is one of the most interesting branches of government work. Millions of dollars are collected from dishonest importers by the efforts of the customs detectives

said, "Colonel Goethals never forgets anything and always knows what is wanted at the time it is wanted."

President Wilson may not keep up the travel record attained by his predecessor, but after all is said and done, the President's travels have been of more value to the government than have been generally realized, because they exemplify the genuine executive spirit, which not only must know that things exist, but demands to go about to see and study them.

* * * * *

SCHEDULE K was one of the shibboleths of tariff legislation aftermath. It sounded well and more people talked about it than any other portion of the late tariff bill—to say nothing of what was done to it in the Senate and at the various probes, pro and con. "Flannelette" or "cotton flannel," as it used to be called, is now a very handsome and comfortable fabric, and is said to be the real cause of many explosions in Schedule K. If not so processed as to be made reasonably non-inflammable, it is often treacherous and nearly

as destructive to life as gunpowder, and the casualties are even more gruesome than the details of campaign discussion. In Great Britain, during the year ending March 2, 1912, 384 persons succumbed to severe burns, and of these 133 persons were fatally burned through wearing flannelette clothing. Curtains and portieres made of this material were the cause of a number of fires. Legislation to secure the purchaser in acquiring "safe flannelette" will be brought before Parliament this season. Even our British cousins have their troubles at home over parts and parcels of "Schedule K."

* * *



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR.

Who is following in the footsteps of both his parents by preparing to become a lawyer. He is twenty-four years old and a civil engineer, but has abandoned that profession to study law, in which his mother, as well as his father, has been signally successful

ONE of the daily sights that always interests me when I come to Washington is when the "Pedestrian Club" of the Supreme Court gets under way down Pennsylvania

Avenue. Justice Harlan initiated the President into it, and nearly every night when the Supreme Court is in session the Supreme justices may be seen coming down the Avenue at a rapid pace. The distinguished jurists

walking to the Treasury Building where they scatter for their cars is now as familiar a sight as the children coming from school.

Chief Justice White now holds the record as a good walker and seems to delight in that form of exercise. He may be in the lead, but fast upon his heels are Associate Justice Holmes and Associate Justice Lamar, and it is no leisurely stroll either. Justice Hughes and Justice McKenna discuss matters in a platonic way as they go along.

The tradition exists in the Capital that the Supreme Court "Pedestrian Club" was inaugurated by Chief Justice John Marshall and was continued by Justices Ellsworth and Miller. During Civil War days the figure of Justice Salmon P. Chase, swinging his arms as he rushed down the Avenue, was a familiar sight, until it is alleged he attempted to walk with Lincoln, when the long legs of the rail splitter outdistanced the Chief Justice, who never again boasted of his record from the Capitol to the Treasury, which is just one mile even measure.



MRS. FRANK T. O'HAIR AND RUTH O'HAIR
The wife and little daughter of Congressman-elect O'Hair of Illinois, the self-made, energetic young statesman who comes from Uncle Joe Cannon's district

* * * * *

It would not seem right for a session of Congress to pass without at least one good story from Monsieur Victor Murdock. They call him "Monsieur" now, because his latest is a French story and when they whispered it was a French story, it seemed that if not *risque* it might be racy. For the popular Victor has a way of telling his stories.

He started by saying that he did not speak French—that is, at the time the story opens. His wife and daughter took a trip abroad, and they wrote to him, not for funds, but to let him know that he was still recognized as the head of the family. In the letter with womanly exactness they told him that the address would be printed on the envelope. Victor was a printer boy once, sat at the case and stuck, stuck or stucked type (past, present and past participle given for convenience) and "followed copy." He took pen in hand and began to address his reply. "Mme." he wrote, for French postal officials might not interpret plain American "Mrs."—"Mme. Victor Murdock." Now for the address, which "Mme." had stated was on the envelope. Laboriously the obedient husband and father began to inscribe the copy. He thought that a little American brevity was needed in French addresses, but he dared not abbreviate or omit, so he utilized every inch of preferred position, just leaving room for the postage stamp to perch on one end, and the words "Hotel Grand Prix" to be obscurely scrawled on the other.

The letter arrived safely, for a reply was received some time after and it included a cold English translation of the envelope as follows:

MADAM VICTOR MURDOCK

Every room with bath. Situated in large park.
Tennis courts alongside. Hot and cold water.
Private dining rooms.

Hotel Grand Prix

Mourmelon, near Paris, France

His wife brought the envelope home, and is proceeding to give her distinguished husband a course in French. "The best of it all," whispers Victor "*santo un face*—you see I use French naturally in referring to this story—is that when she has anything not pleasant to say to me I ask her in tones most dulcet (notice the French again) 'please speak it, my dear, in French.'" The Sunflower statesman insists that every man who permits his family to go to Europe should take a course in French during their absence, or else have them address the return envelopes, leaving nothing for the fond husband or father but to affix the stamp and enclose the drafts.

* * * * *

EVER since John Wingate Weeks entered public life his friends felt that his promotion was only a question of time or as someone facetiously remarked "a question of 'weeks,' not years." After an exciting contest, the Massachusetts General Court selected John W. Weeks to succeed United States Senator W. Murray Crane in January. The November election had left him unruffled and unperturbed, one of the re-elected members of Congress from Massachusetts, and he was hard at work upon important committee work at the time of his elevation to the Senate. When members of Congress

come from the House into the Senate and exercise their prerogative of entering the Senate floor, they dream of sometime coming over to take a seat as Senator. The Senate has been more generally recruited from members of the House during the last decade than ever before in the history of the country.

The election of Senator Weeks was especially gratifying to his friends. More than any man of recent years he seems to hold the personal affection as well as the respect of his associates. Some have compared his admiring friends to the enthusiastic following of Mark Hanna. While differing from Senator Hanna in disposition and temperament, the towering form and gracious manner of John W. Weeks, the New Hampshire boy, suggests all the



MRS. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, JR.

The daughter-in-law of the Democratic leader, and the daughter of Alex Berger, a Milwaukee millionaire. She and her husband, with their two children, have recently established their home in Washington, while young Mr. Bryan is studying law at Georgetown University



AT THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE HEADQUARTERS

Planning for the inaugural procession. At left, Miss Alice Paul, chairman and leader of the procession plan; at right, Mrs. Helen Gardener, chairman of the Press Committee

elements of a cool-headed and successful leadership. Mr. Weeks is a man of affairs, a level-headed, practical and tactful business man. Public service to him requires the same tension of brain and concentrated effort that is required in conducting any other business. He is not only business like and practical in his legislative policies, but his Appalachiari bill, and like measures, and his indefatigable efforts to protect migratory birds, show that he appreciates the necessity of protecting and conserving those beauties and charms of nature which, once wasted, are lost forever.

* * * * *

LIVELY interest was manifested among the Boy Scouts of America in the event which occurred in London when Sir Robert Baden-Powell surprised his friends by marrying Miss Olave St. Clair Soames, of Parkstone, Dorsetshire, a young lady of twenty-two. The popular hero of Mafeking is in his fifty-fifth year, and had become known as a confirmed bachelor. The engagement had been announced only a month, and no definite date had been set for the wedding, when the pair slipped away to the little church at Parkstone and were quietly married.

The Boy Scouts of England contributed a penny each for a suitable wedding present for their beloved commander, and one Scout troop obtained permission to call themselves "Miss Olave Soames' Own."

Although General Baden-Powell appreciates first of all his title as Commander of the Boy Scouts of England, he has received at various times in his distinguished career the orders of Knight Commander of the Bath, Com-

panion of the Bath, Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and Doctor of Laws. He has been in the British army since 1876, and won his rank of major-general at the siege of Mafeking.

Besides being a soldier, the general is the author of many books, and a sculptor of ability, having exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1907. But now in his charming country estate in Dorsetshire, General Baden-Powell enjoys



BANKING ROOM OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Of particular interest at this time because it was once utilized for the great inaugural ball, at General Grant's first election. Many recall that upon his re-election a huge structure was erected in Judiciary Park, and plans for the ball laid on a gigantic scale, with admission tickets selling at \$20 each. A blizzard came up, the place could not be heated, and the affair was a failure.

the crowning blessing of his life in the love of the tall, slender lady who has already won the devotion of the great army of England's Boy Scouts.

* * * * *

A CONGRESSMAN with just a bit of keen Celtic blood in his veins was buying a ticket for a Western town at Union Station in Washington. A group of friends were gathered about saying good-bye, for his fate had been sealed in the November elections. The mournful gathering moved up with him toward the ticket window while he asked for a ticket home. "Will you have a return trip ticket?" gently asked the polite official at the window. The Congressman glared. Then there was a peal of laughter.

"What in the name of common sense do I want to return for?" he demanded. "No," he sighed, "the voters out my way decided it was to be just one way this time."

The breaking up of Congress is always interesting because while familiar forms and faces are disappearing, new people step into their places and the magic wand of political prestige passes from one official head to another.

* * * * *

EVEN the most erudite professors of the psychological college have been unable to fathom that subtle factor that governs the public's impressions of prominent people. There seems to be no rule or reason for it at all. Little incidents and sidelights and the minor happenings of life for the most part make up the popular impression. The fame of Jay Gould as a financier

was perhaps the primary cause of bringing Helen Gould into public notice, but, outside of this, she has always been in the opinion of the American people a thoroughly noble woman. It was the purity and charity characterizing the life of Helen Gould which made the American people rejoice when she found in a stalwart and efficient employe of the railroads in which she was a large stockholder her ideal of the lover and husband to whom she was content to commit the happiness and future of her life.

This marriage, more than anything else, will have some influence in abating the fascination of American girls for titled and noble foreigners. The American public, like individuals, has its heroes and heroines, and expresses its affection as well as its dislike of those whose names appear in the public prints-day by day.



"PUNCH." THE INTELLIGENT DOG OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

Mr. Stimson has just placed a lump of sugar on Punch's nose, to be snapped up at a signal. Punch is his master's constant companion; he trots along when the Secretary goes horseback riding, and seldom misses a day at the War Department headquarters, where he lies beside the desk on guard.

Every detail of the Shepard-Gould wedding was read with keen relish by American women, for it was a simple, kindly ceremony as free from ostentation as the sterling sincerity of the philanthropy which has made Helen Gould one of the best loved women in America.

Clad in simple ivory satin, trimmed with rose point lace and seed pearl embroidery, wearing a string of pearls which formerly belonged to the Empress Josephine, and carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley, her favorite flower, Helen Gould on her wedding day took her place among the loving and noble wives who in any generation win the hearts of the people.

A FEW days before he celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday I met Mr. Andrew Carnegie at his home in New York just as he returned from a vigorous walk around the reservoir and park with his secretary, Mr. Bertram. Newspaper men like to meet Mr. Carnegie because he always has something of interest to say. His sparkling eyes and quick movements indicated the excellent health he is enjoying, and he had all the activity of a man of fifty. He receives every guest with an enthusiasm and appreciation of life that is infectious even to younger men. He insists that every year he has a higher and better opinion of the human race, and when he opened the letters and telegrams of congratulation there was a gleam of happiness on his face that should have been caught and fixed as a most memorable and characteristic portrait.

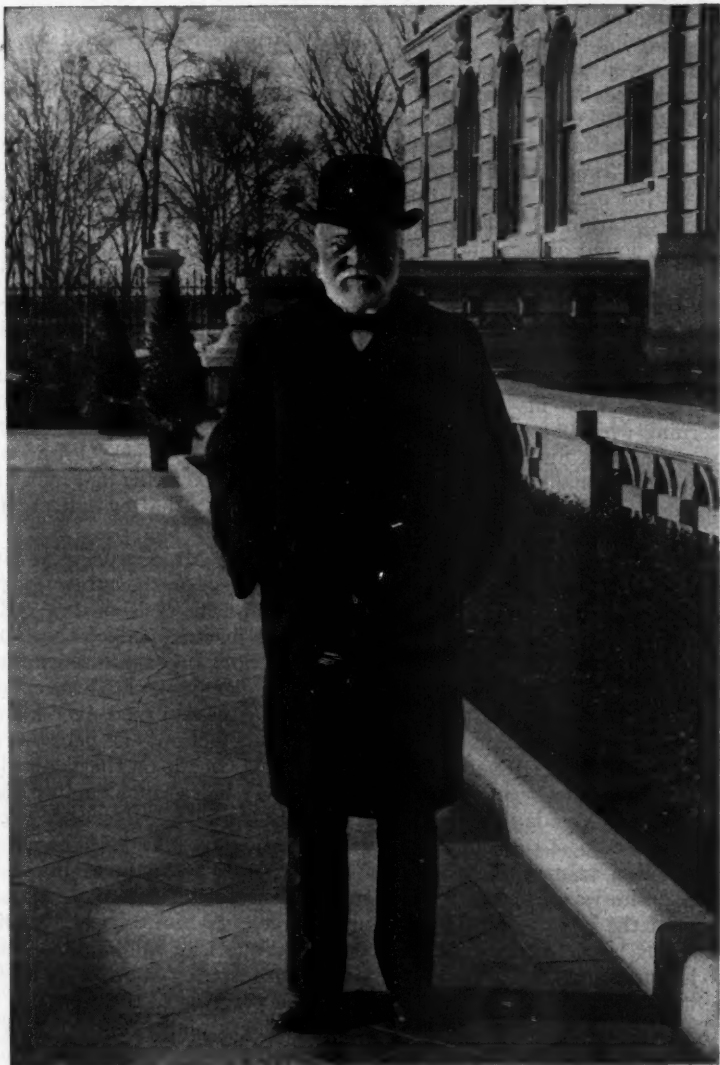
Mr. Carnegie revels in literary quotations. One incident will remind him of a line from Hamlet, while another suggests Robert Burns. On that day discussion was centered on an epigram in Ben Franklin's autobiography which recalled Luther's declaration, "We cannot serve God. He needs no help from us. But we can do our greatest service to our fellows." This concisely covers Mr. Carnegie's idea of true religion.

Reference was made to a quotation of six lines from Burns, which Lord Morley once said had done more to establish the moral, social and political institutions of man than all the editorials that had ever been written. The quotation begins with the line, "Thine own reproach alone do fear." And Mr. Carnegie added, "Let the judge within decide. If you get a verdict from him, you have no other judge to fear. We are told the kingdom of heaven is within you."

The quotations on his library walls touch all phases of life and express in a few words more than sermons. The one original quotation of Mr. Carnegie's that sounds the keynote of optimism is, "All is well since all grows better."

In answer to an inquiry as to which of his many benefactions he liked best, Mr. Carnegie responded that next to pensions to needy friends, his favorite was the Hero Fund. This has the distinction of being Mr. Carnegie's own idea and is entirely original. It was conceived after a serious mine accident in Pittsburgh when a former superintendent of the mine, Mr. Taylor, hearing of it, drove many miles to the scene, organized a band of volunteers to save those entombed in the mine. He went down into the mine, saved a great number of men, but lost his own life. "He had a family," said Mr. Carnegie, and continued in a sympathetic tone, "What are the valors of war compared with such acts? I felt that such heroism should be rewarded." The Hero Fund is now established in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden and Italy, and Mr. Carnegie finds the reports received from these countries are the best of tonics. The work was especially commented upon by the German Emperor, who declared there was nothing like it, and in his communication to Mr. Carnegie stated that never before did he know there were so many accidents, nor so many heroes within his borders, and he made particular mention of accidents which had recently occurred—all relieved by the fund.

As the talk drifted to the Balkan War situation, Mr. Carnegie stated that he felt the powers would not repeat the mistake of forty years ago, that the sentiment in Europe as well as in America demanded a settlement of the



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE

vexatious Balkan question, but even amid the clash of arms Mr. Carnegie felt more hopeful than ever of the ultimate success of universal peace, and insisted that the closer communication between all the peoples of the earth must soon make savage war impossible. Man killing man would cease as man eating man had through the march of civilization.

In referring to the recent election Mr. Carnegie reiterated, "I am a Republican, dyed in the wool, and I hope always to vote the Republican ticket—but a Democratic president is all right. Personally, however, I believe in President Taft's method—reduction of one article at a time by schedule of the tariff," and he had no patience with the log-rolling methods employed by the congressmen from various states in adjusting the tariff.

Every once in a while a statement was made that recalled the changes in business during Mr. Carnegie's career. When he started in business there was not a pound of steel made in this country, which now makes more steel than all the world. It was interesting to hear Mr. Carnegie's reminiscences of the failures met with in trying to make steel. In those days he believed that protection was needed to induce capital to embark in the manufacture, but he feels that it certainly is not needed at the present time.

New ideas are constantly advanced by Mr. Carnegie. The latest matter that has absorbed his enthusiasm is his plan for pensioning ex-presidents, concerning which he made a statement that attracted widespread attention. The matter was discussed with Mr. Roosevelt when he was President, although he personally did not need a pension. Mr. Carnegie had many interesting ideas on the subject, and awakened interest in a matter that previously had been given little attention.

Thousands of libraries besides those aided by Mr. Carnegie personally were made possible because of his ardent enthusiasm on the subject of public libraries. The same is true of the Hero Fund and his pension idea. He has followed unerringly the course laid out before he dreamed of the fabulous sums he has since distributed. These benefactions are organized under the management of regular corporations with headquarters at Fifth Avenue, and will be conducted in a systematic way. He has now turned over his entire fortune, with the exception of \$25,000,000, to benefactions and pensions which have already benefitted veteran telegraphers, old friends on the Pennsylvania Railroad and other beneficiaries. Day after day he receives many registered letters. One Monday morning recently the number of letters was 743. For some time past they have averaged over five hundred daily, owing to his recent action transferring funds to the corporation—in fact almost every human desire was covered in the correspondence of a single day. In all the history of the world, no private fortunes have ever been lavished with such a generous hand for the public good as by American millionaires, and the time is coming when their work will live as an inspiring example for all future time and have an important influence in the progress of the world.

The great mountains of telegrams and congratulatory letters of kindly, loving remembrance that came to Mr. Carnegie on his seventy-seventh birthday were more to him than all his bonds or wealth could represent because, first of all and beyond all, he has lived up to his ideals, and has been one of the greatest living champions of an unfailing optimism and enduring hope and faith in his fellowmen. "Heaven our home" he thinks might some day have a counterpart in "Home our heaven" through service to man.

An Appreciation of Senator Crane

ON future rollcalls of the Senate one conspicuous name will be lacking: a leader of the Senate who was more familiar with the history of important rollcalls and the personnel of his colleagues than any other man of all the many illustrious leaders in that august body. The voluntary retirement of W. Murray Crane from the United States Senate is a matter that has evoked widespread regret, not only in his own state and the nation but among his colleagues and all those in any way associated with him. Senator Crane has long been recognized as one of the most level-headed, far-seeing and sagacious of political advisers. In his quiet and soft-spoken way, he has always commanded the respect and love of those with whom he came in contact. He has always had a loyal following in Massachusetts because in meeting W. Murray Crane, one instinctively recognized an ideal of a high-minded man. Never was there a more unselfish public official, constantly doing things for others, tactfully considerate of the individual, for whether they hailed from the city or the country hamlet, duty was always the first consideration with Winthrop Murray Crane.

While not burdening the Congressional Record with labored speeches or desultory debates, no important measure was ever considered in which the convictions of Senator Crane were not eloquently expressed through the actions and votes of his fellow-Senators. He was one of the few men in public life who was content to remain in the shadow and let others take the glory so long as the best results were assured. In his office presiding as chairman of the Committee on Rules he was consulted early and late by colleagues representing all parties. It was in the quiet gathering around the conference table that W. M. Crane made his influence most widely felt.

During his entire service as Senator there was always a constituent at the door or in the waiting room, and in all the busy days, whether hours of sunlight or of darkness were exacted, Senator Crane was always at work. Devoted and conscientious, with those high principles char-

acteristic of his Pilgrim forebears, he emphasized in his public career what the true manliness, friendliness and sympathetic consideration of all the people mean in a public man. Nor can his retirement ever withdraw him from the affection and appreciation of his fellow-citizens.

He stands today pre-eminently the First Citizen of Massachusetts, and no conference on national affairs in his party or any other large undertaking affecting the welfare of the country is complete without a consultation with Senator Crane. If there ever was a career which exemplified faithful public service in its highest and broadest sense, it is represented in the public life of W. Murray Crane.

Born in 1853 at Dalton, Massachusetts, he was reared among the activities of the famous paper manufacturing industry which his forefathers established. He was educated at Williston Seminary, Easthampton. He entered public life as a young man, first as delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention, in 1892. He has taken a prominent part at every national Republican Convention since that year, and served for nearly twenty years on the National Committee. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts in 1897 and Governor in 1900. He succeeded Hon. George F. Hoar in the United States Senate in 1904, was elected unanimously by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1905 to fill out the term and was again re-elected in 1907. His public life has been a continuous record of public approval.

It would take many large books to record the acts of generous kindness and friendly devotion which have characterized the grandson of Zenas Crane, and son of his namesake and successor. W. Murray Crane entered his father's paper mill and worked his way through every position of importance, mastering the details of manufacture and learning to understand those who worked with him. He was given the degree of A. M. by Williams College in 1897 and Harvard conferred the degree of LL.D. in 1903, but these diplomas are as nothing compared to the gratitude and

affection of thousands to whom he has given that sympathetic counsel and assistance and kindly advice which have conferred on him the degree of "Everybody's Friend."

Through his old-fashioned conscientious devotion to the public service Senator Crane in his quiet way has secured a hold on the affection of the people of all sections, parties and conditions. If there ever was a public man who lived in "The House by the Side of the Road," portrayed by the



SENATOR WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE
[First Citizen of Massachusetts and Everybody's Friend]

poet, and, "a man who was a friend to man," his name is Winthrop Murray Crane. In all his large business operations he never overlooked the details and simple incidental things that go to cementing and making lifelong friendships which, radiating from his home in Dalton and Pittsfield throughout Massachusetts and spreading over every county and hamlet reflect the influence of memorable work and deeds. Still in the prime of life, although having given twenty years to the public service, he remains conspicuously the first citizen of the Bay State. One cannot conceive him idle or inactive, although passing on his

honors to others, for in his own way he will go on helping, advising, counseling and looking forward always to the welfare of the country and his Commonwealth and the best interests of the individual citizen. He is the one conspicuous public man in Washington who has sought to benefit individuals as well as to support principles and policies. He can sit down and quietly absorb information in a sympathetic way, even from opposing forces, and in this way widens the horizon of friendship every day of his life.

He sees and acts not with feeling or impetuosity, but with a sense of justice, mercy and righteousness. He has builded into his public career something more than mere words and speeches, for if there ever was a public man whose enduring fame has been made by acts and deeds, it is Senator Crane. In the busy days at the Senate, going hither and thither among the Senators, keeping in touch with all sides of the questions and almost intuitively knowing the result of the rollcall, his lithe figure will be greatly missed, and the great struggles of the future will indeed seem incomplete without seeing in the back row, down the aisle, this side or that side, flitting about the Senate Chamber, always active, the beloved figure of the Senator of Massachusetts, who by illustrious deeds and service will remain an inspiring example for generations to come.

Every writer and newspaper man knows of his aversion to words of praise, and his modesty has perhaps suppressed more praise of him than many others have received. He earnestly and honestly dislikes it, but in spite of his protests at this time the editors and people of Massachusetts and the nation insist on giving expression of their appreciation of a man whose public career has been so notable in the nation's annals. From page to President, from one end of the capital city to the other, in every state and congressional district, Winthrop Murray Crane is known, and all feel a sincere regret over his retirement, finding their only consolation in knowing that he will continue to exercise that same quiet, helpful influence in public affairs as in the past, and will fulfill his ideals as a Friend of Man and a Citizen of the Republic, in the broadest meaning of the word.

McKinley's Place in History*

by William Howard Taft

THERE are few men that have been more closely identified with a state than McKinley was with Ohio. Born in Ohio, at Niles, where we are now erecting a most appropriate memorial in his honor, his whole life he lived in his native state. A member of an Ohio regiment, in the Civil War, prosecuting attorney of his own county, a Congressman for many terms from one of its most important districts, Governor of the state for two terms, intimately acquainted with the people of every city and every county, with close and valued friends in great number from that state, he was an Ohio man in a more intimate sense than almost any man I have ever known. There are those of us who claim to be Ohio men and are proud of the state of our nativity, but circumstances have prevented us from becoming identified in any such way with the people of the state as McKinley was.

What is McKinley's place in history to be?

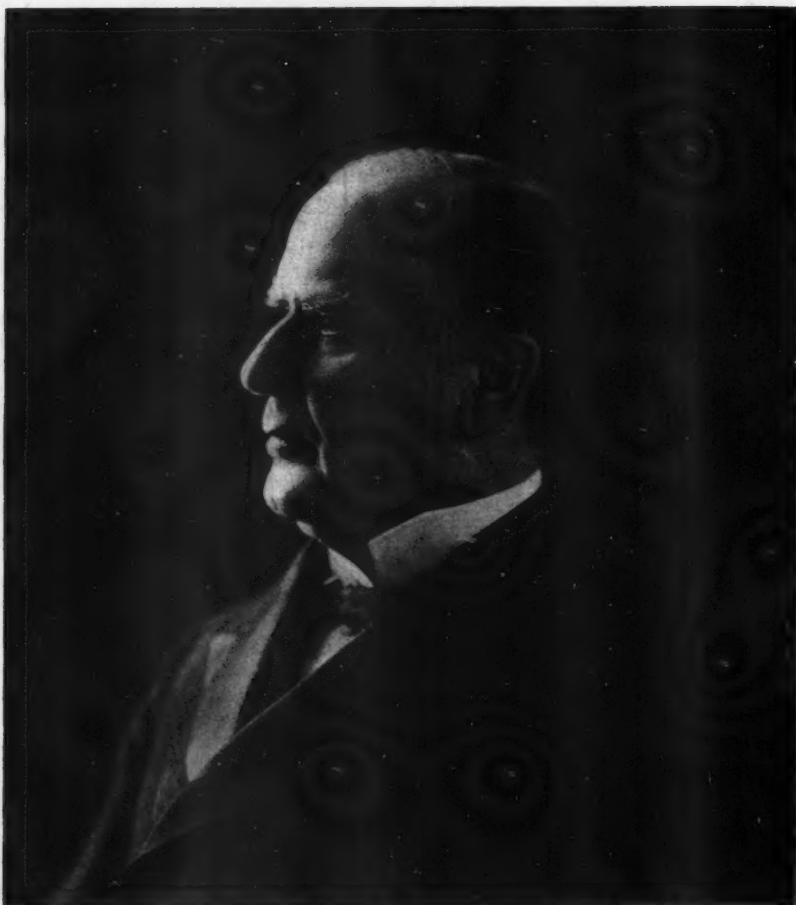
McKinley's administration covers the turning from the nineteenth into the twentieth century. It covers the period when our country changed from a great successful agricultural and industrial republic into one upon which has been thrust the position and responsibilities of a great world power. You need not look further than the tabular statement of the revenues and expenditures from the year 1890 to the year 1910, when you will see the enormous expansion which came upon us with the Spanish War in 1898, 1899, 1900 and 1901, and within ten years we had become a billion-dollar country. From an army of twenty-five thousand men, with no coast defences, we had gone to a permanent army of nearly one hundred thousand, with coast defences everywhere along our ocean border. From a very modest navy that had been startled into a construction that finally led us to the second place among naval powers, in a

moment of reaction we have fallen back to the fourth or fifth place. This change I hope may be temporary. But the figure which rises in the world as the personality to typify this change into a nation of world influence is William McKinley.

The Spanish War and the responsibilities which followed it developed in him a breadth of view, an administrative ability, and a poise of judgment that entitled him to stand among the great men of the world; and while we who knew him valued him in our hearts chiefly because of the affection we bore him that reflected the sweetness of his nature, and was a response to his most exceptional lovable qualities, yet his figure in history will be that of the pilot of the nation who guided our ship of state from a limited influence, somewhat insular and contracted, out onto the broad bosom of the ocean of international power and responsibility. This change was not of McKinley's initiation or seeking. He was forced into the Spanish War. He would have avoided it had he been able, but when he saw it to be inevitable, he took control and guided the movement with marked success, and imparted to the force with which we expanded our power and our territory, the spirit of benevolence and the promotion of Christian civilization.

History has no record of any more unselfish expenditure of life and treasure than that of the United States in the Cuban War. History has no record of any more disinterested, unselfish and benevolent spirit than that which has characterized the treatment by the United States of the Philippines and Porto Rico; and in all of these, though McKinley fell by the assassin's bullet in September, 1901, and though many difficult problems growing out of this expansion have had to be solved since his death, the whole course of the Government has been affected by the benignity of his original purpose and by the loving care that he manifested for

*Excerpts taken from a recent address delivered by President Taft at the meeting of the Ohio Society in Washington. The plan of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial, at Niles, Ohio, was most enthusiastically supported. Preserving the birthplaces of American presidents and famous men is becoming a popular tribute paid by the people to the men in public service.



THE LATE WILLIAM McKINLEY

"His figure in history will be that of the pilot of the nation who guided our ship of state from a limited influence, somewhat insular and contracted, out onto the broad bosom of the ocean of international power and responsibility"

all the wards of the nation in the expansion of the nation's power and responsibilities during his guidance of the country's course.

The attitude which he occupied and into which he led his party and his country was the object for years of the bitterest political attack both before and after his lamented death. This fierce questioning of his motives and those who followed him, this heated denunciation of the selfish spirit of exploitation, which was supposed

to be the underlying purpose, had the effect of keeping the dominant party and those who controlled its course anxious to show in everything that was done the spirit which actuated McKinley in the initiation of the policy, and have brought about the result that one of the prize pages in the history of the United States is that which covers the treatment of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines in the fourteen years since they came under our influence and control.

In Days of Long Ago

by Ethel Hamilton Hunter

ACROSS the coppice slanted the evening sunlight; across the sunlight fell a shadow. The little twigs peeping from their russet bed of brown creaked ominously. There was a soft rustle, the echo of something light and swift, and then as Mistress Barbara Winsome came slowly forward along the woodland pass, a smile crossed my lord's face.

Lying there half concealed by the brushwood, she did not see him as she passed, so he called her: "Barbara! Barbara!" and when he had repeated her name thrice—very softly, be it told—she turned and faced him.

"Barbara," says my lord, "I have found such a bonny place, I prithee wait a moment while I tell thee of it. It is like a robin's nest, all filled with down; there is a little creek through which the sun may creep, and yet a passer-by can scarce descry this secret spot. The trees are waving overhead; the grass is soft beneath the feet. I have been longing to find thee, listening for thy step to pass. Thou hast but to cross the path—for I shall hold aside yon brier-bush—and thou art there. Come, Barbara, and see my nest. I have been waiting only, dear, for thee."

"And dost thou think, my lord," says she disdainfully, "dost thou truly think I am a brown rabbit, a crawling hedgehog, or perchance a slimy frog, that I should find the time or inclination to stray into thy den? Thou hast, indeed, a high opinion of thy charms, higher I deem than other folks; and thou hast also little work to do that thou shouldst waste thy time so heedlessly."

Very saucily Mistress Barbara shook her curly head in derision. She had scarce finished speaking, however, ere my lord was by her side.

"Barb," says he, speaking very quickly, "thou art a wicked imp. What I have said to thee is all true."

"All!" says she mockingly, opening wide her blue-eyes. "If I had not chanced to pass, I tremble to think how long thou mightest have waited, my lord." And with that she made to run away.

My lord caught her as she sprang by, and feasted his great black eyes upon her. The sun gleamed in her ruddy hair; it lighted up the youthful freshness of her winsome face; it caught the tender beauty of her flashing eyes; it deepened the rosy color upon her soft, warm cheeks.

"Stay!" cries my lord, laying a firm hand upon either shoulder. "Today, of all days, I have longed to see thee, Barbara. From early morning I have wandered everywhere I thought that thou mightest be. When evening came I said, she doth often pass this way, but such a tricksome lass is she, should I meet her, she will turn and run away. So I looked, and found this sheltered spot, where I might watch unseen. I have something I would tell thee, something I must tell thee now. Nay, child, I would not frighten thee; thou art such a little thing. Why dost thou pull away? I will be very tender. Barb, wilt thou not look into my eyes? I have never held thee in my life before, never may again, for tomorrow, child, I go away."

How the birds twittered! How still it was! How white the scarlet cheeks had grown!

"Thou hast shivered. I could swear it. Can it be, after all, that thou dost care, Barbara? Look up, child, and let me see."

"I must go home," says she very softly. "It is getting late. I must be going home."

My lord opened his arms and she stood before him, a trifle crumpled perhaps, and white, with her eyes fixed nervously upon the ground.

"I thought perhaps you might have cared just a little," whispered he, "we have been friends such a long time. Why! thou wast but a tiny maid when first we met;



For a long time neither spoke. Above in the ivy a pigeon cooed. In the long grass, scarce a dozen yards away, a rabbit scampered past.

and now thou dost not care one jot—"

But she interrupted him.

"You forget, my lord"—a hot flush burned upon either cheek—"that I am only Mistress Barbara Winsome. Whilst thou—I am very sorry, but, b-u-t, thou wilt come back again, some day, my lord, I know thou wilt come b-a-c-k t-o—"

"I will never come back if it be not to thee," cries he, "never! I swear that with my life. Barb, wilt thou not even say good-bye?"

Very timidly a faltering hand touched my lord's; very firmly, very quietly, his trembling fingers closed over it. For a long time neither spoke. Above in the ivy a pigeon cooed. In the long grass, scarce a dozen yards away, a rabbit scampered past.

"Little witch," murmurs he at length, and then again, "Barbara, little laughing winsome witch!"

He loosens the soft, trembling fingers and folds his strong arms about her shrinking form. "Wilt come, dear, within my nest?" asks he; "I have a longing still to tell thee something there. Canst trust me, little one?"

The silken kerchief has fallen from Mistress Barbara's shoulders; it trails along brushwood as she creeps through the bushes with my lord. His mantle rests beneath the trees, where tufts of moss peep from out the grass, and graceful foxgloves raise their drooping heads.

The sun glistens softly through the rustling leaves, forming dancing shadows that play like elfin things, up and down the snowy texture of Mistress Barbara's simple frock. Around her slender throat is twisted a string of coral beads, which match in rosy color the changeful flushing of her dimpled cheeks. The bushes form a screen of green and gold and so my lord and she are quite alone.

"Dear heart!" cries he, stealing out his arms until they meet about her slender waist. "Wilt hear what I would say, what I have been longing, dear, to tell thee, all this weary day? Long ago, Barb, when thou wast but a tiny lass, I loved thee, dear. I wot thou wast a bonny imp then, with thy laughing eyes, with thy roguish smile! Later, Barb, when thou wast growing tall, and thy limbs were beautiful

to see, I loved thee as a boy. Now, Barb, when *thou* art beautiful, when thine eyes are like blue forget-me-nots, and thy hair like wallflowers, brown and gold and red, when thy cheeks are soft and sweet and rosy as a mellow peach, and thy lips ripe and red and maddening as the fruit Eve longed so to taste; when thou art like a very heaven of delight, so full of wilfulness, and yet so sweet, so impudent and yet so coy, so merry, yet so shy. When thou hast grown to be a flower of beauty rare, I wist it is small wonder, Barb, I love thee as a man."

The little birds sang as they hopped from tree to tree, the cattle lowed as they rested in the shade.

Very gently my lord raised her soft arms and wound them about his neck. "Dost love me just a tiny bit?" asked he. "Wilt let thy lips burn into mine; wilt raise thine eyes and smile at me? Child, thou dost not know how good a thing is love. With my soul I worship thee. Barb, dost know, tomorrow I must away to fight? Tell me, dear, before I go that thou dost love me, and wilt be my wife."

There is no answer, none at all, so he lifts her little face with his strong hands and sees that it is wet with tears. Her arms tighten about his neck. He bends down, closer, closer.

The sun is sinking. Long shadows cross the copse. How very quiet it has grown.

"Barb," says my lord, when they have told their love, "yonder in my mantle is a little gift for thee; before I go, dear, I would like to lay it in thine arms." He stoops down, and lifting up a tiny spaniel, lays it lovingly in her outstretched hands.

"It is Trix!" cries she joyfully. "Oh, Brian, give her to me. Trix! wake up, thou hast slept quite long enough."

My lord strokes the silken fur. "Thou and she have my best love," says he. "Care for her very tenderly for my sake, dear. There are many reasons, as thou knowest, why I should love her well."

"When you come back, Brian" (she struggles bravely to stay the blinding tears) "I promise we shall be waiting, just as I promise I shall be true."

"It is a compact, then," cries he laughingly, "when I see you both I shall know my darling has been true."

"True, even until death," says she, sobbing now.

He lifts the tiny dog upon her shoulder and winds his great arm about them both; and thus they walk homeward in the evening sun. The minister is waiting for them at the gate; they can see him through the trees. The rosy sky is streaked with red. The village bells are ringing out their evening chimes.

"Good-bye, Barb! Good-bye! Good-bye!" repeats my lord in an agony of grief. "Little one! Dear heart! Farewell! Farewell!"

She lifts her dimpled hand and lays it against his sunbrowned cheek.

"We shall be waiting," whispers she. "Oh! Brian, I shall think of nothing but of thy return. I shall murmur every morning, 'He may come back today.' Good-bye, dear heart, and forget not thy little Barb."

II

"When thy father returneth, Mistress Barbara, thou shalt receive severe reprimand for thy misconduct. How many hours hast thou wasted seeking for that useless dog already? And now—when I have stretched thy tapestry and wound most carefully thy purple silk, when I have left my spinning to aid thee with thy task, thou dost refuse to be industrious. Moreover, this is not all. What do I discover? I discover thou art stealing like a stealthy thief down the corridor, already muffled in thy hood and cloak. Heavy snow is falling; moreover, it is growing dark. Art unmindful of the time and of thy father's anger, when he doth hear of thy misdeeds? Would thy gentle mother had not died, I had then been spared the upbringing of such a wicked minx."

Dame Harbin cleared her throat lustily as she paused for breath, scanning slowly meanwhile Mistress Barbara's woeful countenance.

"I am not unmindful," says the miscreant, forcing back the tears proudly. "When my father returneth, I shall tell him all. What if it doth snow? Far better for me than the little homeless thing I seek. Hast no heart, Dame Harbin, that thou wouldst leave a helpless animal to wander in yonder wilderness? Tell what thou dost like. I go to seek that which is lost.

Wilt come? or must I go alone? I care not which, so long as Trix be found."

Dame Harbin out of sheer astonishment dropped the kerchief from her hand.

"Plague to thy tongue, thou saucy imp, and pray thou mayst find thy supper as readily as thy speech when thou comest back. Away, I tell thee! Get buried for all that it concerneth me." And with these cheerful words as a final rejoinder, Dame Harbin angrily slammed the door.

It was Christmas Eve. Snow was falling, softly, swiftly filling up the ditches, covering the leafless trees, leaving the fields pathless and the dark places cloaked with light.

The little figure muffled in the scarlet hood, hurried forward with resistless feet. "Trix! Trix!" she called. But no echo resounded. "I promised *we* should meet thee, just as that I should be true. Oh, Brian, when thou dost come again, thou wilt find thy Barb hath lied to thee."

Tears were falling, blinding her sight; she must needs stretch up her little hand to wipe them from their dimpled bed.

"It is so long and lonely. There will be no supper when I go home. Trix is lost and I am wet and cold. Trixy! Trixy! come back to thy little Barb, for she is all alone—"

But still no answer, not a sound!

. . . How thick the snow was falling. How hard it was to grope along the path. Sometimes her feet slipped into a deeper fall; sometimes she struck against a stone and hurt her tired feet.

At last through the gloom a familiar landmark caught her eye; another and another. Ah, truly she was coming to the old trysting place, where my lord and she had told their love. Onward she pressed quickly. How comforting it was to recognize something! She knew every inch of the ground now. She forgot her tiredness, forgot the wet, the cold; another moment she would be there—

Another moment. "Trix!" she called, and then paused.

Whose was that figure covered with the falling snow, standing where my lord and she had learned to love? For one moment a wild thought crept into her heart. Could it be—? But when he turned, she saw he was a stranger.

"I heard thee call. Dost seek, Mistress, for anything?" queried he.

"A little dog," answers she. "Oh, sir, I have come out in all the snow because the little thing is lost. Hast seen aught of her?"

"A dog is of small account compared with the danger of a storm like this. Thou art too fragile to have left thy home. Hast no mother, little one, that thou shouldst stray away?"

"My mother! She hath been dead long since, and Dame Harbin *did* try, sir, to keep me in; but if thou hadst loved a little thing with all thy might. Ah! I hear a bark; it comes from beneath thy coat. Trixy! Trixy! Thy little Barb hath found thee. Master, thou hast there truly what I seek."

The scarlet cloak is thrown aside. Out in the falling snow stretch two eager hands.

In a twinkling the stranger has caught her in his arms, and makes as though to draw her to him.

"What wilt thou give? Nay, I must have some return. One kiss, sweet maid. 'Tis naught, and we are quite alone."

Her cheeks grow white. Her eyes flash with a strange light. For a moment it seems her strength will fail, but happily when she speaks there is not even a quiver in her voice.

"Firstly, I beg thou wilt release me, sir; secondly, I beg to decline the honor thou hast so kindly offered" (she gazes full into his eyes with withering scorn) "and thirdly, I must congratulate thee upon thy chivalry, beholding I am a woman so alone and weary."

The stranger draws a step aside.

"A thousand pardons," murmurs he, bowing with the gravest ceremony. "I also have to thank thee, Mistress, for reminding one so blunt what ought never to have been forgot. I pray thou wilt forgive this churlish swain."

The anger dies from Mistress Barbara's eyes. Quite unasked she stretches out her hand that he may grasp it.

"Wouldst think me rude if I did ask a question?"

"Thou mayst ask," says she.

"'Twas not *alone* the dog that brought thee *out*?"

"It was, indeed it was."

"Art *sure*? I wish not to be rude."

"Indeed, sir, it was. I promised one—her master—that when he did return we should meet him *sure*."

"'Twas a promise?"

"Yes." (A pause.) "He loved her and left her in my charge when he went to fight."

"And thee—doth he love thee, too?"

The snow had ceased to fall. Darkness was creeping on apace.

"Aye, sir."

"And that is why thou wouldst not—thou knowest?"

"Aye, truly," answers she, and hangs her head.

What strange influence keeps them there, in the darkness, in the snow? The scarlet hood has fallen back from Mistress Barbara's face. There is just light enough to note her tender childish beauty.

She feels something soft, and looking down sees Trix is in her arms.

The weary search is over. She is almost numb with cold, but Trix is safe. She turns to thank the stranger and finds—

Can the darkness hold so great a mystery? Have her eyes been cheated? Is her mind unhinged?

Nobody has crossed the path. Not a footstep can be heard, yet standing there with his arms outstretched toward her, with the old, old boyish smile upon his face, stands my lord.

She raises her eyes in wonder, and while she waits he calls her "Barb! Barb!"

No ghost! No specter! No one else could call her name like that.

"Brian!" Then she falls.

III

"It is no dream, father. Thou art here, and there is Brian, and Trix, and Dame Harbin, too. Oh, it is lovely to remember again. Have I been ill, father, that I am here in bed?"

The minister raises his white head.

"Yes, little one. But thanks to our kind friend, yonder, thou hast been spared to us."

"Brian," calls she very softly, smiling sweetly up at him. "Tell me how it all happened." And when he has come over and knelt beside the bed, "I know some—"

thing *has* happened, but it was such a long time ago I cannot remember."

My lord raises her oh, so gently with his great arm (over which hangs her bright hair), and when she has nestled her tired head upon his breast, he tells her:

"Men are so strong, little one, I did not think thou wast so wearied. I knew thou wouldst be true, but in my selfishness I thought it sweet to try thee, that I might feel the rapture of hearing once again the sweet fidelity of thy great love.

"It was noonday when I arrived (I had hurriedly been sent as despatch-bearer to Sir Philip Everton. Thou knowest him of Desmond Town? And was disguised.) Snow was falling thickly when I went to seek thee. Across the fields was my nearest way. I cared not that the snow was deep. Suddenly I heard a tiny yelp, and upon looking down, great was my astonishment to see poor Trix wading through the snow. I lifted her into the pocket of my coat, scarce believing my eyesight, and so we wandered on. Trix knew my voice at once and whined softly from her warm bed. A strange longing overtook me, dearest, to see the old spot, our trysting

place. I breathed thy name softly, little one, and turned, turned, incredulous joy, to find thee by my side. For a moment my heart almost stopped beating. Then a mad desire to remain disguised took possession of me. The rest I have told thee, little one. How to hear thy love I kept thee in the coldness, in the snow, and it was only when thou didst fall senseless into my arms I recognized my brutality. I carried thee home all the way, filled with mad regret. But God who made thee so true hath been good. Dost think, little one, thou canst ever forgive or love me as of yore?"

... The old man is praying, with his face buried in his wrinkled hands. Dame Harbin, fearful of some household duty, has hurried away. Trix sleeps peacefully before the cheerful fire.

So no one sees the little hands that creep about his neck, or the salt tears that trickle, oh, so very quietly down the pallid cheeks. No one sees, no, nor hears the tender words that fill his soul with rapturous joy.

And it is far, far better so; they are much too holy to be noised abroad.

TWILIGHT

HUSH of the twilight now comes gently stealing,
Far-away vesper-bells send their slow pealing,
Stars one by one their pale lights are revealing,

High in the deepening blue;
Day seeks her couch in the soft fragrant air,
Night bends o'er Day in its calm dreaming there—
Wings of the west wind and breath of rose rare

Carry my message to you.

*Heart of my heart, still thy passionate weeping,
Love me and trust me, thy faith I am keeping;
Tire not with waiting though time seems a-sleeping*

*If years are long love is still;
Dear, I will come to thee—Dawn follows Night,
Pray to our God that He guide me aright.
Slow move the years, my love, yet in their might
They bear me onward to you.*

—Harry Alfred Earnshaw

The BAR OF CASCUMPEC

By
Arthur N. McGray

IT had been a big season for the Gloucester seining fleet in the great Bay of the St. Lawrence; the first "good year" for a long time.

In days gone by this fleet passing north through the Strait of Canso had frequently numbered four hundred sail. Pretty and lively looking craft they were, too, with their snow-white sails, newly scraped spars and glossy top-sides; for this was the summer fleet, fitted out and commissioned early in June of each year, much the same as the various yacht squadrons are, though for a far more serious purpose.

These rakish schooners, averaging about eighty tons each, hailed from every port between Eastport and Hyannis, though the majority were from old Cape Ann.

For several years past, the vast schools of mackerel which from time immemorial had made the sandy-bottom banks of the Gulf of St. Lawrence their feeding and spawning ground between mid-June and September, had gradually withdrawn from this, their ideal summer home, and migrated elsewhere to spawn their myriad host of young. Year after year the schools had become smaller and more scattered, and the great fleet had dwindled and scattered in consequence, until, where formerly the whole four hundred sail might at times be counted from the mast-head of any vessel of the fleet, now it was seldom that a dozen of them were in sight of each other at the same time.

To discover the new spawning ground was as important to the fishermen of the New England coast as had been the finding of the Golden Fleece by the knights

of old. Summer after summer the search was renewed, autumn after autumn the ever diminishing fleet returned from a voyage of failure. Everywhere the search was vigorously prosecuted, from the Georges Shoals to Cashes Bank; from Sable Island to the Magdalenes; from Bay Cheleur, Gaspe, Anticosti and the Seven Islands, to Mingan, the Mecatinies and the Strait of Belle Isle; while the coast of Newfoundland from the great French fishing rendezvous of Port-au-Port Bay was scoured by the eagle-eyed lookout all along the northerly trending coast, and thence down the east side of Terra Neuva to the glittering sands of White Bay. But all to no purpose, the new spawning grounds were elsewhere.

In the closing days of June, however, the people of Canso, still clinging to the old habit, would gather along the beautiful hillsides of the "Gut" to watch the heaving in sight of the familiar craft, for every family among them had some one of its number sailing in the Gloucester fleet, and even the women and half-grown children in the rustic homes which line the beautiful Strait from Sand Point to Cape Jack could call the name of many a vessel at an astonishingly long distance. Season after season had they watched their coming, as day after day they sped northward; sometimes with favoring wind and tide, sometimes with both against them, they sailed back and forth for hours in a contest with bluff Cape Porcupine.

The old men of McNears and Pirate Cove, sitting on a rickety old fish-flake, or lounging against the broken piles of a

fast decaying wharf, would swap yarns for hours, and recount to the younger generation stories of the olden days when every vessel of the fleet, whether north or homeward bound, would drop anchor at Mulgrave or Hawkesbury to give "the boys" a night ashore, either as encouragement for the work before them or as a reward for that performed. Now in the declining days of the fishery it was recognized that every hour had its value, and every misspent day on passage might mean the loss of a two hundred barrel shoal, which would half load the largest of the fleet. So the little ships swept by with seldom a word of salutation. Gradually the vessels of Truro, Wellfleet, Chatham, Hyannis and Plymouth failed to come with the returning summer, while the hailing ports of Marblehead, Salem, Beverly, Portsmouth and Portland, once among the leaders, were seldom read on any taffrail now. The waterfront of the thrifty coves which once harbored them fell into ruins through misuse and lack of the sailors' generous patronage, and hence the old men had little to do but recount the exciting happenings of bygone days. They were exciting days, too, for many a tricky act was played on the fishing grounds by rival crews which had to be settled by brawn and fist when next they met on shore. No wonder then that the youngsters always gathered around the old men on the fishing stages to see the fleets go by, and listen with open-mouthed awe to the oft-repeated tale of the time when Wild Archie and Black John fought a three-days' battle, which might have continued for a week, only that Archie, scenting ultimate defeat, appropriated a siege-piece in the shape of a pitchfork from a nearby hay stack, whereafter he was deaf to the ardent invitation of the fleet-footed John to drop his weapon and "come down to the beach where there's no sticks or stones and fight it out."

While indulging in this scrap of past history, or, it might better be said, the past history of a scrap, the fleet have passed out of sight, and spent their first profitable season, in years, along the shores of the Gulf, and the treacherous "Bend-of-the-Island."

It will be remembered that the east

coast of Prince Edward's Island describes a crescent of over a hundred miles between the North Cape and the East Point bar. This "bend," as the sailors call it, was a favorite schooling ground in the autumn months, but at that time, it is a favorite pastime of the northeast wind to blow up suddenly into a gale, accompanied by thick haze, with such a quick-rising and terrific sea, that unless the fleet crowds on all sail at the first warning and fetch out by one or the other horns of the Crescent, it is almost a certainty that the finish of the gale will find most of the vessels a heap of wreckage on the sands, and many a hardy fellow of their crews sleeping his last sleep among the swaying seaweed.

In the "Bend of the Island" are only two harbors with depth of water sufficient for eighty-ton vessels, and even these two have but little to spare—Malpecque and Cascumpec. Both are narrow-mouthed and barred harbors. Projecting seaward for nearly two miles from either side of the entrance lies a sandbank over which only two or three feet of water swashes. The little canal between is kept open, partly by the in and out going tides, and partly by the force of the Island rivers emptying into the harbors. At the outer point of each bank of sand is a buoy, to mark the "narrow path," while on the shore are two small lighthouses, one standing about two hundred feet behind the other. The rear one is the taller of the two, and stationary. The "fore light" is erected on a platform, equipped with wheels, and a track which lies at right angles to the course of inbound vessels.

The heavy northeast gales cause the sands to shift, and change the channel; so after a bad storm is over the light-keepers put off with a crew to take soundings and change the buoys to mark the new entrance. Then, returning to land, they move the "fore light" along the track, until, with the taller tower behind, they form a safety range. Here the "fore-light" is securely spiked in place to await another on-shore gale and another change of the treacherous sands.

Into these two harbors the fleet often sailed at evening, when the moon was shining so brightly as to offset the phosphorescent indication of the "schools."

Usually it was to renew their supply of water, and call at the post, or telegraph office, for news, or orders from home or owners.

While the boys were filling the water barrels and getting them on board, the skippers usually went over to the light-houses to get the latest word of how the sands were trending in their shift. Thus it happened that Rube Haskell and Sam Poole, two of the youngest and smartest unmarried skippers in the fleet, met Sadie McPhee, the lovely daughter of old man Angus, the faithful light-keeper of the Cascumpec ranges.

These two had been shipmates, bunkmates and bosom friends all the four years they had served as units in the famous picked-crew of that king of mackerel-killers, Sol. Jacobs. Both had graduated to skipperships the same year, Sam to command the Gatherer, and Rube the Centennial. From that time on, they became earnest, though friendly rivals for high-line honors. Both were close at the heels of their old skipper in "stock," both stuck to the schooling grounds night and day, and both "glued" themselves to the masthead on the lookout for "schools," and often caught a good decking when others were running for harbor, or for safe anchorage under the shelter of some headland.

Pretty Sadie MacPhee, however, was a new and vastly different factor in their rivalry for high-line; a thousand times more important to either of them than such mere worldly honors. All the mackerel in the North Bay wasn't worth "a tinker's cuss" without Sadie; and by dint of scheming, and stealing into harbor, one ahead of the other, they had both managed to tell her so.

Then there got to be "bad blood" between them, and one told the other he "wouldn't stoop to such meanness to court a girl that didn't want him," while the other retorted that he'd "quit when Sadie said so, but not to please any outside hanger-on."

Things were fast reaching a white heat, and Sadie only had the power to prevent

open hostilities. Realizing this, she warned them both, that the first to aim a blow at the other would never again be welcomed across her father's threshold.

She was as cool-headed as she was handsome, and, so far, was not really in love with either of them, though immensely fond of both. She was as much charmed by the wonderful stories of deep sea voyages, the beauties of foreign lands, and the queer beliefs and habits of their people, as pictured in animated fashion by Sam, as she was by the sailor love songs which



They sailed back and forth for hours in a contest with bluff Cape Porcupine

Rube, with his deep and beautiful basso voice was always ready to sing. But her love was not to be won, either by song, or story, it must be *the man*; and what there was in him, to win that.

In personal appearance they were so evenly matched that there was nothing to choose between them; of their real characters she knew very little, but hearsay bespoke no unkind word of either.

* * *

They both drove home their suit in the most arduous sailor manner; and the exit of one was the enter cue of the other.

The season was drawing to an end. Another northeaster, and the fish were almost sure to begin a migratory move-

ment toward winter quarters, in a tropical sea, and the fleet must follow. Wouldn't she give an answer before they had to go?

"I may," she had said to them both, "but it will depend upon which one of you does something to make himself the best-talked about man in the fleet before you sail for home."

This was something—something tangible—at last. But what could they do? Could it be that she would say "Yes" to the one who caught the biggest school, or who was the first to secure his trip?

The same questioning had come to both, only to be dismissed without second thought. Either of these happenings hung largely on "luck," and Sadie was not the kind of woman to throw one man over because he was more fortunate than another. Indeed she would be far more likely to give both her sympathy and her love to the loser. Think as they might, neither could settle down to any definite idea of what course to take that would surely win. They must wait and let "fate" produce the opportunity; and it came in a way they least expected—could least have foreseen.

It was late in the afternoon, during the last days of September, when about a dozen sail of the fleet were grouped together near Bradlee Bank, about twenty miles due east from the fairway buoy of Cascumpec. The fleet had been fishing among small schools all day, but the fish were fairly tame, and few mis-sets had been made. They all had good fares now, and every deck was littered full of barrels of fish that had been split and gibbed, while around the hatches, piled nearly to the level of the rails, lay the last bailings from the seines, a sight to delight the fisherman's heart. It had been a hard day's work—but every man of them was happy, for it was late in the season to get either such fine weather or an abundance of fish. Not a skipper could voice the old Portuguese fisherman's complaint—"fine weder, no fish; bad weder, no kesh!"

But out on the eastern horizon, things had changed rapidly during the last hour. Heavy, murky clouds were rising. Fresh gusts began to drift along; each livelier than the last.

Rube Haskell was two miles further

off-shore than the rest of the fleet, and probably had the largest catch of any of them. Every now and then he stopped in the rapid strokes of his splitting knife and scowled nervously to the eastward. He disliked to be first to make sail and run for shelter, but his good judgment told him he was courting fate to hang on, with night so close, and Cascumpec so far away.

But Rube's courage had always been the equal of his judgment, and if he didn't land his vessel and cargo safely in Gloucester, it wouldn't be charged to any foolhardiness on his part. Another glance to windward determined the matter, and sticking the splitting knife in the rack, he called out:

"Knock off dressing there, boys, clear away aft here, and while the seine gang's gettin' that twine on deck, the rest of ye bail them fish up into barrels and strike 'em below. We'll strike 'em up ag'in and dress 'em when we get to Cascumpec."

"Cascumpec! Think we can make Cascumpec afore it shets in thick or night comes on, Skipper?" anxiously inquired big Bill Dumphy, the seine heaver.

"Well," replied Rube, "I don't know as we can, and I don't know as we can't, but it would be way past dark afore we could round West Cape, an' it's goin' to be too thick and nasty to try any antics like that, an' I'm damned if I want to try and hammer her out to wind'erd far enough to leave what sea room we need between us and the bend of the Island. Most probably we'd come out all right ourselves, but I ain't goin' to risk them two seine boats, and all the stuff we've got on deck, No, sir-ree! I'll run for Cascumpec, an' if I get hold of the fairway afore dark we'll go in. If it gets thick so we can't get hold—I'll haul her down the Island and wallop her out by East Point, or bust. That's all there is to it, so lay hold an' make things hum."

In a few minutes the seines were on deck and the two big forty-foot boats swung inboard on their tackles. Rube went aft, and as he unbecketed the wheel, sung out, "All hands make sail. One hand run aloft and shift over that fore-topsail, an' get it on her as soon as she wings out. Hist away yer jibs, balloon an' all, an' get that stay-sail along an' 'scandalize' it. We

can't get a move on any too lively the way this sea's makin' so soon."

The crew of twenty men made quick work of his orders, and a few minutes later the Centennial was flying before the stiff east-northeaster, with every stitch of canvas set and pulling.

"Here, Cale Paris," called the skipper, "take the wheel a bit while I run down and prick her off on the chart, for if I ain't much mistaken, course an' distance's goin' to count fer som'thin' before a couple of hours more's gone over yer heads. Keep her west by south three-quarters south, till I see what the chart says."

"Aye! aye! West by southe, three-quarters southe it is, sir," responded Cale, as he took his seat on the wheel box.

Dropping hastily below Rube snatched the Gulf of St. Lawrence chart from an overhead rack—unrolled it on the cabin floor and applied parallel rules and dividers with evident care and deliberation. "Yes," he mused to himself, "I was just a pint out givin' Cale that course—should have been west, three-quarters southe, an' it's just twenty-two an' three-tenths miles to the Cascumpec Fairway. She'll run that three-tenths now, afore I get the log over—if I don't look lively."

A moment later the skipper appeared on deck, bringing with him the taffrail log outfit, which he lost no time in getting overboard.

"Now, Cale, I'll take her, an' you see everything is lashed snug an' battened down tight, ready for whatever comes," was the skipper's order as he relieved Cale of the steering, and made the change in course.

"Sail, oh! Dead ahead!" came the voice of the lookout, and a few minutes later the Centennial came into full view of the rest of the fleet; all of which had hoisted in their big seine boats, lowered away their sails, and were hauling out reef-earins and trying points, preparatory to a hard beat to windward, out by the dreaded North Cape Bar.

"Sail, oh, to wind'ard," called the man aloft, furling the topsail of the Viking.

"Yes, by thunder," exclaimed Skipper Jim Graham, "an' it's Rube Haskell, runnin' for Cascumpec. Cast adrift them

p'int, boys, and h'ist away the mainsail. Avast furlin' that topsail up there, an' hook on the sheet again—I'm goin' to follow Rube. There isn't another man in the fleet I'd let shape a course fer me to run on a lee-shore by exceptin' him. Everybody can have their own opinion, an' say what they lik^d about his bein' crazy in love with old McPhee's daughter, but when it comes to downright good judgment, an' first class navigatin', well—there just ain't nobody in this fleet can hold a candle to him. The rest of 'em can tackle North Cape if they want to, but the Viking's after the Centennial, just the same."

* * *

Skipper Jim undoubtedly voiced the sentiments of the other captains, for before the Centennial had run out of sight in the haze to leeward, the rest were seen, one by one, to change tactics, make sail, and follow.

Sam Poole was the last to accept the course set by his rival. He hung on where he was—giving orders for minor workings—to kill time—hoping his delay in following might influence one or more of the skippers to abandon the example of Rube Haskell, and join him in the original plan of weathering the North Cape Bar. But no signal of waver came to his cheer; while unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction among his crew was becoming strongly apparent.

He knew the pulse of his men too well to hold on longer, and the feeling was forced upon him, too, that no order would be obeyed which did not mean full sail for Cascumpec. In fact, he was more anxious to reach there than any of the rest, but to follow the wake of the Centennial as "pilot" for them all, was a bitter pill indeed. But as no other course was available he finally pocketed his pride, slipped the becket from the wheel, and assuming a jaunty air, called out, "Sway up everything, fore an' aft, boys, an' p'raps we'll show 'em all the road to Cascumpec yet. It's a good bit of a run, but the feller that strikes the Fairway's the one'll get a night's sleep in smooth water, so bear a hand, an' we'll show 'em a trick."

The Gatherer was famed as one of the fastest vessels hailing from Gloucester,

and, before the wind, could outsail any of those she now followed. The tail-end vessel of the Indian file, had, however, fully two miles of a start, and was barely visible through the fast-closing haze. To gain that distance in less than two hours sailing would be a wonderful performance, and most unlikely of accomplishment.



*"What in blazes has he luffed to for, if he's made the buoy?"
questioned the skipper*

But she was now under full sail in pursuit, and the frequent and ever-increasing weight of the gusts from the east-northeast was first felt by the off-shore craft, and the lead of the foremost was gradually diminishing. It was to be a short race, and fortunate for all that it was.

The Centennial was still well in the lead, while the leadsman's call, and the sharp-running seas both told the story of a lee-shore, close aboard. The haze was now impenetrable beyond a quarter of a mile,

and the fiercely flying mist drops fairly cut the faces of the sailors.

Rube Haskell, early in the run, had made his plans for every eventuality, and imparted them fully to his crew, so that every man knew his station and work, and realized the full significance of any error or delay, when the time for action should arrive.

The almost inappreciable twilight of the northern autumn was now upon them. Two of the best lookout men were at each masthead—watching for the Fairway—or for breakers, while Cale Paris sat on the taff-rail, reading off to the Skipper every quarter knot as registered by the log.

"What does she say now, Cale?" anxiously inquired Rube.

"Just hittin' nineteen an' three quarters, sir," quickly responded Cale.

"If we don't make the Fairway in less'n two minutes, none of us'll ever see it again—that's all there is to that, boy—an' if any man of the fleet gets ashore alive, everybody'll blame Rube Haskell for all the widders an' orphans an'—"

"Fairway, right under the lee bow, sir," yelled the lookout in the port fore crosstrees.

"Let run all the jib halliards, an' man the down-hauls," roared the skipper. "Let go the fore topsail sheet, an' clew away—an' stan' by for the ji-bo'—Hard down—run

in yer main sheet, an' lower away the foresail. Steady now—Let your mainsail run—That's it, boys—now then, h'ist away yer jibs again—balloon an' all!"

It had taken but a few moments to execute all the orders so well understood in advance. Quickly the gallant craft had swung to—into the very eye of the wind—just at the point of the Bar, over which the giant seas were raging in deafening tumult. A moment later, freed from the weight of main and foresail, and their

topsails, Rube rolled up the wheel again, and as the jibs went crashing and banging up the stays, the Centennial quickly swung away dead before the wind to begin the perilous run between the long stretches of sand, which the angry sea now bellowed with a thunderous roar.

"Rube's rounding to," yelled the mast-head lookout of the Viking, at first sign of the Centennial's luffing.

"Must have missed the Fairway; an' his run's up, too," was the anxious remark of Skipper Graham to his second hand. "There'll be H—I to pay here in about a mini't, when all this fleet has to shorten down, an' start in for a drubbin'."

"Fairway's right alongside of him," joyfully exclaimed the lookout man a moment later.

"What in blazes has he luffed to for, if he's made the buoy?" questioned the skipper. "By gracious," he immediately continued, closely watching Rube's tactics, "I can't understand how Rube always figures out some new sailor dodge, that lets him out; just when you think he's gone the length of his rope. You see, boys, he's drove her 'galley-west' like all possessed, till he made his land-fall all right; then he just lets her come to, lowers away everything, an' now he's off again with nothing but them jibs on her—an' they'll keep her from broachin' when he gets in the shaller water of the Bar—in there aways. Ye see, boys, her heel'll likely take bottom, an' kill her steerage, when she settles in the holler of one of them big ones, an' when she'd rise, on the next one that come; if he kept all that after sail on her—hangin' by the skig, with no use of the rudder, she'd just give one bounce—lift her tail in the air—make a bee-line for the weather bank, an' stick her nose in it—an' with her layin' cross-ways a narrow place like that—well, the whole fleet'd be piled up atop of him in ten minits. It would make the worst smashup ever heard of in fishin' history—an' no one above water to tell how it happened. Stan' by, boys, we'll take a leaf out of his book, an' Lord help anyone this night as doesn't."

A quick movement of the wheel, and hurriedly executed orders, had, a few moments later, duplicated Rube's action on board the Viking, while Solly Rowe,

who was next astern, took in the full significance of the movement and duplicated it again. And so it ran—vessel after vessel—until the procession of rolling, plunging, pounding fishermen had all entered the lane—from which there was no turning back—all but the Gatherer.

Sam Poole had taken all the leaves out of another man's book that he intended to for one day, and he didn't use any choice words, as he so expressed himself.

While the rest were shortening sail the Gatherer had gained on them all. As she reached the Fairway his masthead lookout man had noted the tactics adopted by the nearest vessels ahead and reported it. Intuitively, Skipper Sam recognized it as a new plan, and Rube Haskell as its father, for the Centennial was too far ahead in the haze to be visible.

"Bah!" he retorted, "nobody but an old woman would disgrace a vessel handling her that way. We'll go to the anchorage with all sail, or by the horned-sculpins, we won't go at all."

As he looked about the crew for approval of his expression, he was met by an ominous silence. Inwardly he repented his words, for Sam Poole was no second-rate sailor, and fully alive to the danger of the narrow channel, the treacherous sand-bar, and the fierce-running breakers. He was a desperately stubborn man, and would never humble his pride by withdrawing his utterances—and would actually prefer to drown himself and every man of the crew—if necessary, rather than retract on a proposition in which Rube Haskell was concerned.

As she reached the Fairway the haze suddenly became so dense that the next vessel ahead was barely discernible. Darkness, too, was closing down on the turbulent waters, while the fury of the gale kept steadily increasing.

With every stitch of canvas set, with booms and spars buckling under the terrible strain, the Gatherer flew by the Fairway and entered the seething maelstrom.

"God help us all," solemnly said old Bill Bouy to a group of the boys standing around the windlass, "if she don't stick straight to the channel, or if we overtake one of them others, there'll be no gettin'



"Hard up there, quick—meet her, boy, meet her"

out of it then, not in this wind, an' sea, an' dark, too."

"Here Johnnie Highlands," shouted the skipper, "lend me a hand with this wheel, she's gripping like blazes, an' no one man can handle her—why, you're white an' tremblin' like a leaf, man. Hard up

there, quick—meet her, boy, meet her."

As the monster wave that threatened to engulf them ran by and the vessel kept safely to her course, the Skipper smiled grimly to his wheelmate, and continued, "I never expected you'd show white feathers, Jack!"

"I aint got any to show, Skipper," returned Jack, "but the man that ain't fearin' fer his life, aboard this craft, at this minit, ain't got sense enough to fear anything—that's all."

Before the Centennial was fairly within the harbor's mouth, Rube, who had kept an anxious eye on the fleet astern, whenever possible, called out, "Hook the tackles on that starboard seine boat, an' swing her out, Cale, see the whole fourteen oars is in her, an' put in an extra three or four from the other boat—we may need 'em."

A few moments more and the big boat was swung outboard and hanging in her tackles, ready for lowering away.

"Let run yer jibs; an' stan' by to anchor. Here, Cale, boy, listen a minit. Soon's the anchor's clear of the cat-head you an' the cook must look after her—the rest of us is goin' back—understand?"

"I suppose I do," returned Cale slowly, while a look of anxiety, mingled with disappointment, overspread his face, and moisture filled his eyes. "I guess we can take care of her, an'll be here when you come back, if that's what ye mean."

As the good craft, relieved of her headsails, was swinging slowly to the wind, Rube called out again, "Let go yer anchor under foot, an' pay away chain. There, Cale, let her have the other one soon's ye like—stan' by an' lower away the boat—all hands, but Cale an' the cook, man her out."

An instant later the boat was afloat—thirteen oars striking vigorous strokes—and Rube, with the long steering oar, swung her head to the wind, straight for the harbor's mouth.

"Give it to her, boys; ye can't tell what's happenin' out there, or how bad somebody may be needin' ye this minit. I set 'em the example, an' if any of 'em makes a miss-hit I'll always blame myself."

"Here comes Jim in the Viking," he continued, "I only hope we'll meet 'em all inside the half-way bar, an' if they've all been careful, an' no one took bottom too hard, we will."

As Skipper Graham and his crew flew by the outward-bound seine boat, they first cheered, and then speculated.

"P'raps he shipped a sea an' washed his seine overboard, an' is goin' out to see

if he can save it," suggested one of the crew.

"We'd likely a seen the corks of it, floatin', if he had," answered another.

"What do *you* say, Skip," inquired the second hand, "what's he drivin' that seine boat out there for, with his whole eighteen men in her—an' they're forcing her like sixty, too. If they was on a life-savin' job they couldn't drive her any harder."

"Well," replied the skipper with a knowing look, "p'raps that's just the kind of a job they're on—we don't know, nor they don't know—but Rube Haskell's more likely to guess right than any man in this fleet—or any other fleet for that matter—an' that's all I've got to say about it now."

Onward came the fleet, one by one, and cheered them, as the crew of the Viking had. Out by the harbor's mouth, and through the angry seas slowly sped the boat, heavily toiled the oarsmen.

As still another craft flew by them in the early darkness, one of the relief men, who had carefully noted every passing vessel, turned to Skipper Rube, and said, "Sam's the only one out now."

As the rowers drove on with unslackened energy the stern expression on Rube's face changed to one of deepest anxiety, and the relief-man continued, "He or'ter be here by this time, sure—'praps he didn't follow us, they say he's awful stubborn, an' set like, when he wants to be."

"I only hope to Heaven he didn't," fervently responded Rube.

"What's that noise," broke in the relief-man, excitedly, "sounds like canvas blowin' to ribbons—an' by thunder, that's what it is, too!"

"Give way, boys, give way with all your might," shouted Rube as with the big steering oar he beat the water, and swung the boat's head toward the weather bar. "She's broached on him, boys, an' in ten minits she'll be in kindling wood, an' not a soul to tell the tale—give way—hard's you can, bullies."

The roar of the mighty seas on the Bar, the beating and thrashing of the torn canvas, and the crash of breaking booms and topmasts, was indescribably appalling.

Never for a moment did the seine-boats' crew relax in their task, until from out

the stormy darkness loomed the dim outlines of the Gatherer.

"Avast rowing," shouted Rube. "Back water, quick, or her spars'll fall across us—steady, hold."

High up on the sands reared the bow of the wreck, her stern sunken to awash, while monster seas rolled her back and forth with terrific violence. It was plainly a question of minutes, only.

Another deafening roar of the sea—another awful crash—the whole weather side tore apart, the spars snapped at the deck, and together with their rigging full of men, were dashed into the foaming torrent.

"Give way, men, give way," roared Rube; and straight into the midst of the churning wreckage shot the seine boat.

* * *

As the little craft with her double crew of storm-drenched seamen passed inward,

by the Cascumpec ranges, widely different feelings pervaded the hearts of the two men in the stern sheets. Just here, too, they were met by other boats of the fleet, whose skippers, becoming alarmed at Rube's long absence, had put out in search.

Oars were shipped in, and the boats came alongside to divide up the crew, for accommodation purposes, among the fleet.

"I'll go in with Graham, if you like, Rube," said Sam, in a voice so greatly changed, so sadly soft, that it almost startled Rube.

"Why, anything that suits you, my boy, of course. But I've got room for you, an' you're welcome to it; you know that, Sam."

"Yes, I do, Rube—but I'll go with Jim tonight," and offering his big brown hand continued in a choking whisper, "I can't thank you enough, Rube—no man can, for savin' his life. I can't ever pay you, Rube—but, God bless you—and—her."

TO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

By HENRY L. SWEINHART

SILENT it stands and strong, its white-walled way
 From earth to heaven leading. Up it soars
 And boldly breaks the blue of Heaven's bright floors
 Within whose reach its glorious top holds sway.
 Its sun-kissed cap sees last the light of day,
 And first the light, when morning glory pours
 Its stream of gold adown the shaft. It stores
 Within it memories that will live away.

A Master speaks, this monument proclaims:
 His lessons learn, Americans, and live;
 As high as his be your motives, high your aims!
 Let his great life to you the impulse give
 To make this nation, as this tower tall,
 A hope by which the world shall rise, ne'er fall!

SARA'S WAY

By

L · M · Montgomery

Author of "Anne of Green Gables,"
Chronicles of Avonlea, etc.

THE warm June sunshine was coming down through trees white with the virginal bloom of plums, and shining panes, making a tremulous mosaic upon Mrs. Eben Andrews' spotless kitchen floor. Through the open door, a wind, fragrant from long wanderings over orchards and clover meadows, drifted in, and from the window, Mrs. Eben and her guest could look down over a long, misty valley sloping to a sparkling sea.

Mrs. Jonas Andrews was spending the afternoon with her sister-in-law. She was a big, sonsy woman, with full-blown peony cheeks and large, dreamy brown eyes. When she had been a slim, pink-and-white girl those eyes had been very romantic. Now they were so out of keeping with the rest of her appearance as to be ludicrous.

Mrs. Eben, sitting at the other end of the small tea table that was drawn up against the window, was a thin little woman, with a very sharp nose and light, faded blue eyes. She looked like a woman whose opinions were always very decided and warranted to wear.

"How does Sara like teaching at Newbridge?" asked Mrs. Jonas, helping herself a second time to Mrs. Eben's matchless black fruit cake, and thereby bestowing a subtle compliment which Mrs. Eben did not fail to appreciate.

"Well, I guess she likes it pretty well—better than down at White Sands, anyway," answered Mrs. Eben. "Yes, I may say it suits her. Of course it's a long walk there and back. I think it would have been wiser for her to keep on boarding with the Morrisons, as she did all winter,

but Sara is bound to be home all she can. And I must say the walk seems to agree with her."

"I was down to see Jonas' aunt at Newbridge last night," said Mrs. Jonas, "and she said she'd heard that Sara had made up her mind to take Lige Baxter at last, and that they were to be married in the fall. She asked me if it was true. I said I didn't know, but I hoped to mercy it was. Now, is it, Louisa?"

"Not a word of it," said Mrs. Eben sorrowfully. "Sara hasn't any more notion of taking Lige than ever she had. I'm sure it's not my fault, I've talked and argued till I'm tired. I declare to you, Amelia, I am terrible disappointed. I'd set my heart on Sara's marrying Lige—and now to think she won't!"

"She is a very foolish girl," said Mrs. Jonas judicially. "If Lige Baxter isn't good enough for her, who is?"

"And he's so well off," said Mrs. Eben, "and does such a good business, and is well spoken of by everyone. And that lovely new house of his at Newbridge, with bay-windows and hardwood floors! I've dreamed and dreamed of seeing Sara there as mistress."

"Maybe you'll see her there yet," said Mrs. Jonas, who always took a hopeful view of everything, even of Sara's contrariness. But she felt discouraged, too. Well, she had done her best. If Lige Baxter's broth were spoiled it was not for lack of cooks. Every Andrews in Avonlea had been trying for two years to bring about a match between him and Sara, and Mrs. Jonas had borne her part valiantly.

Mrs. Eben's despondent reply was cut

short by the appearance of Sara herself. The girl stood for a moment in the doorway and looked with a faintly amused air at her aunts. She knew quite well that they had been discussing her, for Mrs. Jonas, who carried her conscience in her face, looked guilty, and Mrs. Eben had not been able wholly to banish her aggrieved expression.

Sara put away her books, kissed Mrs. Jonas' rosy cheek, and sat down at the table. Mrs. Eben brought her some fresh tea, some hot rolls and a little jelly-pot of the apricot preserves Sara liked, and she cut some more fruit cake for her in moist, plummy slices. She might be out of patience with Sara's "contrariness," but she spoiled and petted her for all that, for the girl was the very core of her childless heart.

Sara Andrews was not, strictly speaking, pretty, but there was that about her which made people look at her twice. She was very dark, with a rich, dusky sort of darkness; her deep eyes were velvety brown and her lips and cheeks were crimson.

She ate her rolls and preserves with a healthy appetite, sharpened by her long walk from Newbridge, and told amusing little stories of her day's work that made the two older women shake with laughter, and exchange sly glances of pride over her cleverness.

When tea was over she poured the remaining contents of the cream jug into a saucer.

"I must feed my pussy," she said as she left the room.

"That girl beats me," said Mrs. Eben with a sigh of perplexity. "You know that black cat we've had for two years? Eben and I have always made a lot of him, but Sara seemed to have a dislike to him. Never a peaceful nap under the stove could he have when Sara was home—out he must go. Well, a little spell ago he got his leg broke accidentally and we thought he'd have to be killed. But Sara wouldn't hear to it. She got splints and set his leg just as knacky and bandaged it up, and she has tended him like a sick baby ever since. He's just about well now, and he lives in clover, that cat does. It's just her way. There's them sick chickens

she's been doctoring for a week, giving them pills and things. And she thinks more of that wretched looking calf that got poisoned with paris green than of all the other stock on the place."

As the summer wore away Mrs. Eben tried to reconcile herself to the destruction of her air castles. But she scolded Sara considerably.

"Sara, *why* don't you like Lige? I'm sure he's a model young man."

"I don't like model young men," answered Sara impatiently. "And I really think I hate Lige Baxter. He has always been held up to me as such a paragon. I'm tired of hearing all about his perfections. I know them all off by heart. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't steal; he doesn't tell fibs, he never loses his temper, he doesn't swear, and he goes to church regularly. Such a faultless creature as that would certainly get on my nerves. No, no, you'll have to pick out another mistress for your new house at the Bridge, Aunt Louisa."

When the apple trees that had been pink and white in June were russet and bronze in October, Mrs. Eben had a quilting. The quilt was of the "Rising Star" pattern, which was considered in Avonlea to be very handsome. Mrs. Eben had intended it for part of Sara's "setting out," and while she sewed the red-and-white diamonds together she had regaled her fancy by imagining she saw it spread out on the spareroom bed of the house at Newbridge, with herself laying her bonnet and shawl on it when she went to see Sara. Those bright visions had faded with the apple blossoms, and Mrs. Eben hardly had the heart to finish the quilt at all.

The quilting came off on Saturday afternoon when Sara could be home from school. All Mrs. Eben's particular friends were ranged around the quilt, and tongues and fingers flew. Sara flitted about, helping her aunt with the supper preparations. She was in the room, getting the custard dishes out of the cupboard, when Mrs. George Pye arrived.

Mrs. George had a genius for being late. She was later than usual today and she looked excited. Every woman around the "Rising Star" felt that Mrs. George had

some news worth listening to, and there was an expectant silence while she pulled out her chair and settled herself at the quilt.

She was a tall, thin woman with a long, pale face, and liquid green eyes. As she looked around the circle she had the air of a cat daintily licking its chops over some tidbit.

"I suppose," she said, "that you have heard the news."

She knew perfectly well that they had not. Every other woman at the frame stopped quilting. Mrs. Eben came to the door with a pan of puffy, smoking-hot soda biscuits in her hand. Sara stopped counting her custard dishes and turned her ripely-colored face over her shoulder. Even the black cat at her feet ceased preening his fur. Mrs. George felt that the undivided attention of her audience was hers.

"Baxter Brothers have failed," she said, her green eyes shooting out flashes of light. "Failed *disgracefully!*"

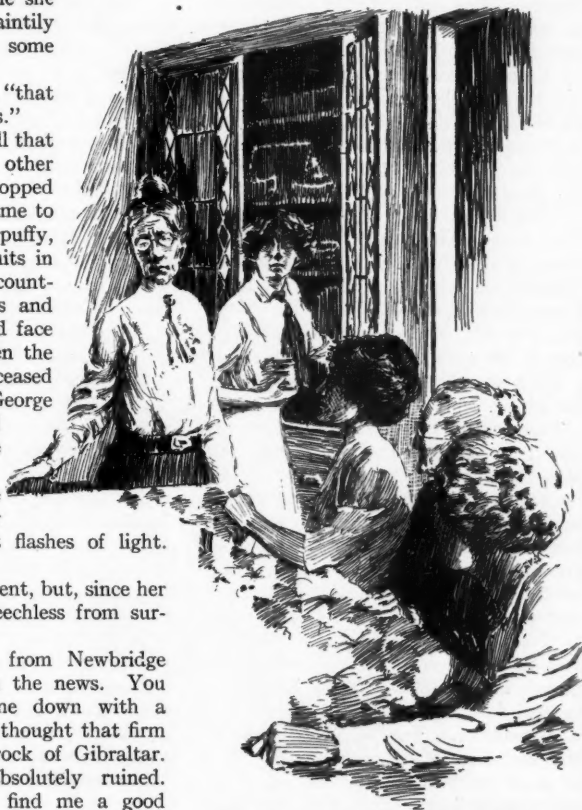
She paused for a moment, but, since her hearers were as yet speechless from surprise, she went on:

"George came home from Newbridge just before I left, with the news. You could have knocked me down with a feather. I should have thought that firm was as steady as the rock of Gibraltar. But they're ruined—absolutely ruined. Louisa, dear, can you find me a good needle?"

"Louisa dear" had set her biscuits down with a sharp thud, reckless of results. A sharp, metallic tinkle sounded at the closet where Sara had struck the edge of her tray against a shelf. The sound seemed to loosen the paralyzed tongues and everybody began talking and exclaiming at once. Clear and shrill above the confusion rose Mrs. George Pye's voice.

"Yes, indeed, you may well say so. It is disgraceful. And to think how everybody trusted them! George will lose considerable by the crash, and so will a good

many folks. Everything will have to go—Peter Baxter's farm and Lige's grand new house. Mrs. Peter won't carry her head so high after this, I'll be bound. George saw Lige at the Bridge, and he said he looked dreadful cut up and ashamed."



Every woman around the "Rising Star" felt that Mrs. George had some news worth listening to

"Who, or what's to blame for the failure?" asked Mrs. Rachel Lynde sharply. She did not like Mrs. George Pye.

"There are a dozen different stories on the go," was the reply. "As far as George could make out Peter Baxter has been speculating with other folks' money, and this is the result. Everybody always suspected that Peter was crooked, but you'd thought that Lige would have kept him

straight. *He* had always such a reputation for saintliness."

"I don't suppose Lige knew anything about it," said Mrs. Rachel indignantly.

"Well, he'd ought to then. If he isn't a knave he's a fool," said Mrs. Harmon Andrews, who had formerly been among his warmest partisans. "He should have kept watch on Peter and found out how the business was being run. Well, Sara, you were the level-headedest of us all—I'll admit that now. A nice mess it would be if you were married or engaged to Lige, and him left without a cent—even if he can clear his character."

"There is a good deal of talk about Peter and swindling and a lawsuit," said Mrs. George Pye, quilting industriously. "Most of the Newbridge folks think it's all Peter's fault and that Lige isn't to blame. But you can't tell. I daresay Lige is as deep in the mire as Peter. He was always a little too good to be wholesome, *I* thought."

There was a clink of glass at the cupboard, as Sara set the tray down. She came forward and stood behind Mrs. Rachel Lynde's chair, resting her shapely hands on that lady's broad shoulders. Her face was very pale, but her flashing eyes sought and faced Mrs. George Pye's cat-like orbs defiantly. Her voice quivered with passion and contempt.

"You'll all have a fling at Lige Baxter now that he's down. You couldn't say enough in his praise once. I'll not stand by and hear it hinted that Lige Baxter is a swindler. You all know perfectly well that Lige is as honest as the day, if he is so unfortunate as to have an unprincipled brother. You, Mrs. Pye, know it better than anyone, yet you come here and run him down the minute he's in trouble. If there's another word said here against Lige Baxter I'll leave the room and the house till you're gone, every one of you."

She flashed a glance around the quilt that cowed the gossips. Even Mrs. George Pye's eyes flickered and waned and quailed. Nothing more was said until Sara had picked up her glasses and marched from the room. Even then they dared not speak above a whisper. Mrs. Pye alone, smarting from her snub, ventured to

ejaculate, "Pity save us!" as Sara slammed the door.

For the next fortnight gossip and rumor held high carnival in Avonlea and Newbridge, and Mrs. Eben grew to dread the sight of a visitor.

"They're bound to talk about the Baxter failure and criticise Lige," she deplored to Mrs. Jonas. "And it riles Sara up so terrible. She used to declare she hated Lige, and now she won't listen to a word against him. Not that I say any myself. I'm sorry for him, and I believe he's done his best. But I can't stop other people from talking."

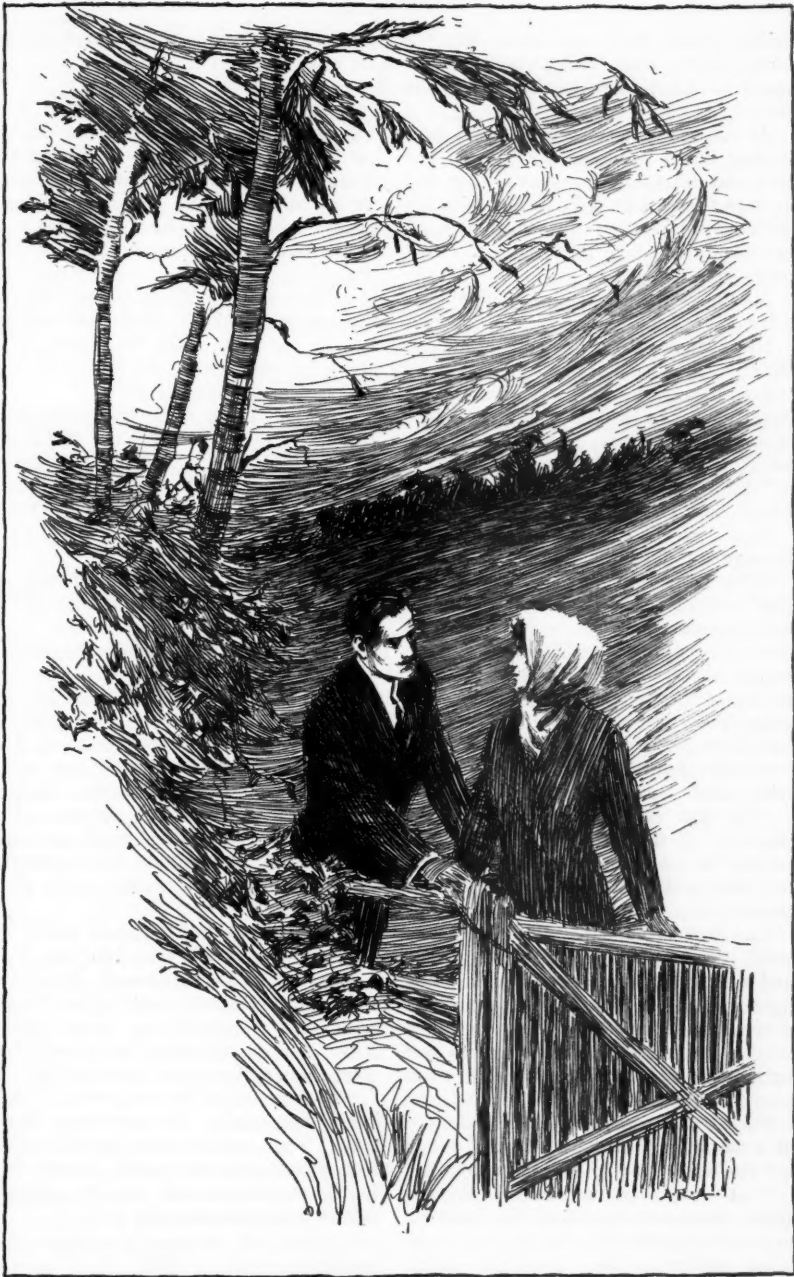
One evening Harmon Andrews came in with a fresh budget of news.

"The Baxter business is pretty near wound up at last," he said as he lighted his pipe. "Peter has got his lawsuits settled and has hushed up the talk about swindling somehow. Trust him for slipping out of a scrape clean and clever. He don't seem to worry any, but Lige looks like a walking skeleton. Some folks pity him, but I say he should have kept the run of things better and not have trusted everything to Peter. I hear he's going out west in the spring, to take up land in Alberta and try his hand at farming. Best thing he can do, I guess. Folks hereabouts have had enough of the Baxter breed. Newbridge will be well rid of them."

Sara, who had been sitting in the dark corner of the stove, suddenly stood up, letting the black cat slip from her lap to the floor. Mrs. Eben glanced at her apprehensively, for she feared the girl was going to break out into a tirade against the complacent Harmon.

But Sara only walked fiercely out of the kitchen, with a sound as if she were struggling for breath. In the hall she snatched a scarf from the wall, flung open the front door, and rushed down the lane in the chill, pure air of the autumn twilight. Her heart was throbbing with the pity she always felt for bruised and baited creatures.

On and on she went heedlessly, intent only on walking away her pain, over gray, brooding fields and wilding slopes, and along the skirts of resinous, dusky pine woods, curtained with fine-spun purple gloom. Her dress brushed against the



And as Sara fumbled vainly at them with chilled hands, a man's firm step came up behind her and Lige Baxter's hand closed over hers

brittle grasses and sere ferns, and the moist night wind, loosened from wild places far away, blew her hair about her face.

At last she came to a little rustic gate, leading into a shadowy wood-lane. The gate was bound with willow withes and as Sara fumbled vainly at them with her chilled hands, a man's firm step came up behind her and Lige Baxter's hand closed over hers.

"O Lige," she said with something like a sob.

He opened the gate and drew her through. She left her hand in his as they walked through the lane where the lissome boughs of the young saplings flicked against their heads, and the air was wildly sweet with woodsy odors.

"It's a long while since I've seen you, Lige," Sara said at last.

Lige looked wistfully down at her through the gloom.

"Yes, it seems very long to me, Sara. But I didn't think you'd care to see me after what you said last spring. And you know things have been going against me. People have said hard things. I've been unfortunate, Sara, and maybe too easy-going, but I've been honest. Don't believe folks if they tell you I wasn't."

"Indeed, I never did—not for a minute!" cried Sara.

"I'm glad of that. I'm going away later on. I felt bad enough when you refused to marry me, Sara, but it's well for you you didn't. I'm man enough to be thankful my troubles don't fall on you."

Sara stopped and turned to him. Beyond them the lane opened into a field and a clear lake of crocus sky cast a dim light into the shadow where they stood. Above it was a new moon, like a gleaming, silver scimitar. Sara saw that it was over her left shoulder; and she saw Lige's face above her, tender and troubled.

"Lige," she whispered softly, "do you love me still?"

"You know I do," said Lige sadly.

That was all Sara wanted. With a quick movement she nestled into his arms,

and laid her warm, tear-wet cheek against his cold one.

* * *

When the amazing rumor that Sara was going to marry Lige Baxter and go out West with him circulated through the Andrews clan, hands were lifted and heads were shaken. Mrs. Jonas puffed and panted up the hill to learn if it were true.

She found Mrs. Eben stitching for dear life on an "Irish chain" quilt, while Sara was sewing the diamonds on another "Rising Star" with a martyr-like expression on her face. Sara hated patchwork above everything else, but Mrs. Eben was mistress up to a certain point.

"You'll have to make that quilt, Sara Andrews. If you're going out to live on those prairies you'll need piles of quilts, and you shall have them if I sew my fingers to the bone. But you'll have to help make them."

And Sara had to.

When Mrs. Jonas came Mrs. Eben sent Sara off to the postoffice to get her out of the way.

"I suppose it's true this time," said Mrs. Jonas.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Eben briskly. "Sara is set on it. There is no use trying to move her—you know that—so I've just concluded to make the best of it. I'm no turncoat. Lige Baxter is Lige Baxter still, neither more nor less. I've always said he was a fine young man and I say so still. After all, he and Sara won't be any poorer than Eben and I were when we started out."

Mrs. Jonas heaved a sigh of relief.

"I'm real glad you take that view of it, Louisa. I'm not displeased either, although Mrs. Harmon would take my head off if she heard me say so. I always liked Lige. But I must say I'm amazed, too, after the way Sara used to rail at him."

"Well, we might have expected it," said Mrs. Eben sagely. "It was always Sara's way. When any creature got sick or unfortunate she seemed to take it right into her heart. So you may say Lige Baxter's failure was a success after all."

The LURE OF THE TREASURE

By
George Ethelbert Walsh

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS—James Everard, an eccentric old man living alone, is found dead in bed after the visit of a one-armed stranger. Suspicion of foul play is not proved, and it is supposed he died of fright. His nephew, Allen Halliwell, attends the funeral. At the cemetery four evil-looking men under the pretext of friendship for the deceased attempt to search the coffin. That night in the house a beautiful woman burglar is caught ransacking the old man's desk. Halliwell, struck by her beauty, lets her have the papers she is looking for. In his city home Halliwell is attacked by the four men at midnight, and but for the timely appearance of the woman again he would have been killed.

CHAPTER IV

HIS hands pinioned to his sides after the départure of the five men, Halliwell remained silent and motionless on the sofa. With all his senses alert, he listened to catch any noise that would indicate the manner by which the men left the apartment. He half expected to hear a commotion in the outer hall or on the elevator, but no one in the house seemed to know that anything was wrong.

His sole companion in the room stood rigid near the door, listening. In this attitude Halliwell had an opportunity to verify his first impressions of her beauty. He unconsciously sighed when assured that his senses had not been misled in their first appraisalment of her.

After the door at the far end of the hall closed behind the men, the girl stole silently away, and Halliwell could hear her slip the bolt and snap the lock. This accomplished she returned to the apartment.

But she was still unsatisfied. She walked swiftly to the window and looked out. A sheer drop of sixty feet to the pavement below convinced her that no one could enter the room that way. Then from window to window she passed, inspecting each with caution, returning finally to the front room.

She sighed now, as if in relief, and then for the first time appeared to notice Halliwell. He was watching her with steady, anxious eyes. What would she do next? Had she some more exquisite way of torturing him than the men? He recalled her words, "A woman's way." Was she, in spite of her great beauty, in league with these human fiends, and had she some way of accomplishing what brute force had failed to do? Halliwell smiled.

"Oh, you must be suffering!" she exclaimed suddenly, noting apparently for the first time that he was tightly bound.

She walked to the desk and picked up a paper knife and attempted to sever the ropes. It was slow and clumsy work to saw the stout manila with such a blunt instrument.

"If you really mean to free me," Halliwell said, "I would suggest a sharper knife than that. You will find my own penknife much more satisfactory."

She ceased operations with the paper cutter, laid it down carefully and abstracted the penknife from his pocket. With this she quickly cut his bonds.

"Thanks," Halliwell exclaimed, rising from the sofa and stretching his cramped limbs. "It feels good to be free again. I never realized before what the free use

of the limbs really meant. Do you mind if I smoke? You see this—er—experience has given my nerves a jolt, and I need something to steady them."

She smiled and motioned him to proceed. He struck a match and lighted a cigarette. He was interested in seeing his hands tremble when he tried to light the end. Drawing a few puffs at the cigarette, which seemed to relieve him, he turned toward her, smiled, and resumed his seat on the sofa.

"Now I'm your prisoner," he said. "You've freed me, it's true, but I'm on parole, I suppose. I won't do anything to break it. Is there anything you want me to do?"

For the first time the woman showed signs of nervousness. She walked toward the desk and bent over it.

"I'm afraid," she said slowly, "that they've mussed up your papers terribly. I will try to repair the damages."

"No, leave them scattered about. They're not important papers to me—some relics of Uncle James."

Nevertheless she busied herself in restoring order to the desk. Halliwell watched her deft fingers picking up and sorting out the papers. He was amused and fascinated, and waited for her to finish the self-appointed task. Then he said:

"The paper isn't there, is it?"

She flushed.

"Oh," she cried, "you thought this a ruse to examine the papers?" There was the faintest suspicion of a sneer in the voice. Then hastily she added, "But you have every right to think so. I don't wonder."

"I beg pardon," Halliwell replied. "It was unfair to suggest anything so rude."

"You needn't apologize. I alone am to blame for it. But I had no intention of examining the papers. If you remember rightly I looked them all over once before—with your permission."

"So you did. I'd nearly forgotten. Well, you can look at them again. I give you full permission to keep them if you want them."

"They are nothing to me. I have no need of them."

There was a little tired expression in the voice, and for an instant the face looked

weary and drawn. Then she recovered herself and walked away from the desk to the door. Once more she listened intently.

"I guess we're alone," she murmured.

"I hope so. My man Williams will be back soon, and—"

"Oh, will he come in here—and—and find me?"

Her look of alarm amused Halliwell.

"I can arrange that. Williams never enters without first knocking. I will see that he doesn't disturb us. But the others—have they really departed for good?"

"I hope so. Yes, I know so."

"Then I'm relieved. To tell the truth, I didn't take an extravagant fancy to them. A bit out of my class. A little rough—and coarse."

She did not seem to notice his allusions, but swept the apartment with her eyes. They came back finally to rest on him. There they remained so long, absorbed in watching him, that he grew nervous under the gaze. With a little laugh he broke the silence.

"I wonder now what paper of uncle's they were looking for, and where it is."

The words brought her out of her reverie, for she replied quietly:

"I have it."

"You?"

She nodded and added, "Not with me, but I know where it is."

"I'm glad that you circumvented them, for while the paper was of no earthly value to me, I hate to see it fall into the hands of such ruffians."

"They may not be so bad at heart as we—as you—think," she replied.

"I don't think anything you could say would make them angels in my sight. You see this is the second experience I've had with them."

"You've met them before?" she asked quickly, bending toward him.

"Yes, on the day of uncle's funeral. They were grave-robbers then—attempted to rifle the dead."

"Oh! And they found nothing?"

"Not that I know of. If they did they were too clever for me."

"Tell me what happened on that day—everything."

Halliwell related in a few words as

possible the strange scene at the cemetery. The face of the woman was seriously attentive. When he had finished she said:

"That was the day of the funeral, and that night—"

"I met you," Halliwell finished with a smile.

She showed confusion and annoyance, her brows drawn into a pretty pucker.

"Then they played me false," she remarked after a pause. "They said—but never mind—that has nothing to do with the present."

"Probably not. I can't say. You see, I'm all in the dark in the whole matter. In fact, the mystery is getting on my nerves. Would you mind explaining a little?"

"I don't know. I don't know how far I can trust you."

"No, of course not. You don't know anything about me. But if references will do any good—"

"I don't mean that. I mean something else."

She looked dubiously at him. Then her face brightened.

"Suppose," she began, "I told you that the manuscript which you let me take away that night is the paper these men were looking for, and that it is of so much value to them that they would commit any crime to get it—even murder."

As she stopped Halliwell replied:

"I should say that you were telling me no more than I've already suspected."

"But suppose I add that this paper is just as valuable to you?"

Halliwell shrugged his shoulders.

"In that event," he replied, "I should tell you that I had relinquished all right to it the night I gave it to you."

"You wouldn't make a fight to recover it?"

"Not from you—but from them—yes!"

She sighed and looked down at the floor, one elbow on the mantelpiece, and the other crooked so that it rested on her hip. Halliwell thought she made an exquisite picture for a painter, and he so forgot himself as to wonder if the temptation was not removed whether he could long resist it.

Then slowly she spoke again.

"I think I can trust you—with—with a part of the story."

"Why not all of it?"

She looked up startled. Her eyes gazed straight into his as if she was trying to read his innermost soul. Halliwell permitted the examination without a flicker of the face.

"I may have to tell you all before I'm through," she said. "This much I will say now. The paper is valuable to those men, valuable to you, but infinitely more valuable to me. Its value to me is different, though, infinitely different! It means—it means—to me something greater than life itself. To you and to those men it means simply money—wealth—fortune, but to me it means the one ambition in life, the one thing I have slaved for, worked for, thought of, dreamed of for years. It—it—oh, how can I explain?"

Overcome with her emotion she covered her face with her hands and remained with bowed head for some time. Halliwell rose from his seat.

"My dear young lady," he said with intense feeling, "I am still all in the dark, but if you will permit me, I will do anything and everything for you. If, as you say, this paper means wealth and fortune to me, I will pledge in advance the full use of that fortune to help you in your ambition. It is all yours—every dollar of it."

She looked up at him with eyes that were moist with unshed tears.

"You—would sacrifice the fortune to help me?" she asked a little unsteadily.

"Every dollar of it."

"You have no idea how large the fortune is."

Halliwell smiled. "The size does not concern me. It would be the same if it were a thousand or a million."

Still doubtful she added:

"I have seen men lose their self-respect and manhood for the sake of less money than this. They change and become demons. Their promises and good intentions are forgotten when they get money-mad. Oh, it leads to anything—to murder—and to worse!"

Halliwell smiled at her exhibition of emotion, but there was lurking behind her words a sadness which made her trite remarks seem like an echo of some past experience. Instead of answering flippantly, as he intended, he suddenly became grave.

"But not all of us are subject to the same temptations. You will admit that?"

She shook her head doubtfully.

"I have known many men, and they—they—"

Halliwell rose from his seat and faced her. In her attitude of doubt and skepticism, she was more winsome than before.

"Then you must let me convince you that there are some exceptions," he said, "that there are some decent men left in the world, and that chivalry among us has not entirely died out in this prosaic, money-mad age. If you will entrust me with your secret, I will promise to keep it sacred until the time you give me permission to reveal it to others, and if I can be of any help to you I will pledge my word to you in advance. Will you not believe in me? Have I not earned that much trust after turning over to you without question the papers of my uncle which you yourself said were of great value to me?"

He stood close to her as he spoke. She raised her eyes and looked him squarely in the face. Something in the glint of his eyes affected her; her lashes drooped and a flush overspread her cheeks.

"I must sit down," she said faintly. After a moment she added, "Yes, I think I can trust you and that you can help me."

"That is the best I've heard from those lips tonight. I will make myself worthy of them."

Halliwell would have taken a seat by her side, but a sudden noise brought them quickly to an alert attention. The woman raised her head in startled fear, and grasping Halliwell's hand murmured:

"If they have come back, say nothing of this to them. Let me deal with them."

She rose from her seat and started toward the hall. Someone was fumbling with the lock of the outer door. It opened suddenly, and the woman darted back with a quick intake of the breath. Her face went deathly white and then changed to a deep crimson. She had not exhibited such fear when she faced the five men.

Halliwell started forward, alarmed at her agitation. If there was new danger ahead he would not submit to indignities or permit any to lay hands on her.

He stepped into the hall, and as his eyes

caught sight of the intruder he almost laughed outright.

"That you, Williams?" he said as nonchalantly as he could under the circumstances. "You fumbled so with the lock that I thought you must have lost your key or got it mixed up with another."

"Yes, sir," Williams replied. "But the fact is, sir, it didn't fit very well. The lock looks dented, sir, and, if I may say so, broken."

"Yes, I noticed it myself tonight. Speak to the superintendent tomorrow about it and ask him to put a new one on."

"Yes, sir."

"And say, Williams, I have company in the library—a friend of mine. I don't want to be disturbed. You can retire and I will lock up tonight."

"Yes, sir."

Williams walked down the small hall and entered his room at the extreme end of the apartment. When his door closed softly behind him, Halliwell returned to the library. It was empty, and for a moment he stared about him in utter doubt and confusion.

"I wonder now," he muttered, "if she's gone—and where?"

He stepped to the window and pulled aside the curtains. She surely could not escape through that. He stood in doubt a minute. He could not call her by name, for she had given him none.

"Now I wonder what a man should do? Sit down and wait—or—or—"

He knit his eyebrows, glanced about the room, and finally lighted a cigarette.

"The deuce take Williams! Why couldn't he have waited another half hour?"

Just then, when his perplexity was at its height, the door of a clothes closet slowly opened. He breathed a sigh of joyful relief:

"Has he gone?" she asked in a whisper.

"Williams? Yes, he won't bother us again."

Halliwell laughed softly at the absurdity of her fright at being discovered by a servant in his apartment after she had bravely faced and outwitted five murderous men. She looked at him and blushed crimson. In true feminine habit her hands went to her hair.

"Do I look like such a fright?" she murmured. "It was rather close quarters in there, and I—I had to squeeze up in such a small space that—that—"

"What?"

"I think I stepped on one of your hats and—and—ruined it."

"Then I shall preserve it," chuckled Halliwell, "as a memento of this evening. What a lucky hat!"

Halliwell repressed his smile and became serious again. Any overt act on his part might drive his fair visitor away. The little glimpse of her feminine nature, betrayed by the closet episode, appealed to him, but she was now in no mood to share with him any further thought or discussion of it.

For a moment she stood silent and contemplative, the color still flushing her cheeks. Fearing lest his words might have offended, Halliwell sought to divert her mind from the subject by abruptly recalling their past conversation.

"You were going to let me help you, you remember," he suggested. "Before Williams interrupted us, you decided that you could trust me."

"Did I?"

The question was asked deliberately and with a certain amount of doubt in the voice. Her eyes were sombre and brooding, but in their sadness they were wonderfully magnetic. Halliwell's face twitched. What mystery enshrouded her life, and what tragedy gave to her this age-weary expression?

Impulsively he started forward, admiration in his face and eyes.

"Trust me," he said impulsively, "and tell me your secret. I will do whatever you ask—anything within or without reason. Simply bid me and I will obey."

He stood near her with outstretched hands. A smile slowly lit up her features.

"I may take you at your word," she said quietly, "and ask you to do the unreasonable—unreasonable it may seem to you."

He returned the smile. "I am at your



"I may take you at your word," she said quietly, "and ask you to do the unreasonable—unreasonable it may seem to you"

service at any time." His hand touched hers. The warmth of the flesh thrilled him. For a moment they regarded each other steadily.

"First, then," he said musingly, "will you not give me a name to call you by? Remember we have never been introduced. You have the advantage of me on that score of names. You know mine, but I am

ignorant of yours. I have thought of a dozen that might fit you—Patricia, for instance, or Genevieve—I had a beautiful cousin by that name—or Dorothy or Helen or—”

She withdrew her hand and replied with a little laugh:

“You may call me Miss Ruthven. It is as good as any.”

“Yes, I know, Miss Ruthven, but are we not to be *real* friends? Must we be so formal?”

“Let me see,” she mused. “Una is a good name. It goes well with Ruthven.”

“Una!” he repeated. “Una Ruthven. I like it because it signifies you.”

He watched the soft coloring of her face as it changed and like the rippling head of gold, reflected the light and shadows cast by the electric bulb over her head.

She started. “Now, Una,” he said, “you must tell me something of the meaning of that old manuscript of uncle’s. I never cared a picayune for it before, but as it concerns you I am intensely interested in it. Why should those men want it, and what are they to you? Tell me as much—or as little—as you choose.”

With sudden agitation she walked across the room several times, her hands locked tightly in front of her. Then she stopped in front of him, facing him with a look that searched him through and through.

“You want to know the secret of that manuscript?” she said. “If I tell it, you will know the secret of my life, the whole sordid story of—of—”

“No, no, I can’t do it—not now,” she cried brokenly.

She turned and made as if to walk away, but not a dozen steps from him she stopped suddenly and raised a hand.

“Listen! I thought I heard a noise.”

Halliwell listened attentively and then replied:

“No, it was nothing but the wind outside.”

But she was not satisfied. She turned pale. “That is not the wind. It—it comes from in there—down the hall. I’m sure someone is there.”

“No one except Williams. But I will go out and see.”

Halliwell, annoyed by this second interruption, turned to open the door which

he had closed after his valet. It was not the hall which opened into the elevator shaft, but a small narrow one leading to the servant’s quarters. He placed a hand on the knob, but before he could turn it a wild, unearthly cry rang out on the still air that caused him to step back in alarm.

It was a half-muffled shriek, as if someone had tried to stifle it—a shriek that might have been made by a cornered animal or a dying man. It seemed so near and yet so far that it baffled the senses. For an instant Halliwell stood silent in dumbfounded surprise. It seemed so absurd to think of its coming from the apartment that his eyes turned mechanically to the nearest window opening on the street.

“Someone is being murdered!” he ejaculated, and started toward the window.

“No, no, it is in there!”

His companion blocked the way and pointed toward the small back hall, her startled eyes beseeching him to go. He lurched around, but when at the door he said:

“You stay here. If there’s any danger, I don’t want you in it. But,” he added, “I don’t think it was in this apartment. It must have been in the street.”

“No, no!” she replied. “I know it was in there.”

Halliwell threw open the door with sudden energy. If the cry had come from that hall Williams would have heard it and would already be up. In fact, he expected to find Williams in the hall, for the shriek had been loud enough to arouse him from the deepest slumber.

But Williams did not come forth to meet him. All was silent and quiet. Even the door of Williams’ room was closed and peaceful looking. Halliwell reached it and knocking loudly, called:

“Williams! Williams!”

There was no response from the inside. Then in a louder voice he called twice again and banged forcibly on the heavy panels of the door. As there was still no answer to his call, he turned the knob.

The door yielded readily to his touch and opened inward. It was so dark inside that Halliwell could make nothing of the interior. He took a few steps and switched on the electric light.

It did not take more than a glance to show him that some sort of tragedy had been enacted. The room was in a deplorable state of disorder. Papers and clothing were scattered about on the floor, bed and chairs, and crumpled all in a heap Williams lay near the wash-stand, with a tiny stream of blood flowing from a wound on his head.

Halliwell rushed to the side of the unconscious man and raised his head so that he could look into the face. Williams was not dead, as he first feared, but unconscious from a blow made by some blunt implement on the back of the head. Just over the

indignities they had inflicted upon him brought sudden anger to him. He had been an easy victim before, but he would not yield so easily again. He would fight this time to the bitter end. But he was unarmed, and against such odds he would need all the weapons he could muster. His own pistol was in the library, and thither he went to get it, forgetting Williams in the more pressing need of the moment.

Down the hall he stole, softly and quickly, expecting at every turn to encounter one of the intruders. Every muscle



He took a few steps and switched on the electric light

wash-stand a window was open. Halliwell climbed on the wash-stand to look out.

There was a drop of fifty or more feet to a paved court below. Surely no man could have escaped that way. Then the intruder was somewhere in the room or apartment. Halliwell, recalling the events of the early evening with the four desperate men, arrived quickly to the conclusion that they had returned. He leaped to his feet and stood in an attitude of defiance, expecting to meet his old enemies again face to face. But there was no one else in the room.

The brutal attack of the men and the

was taut. Without a weapon of any kind, he intended to make a plucky stand against the murderers.

But he gained the library without interference, and seeing his pistol on the desk he picked it up and twirled the cylinder to see if it was loaded and in working order. For the first time he glanced around him and noticed that the room was empty. He looked puzzled. Then, remembering with a faint smile Una's concealment in the clothes closet when Williams appeared, he stalked toward it. He tapped lightly on the door and called:

"Una?"

There was no response, and he opened the door. The closet was empty. But there were other good hiding-places in the apartment, and Halliwell returned to the valet's room and began a search. There was no sign either of the murderers or of Una Ruthven. The apartment was empty except for him and Williams.

Twice Halliwell made a thorough round of inspection, frowning each time he finished a room. No one could be in the apartment and hide from him. He examined the front door lock. It was in perfect condition. The only exit was the open window in Williams' room and that seemed out of the question.

Calling the name of his fair companion, Halliwell began the third round of inspection, beginning with the library, but a groan suddenly startled him. He hurried to his valet and found Williams sitting up on the floor holding his head between his two hands.

"Williams, what happened?" he asked, hoping to get some light on the subject.

"I don't know, sir, that is, I don't just remember now. I'm a little knocked out, sir, a little—"

"You were attacked, Williams, by someone, were you not?"

"So it seems, sir. I—I—"

Halliwell helped him to his feet. The man was shaking and considerably upset, and before questioning him further Halliwell staunched the flow of blood from the wound and bandaged it. Then he led him into the library and placed him in an easy chair.

"Now, Williams, if you can recall what happened tell me as clearly as you can."

"I will, sir, but I—I don't seem to know much. I was asleep, sir, and hearing a noise, I sets up in bed. Then I thinks I see something in the room and I calls out. I thought maybe, sir, it was you wanting something, and I gets out of bed, and then—"

"What happened next?"

"I think, sir, somebody hit me. I seemed to remember it and then I didn't know anything else until just now."

"You didn't recognize your assailant?"

"No, sir, I didn't. It was too dark."

"Couldn't tell whether it was a man or woman?"

"No, sir, but I don't think it could have been a woman, sir. No woman could have hit such a blow, no woman that I knows, sir."

Halliwell questioned and cross-questioned, but Williams knew nothing more of the circumstances than he had related.

"Had you any enemies, Williams, who would want to rob you of anything in particular—any papers, letters, or such things?"

"No, sir, not that I know of. Was the room robbed, sir?"

"It was considerably upset, as if they were searching for something."

"Then, sir, it was burglary, and that explains it. I will notify the police, sir, if you say so."

"No, Williams, I think not. It will only create a sensation and bring detectives here. I think we'd better keep it quiet. I will dress your wounds and have a doctor for you if you want one, but don't say anything to anybody. I don't want it to get in the papers. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, Williams, if you have lost anything let me know. I will see that you are reimbursed for it."

"Yes, sir, but I had nothing of value—nothing but my money here, and they didn't take that."

He withdrew his pocketbook from the inside of his coat and examined it.

"They must have been frightend away, sir, and didn't get what they were looking for."

"Yes, I heard you scream when you fell and I hurried to the room."

"Thank you, sir."

"Williams," asked Halliwell, "do you think anybody could climb down that iron ladder in front of the window of your room?"

"No, sir, but they might climb up it to the roof—that is, sir, a good climber like a sailor, may be."

Halliwell's face brightened.

"That's it," he exclaimed. "They came down from the roof and went up to it."

Then immediately his face clouded again. If that explained the way the intruder entered the apartment, it did not explain how Una Ruthven had left it. She could

not climb such a slippery ladder. And if not, how had she escaped?

VI

The police never got the first inkling of the queer happenings that night; nor the elevator boy of the night shift, who was usually inquisitive enough; nor the liveried door attendant, who certainly should have known if any suspicious character entered or left by the usual exit.

Williams guarded his master's secret with the faithfulness of a bloodhound, and for two days remained in his own room nursing a damaged head. As he knew only half of the night's strange happenings, his curiosity was not particularly excited. It was natural that his young master would shrink from police and newspaper notoriety in a simple case of midnight burglary.

Halliwell wasn't so sure that he had yet escaped such publicity. Every night he feared another visit of the murderous men, and the next interview might not prove so harmless.

But if he dreaded the men, he longed for a second meeting with Una Ruthven. He was satisfied that her sudden disappearance was the result of fright rather than of any desire to avoid further revelations of her past.

What her relations with the men were puzzled Halliwell. He could conceive of no possible circumstances that would make her a friend of such bloodthirsty monsters. Undoubtedly, they knew of her secret—a secret which in some way involved the past of his uncle—and they were using it to make her serve their purpose.

As the days and nights passed and there was no further word from the girl, he grew worried and apprehensive. She had confessed that the papers which the men were searching for were in her possession. Suppose they had discovered this and were torturing the girl to make her confess their hiding-place? They would be equal to this crime.

The very thought of it sent the blood tingling through his veins. Without any clew, Halliwell was forced to chafe and worry in silence, hoping against hope that something might develop to reveal her whereabouts.

The fear that the men might visit him again and finish their cruel purpose was naturally an inducement for him to abandon his apartments temporarily; but the thought that in so doing he might miss meeting Una prevailed over any desire to run away and seek safety.

Usually he spent his evenings in society, but he suddenly became a recluse and remained at home. Night after night he pondered in silence and alone over the queer events which had disturbed his uneventful life.

His faith in Una's return was somewhat shaken on the sixth night after the memorable event of their second meeting. He began to despair of seeing her again, but her face was ever before him. Time seemed to increase her power over him. He longed for another glimpse of her wondrous beauty. He could not believe that she had gone forever out of his life.

The thought that she was suffering, in torment of some kind, constantly recurred to him. It made him restless, angry and despairing. She in trouble, perhaps a mile or only a few blocks away, a stone's throw, and he near, strong, willing, and gnawing his soul out without a possible chance to help her!

Fate was weaving a strange web around him, but it was as cruel as death. She had given him a glimpse of heaven and then drawn the curtain so that he could no longer peer back of it.

The seventh night he grew weary and discouraged. His vigil was without avail. Neither the men, whom by this time he would have welcomed, nor Una, whose face was always before him, had appeared, and he was trying to reconcile himself to the inevitable.

Williams returned from a visit at ten o'clock and entered the apartment. Halliwell heard the first click of the key in the lock and sat up with features drawn and motionless. He had got into the habit of listening to every sound. Even the striking of the clock sometimes brought him into an alert, tense attitude.

"That you, Williams?" he called before the door closed.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid I'm late, sir, but I was detained."

"It's only ten, isn't it?"

"Quarter past, sir."

Halliwell looked at his watch.

"What did you say detained you, Williams?"

"I didn't say, sir, but it was a woman."

"A woman?" Halliwell smiled as he repeated the word.

"Yes, sir, a woman, but not the kind of a woman, sir, as you may be thinking."

"What kind was she, Williams?" with an indulgent smile.

"I don't know how to describe her, sir, she was that handsome, and she seemed to know me, sir, know me as belonging to you. How she knew I don't understand. She just drifted out of the darkness, sir, and walked along side of me, and when I started to ask her what she wanted she just looked at me with them eyes. You couldn't nohow forget them eyes, sir; they went straight through you."

Halliwell threw his half-smoked cigarette away.

"What did she do then, Williams?" he asked impatiently.

"She looked at me, sir, as I said with them eyes and then she says, 'You are Mr. Halliwell's man, aren't you?' I tells her the truth, sir, and then before I can finish she adds, 'Then I can walk a bit with you in safety, for I'm a friend of Mr. Halliwell's.' Well, sir, seeing she's a lady and a friend of yours, I take more notice of her, and I see she's very white and timid, as if she's frightened, and she's all the time casting a look over her shoulders. I told her that I would take her home, if that was where she wanted to go, and that no one would trouble her, not if I had to knock his head off. She seemed immensely relieved at this and she walked along by my side."

Halliwell was standing with bated breath listening to every word of his valet, for he was certain that this fair stranger of the darkness was Una. When Williams hesitated a moment he spoke impatiently:

"Go on! Go on! What then?"

"Well, sir, it was a longer walk than I thought. To tell the truth, sir, I think we walked around and around several blocks, but neither of us seemed to notice it. She didn't seem to be so frightened after a while and she talked a good deal. At least, sir, I thought she was doing a

good deal of talking, but come to think of it I don't think she did. I don't seem to remember anything she said. Leastwise, nothing of importance. She asked a good many questions, and—and—I answered them."

Halliwell smiled.

"What did you talk about, Williams?"

"That's just what's troubling me, sir. I did talk a good deal, now I think of it, and she kept asking me questions to keep me talking."

"Can't you remember what you talked about?"

"Yes, sir, very well. It was all about you!"

"About me, Williams?"

"Yes, sir, she asked me about you, and I'm afraid sir, I talked too much. You see she was very handsome and she had a way with her and them eyes was always urging me on. It was unusual, sir, but her saying she was a friend of yours, I didn't stop to think much about it."

"Well, Williams, I hope you didn't let the family skeleton out and display it in all of its ugly details?"

"Oh, sir, I told her that you were the fairest man in New York, sir, and rich and all that. I got the impression, sir, that she knew all this, but she just wanted to get a valet's point of view. That, sir, was why I talked more than I should have done."

Halliwell, impatient as he was to learn all of the details, was amused by his man's expression of remorse. Williams had never before been taken off his guard by a stranger or friend. He seemed to realize fully that he had been systematically led into a trap by a beautiful woman to reveal all he knew of his master.

"Did she, by the way, touch upon my financial standing?" Halliwell asked.

"Not directly, sir, but—er—she said she supposed you kept your own car and private yacht, and—and—"

"I hope, Williams, you didn't over-rate my standing in the financial world."

"No, sir, but I didn't let on that you had no private yacht. She didn't get that from me."

"I see. Well, what else did you tell her?"

Halliwell was uncertain whether to frown or smile at the indiscretion of his

man—an indiscretion of talking over his private affairs to a total stranger that might ordinarily have cost him his position, but which under the circumstances he approved. It would not do to let Williams see this, however.

"She wanted to know what your business was, and—and—if you could possibly leave it for a long time if something very urgent called you away. I didn't like that question, sir, but she put it in such a way that I couldn't take offense. She said, sir, if it was a case of life and death for a friend, would you go. I said 'Yes' in a moment."

"And then?"

"That didn't seem to quite satisfy her. That wasn't what she meant exactly, she said. What she did want to know, sir, if your business was such that you could drop it on short notice and go away without hurting the business. She seemed to be anxious about my answer to this, and she began to glance over her shoulders again as if she was afraid someone was following her."

"And you said, I suppose, that I was my own master and could go where I pleased?"

"Something like that, sir. I told her I didn't know much about your business, but that you were a gentleman and not tied down to anything particular."

"Did that seem to satisfy her?"

"I think it did, sir. She was quiet for a long time and just walked along by my side. I wondered if I had said something to hurt her feelings, and I asked her. She looked up and said, 'No.' Then with a queer look in her eyes she added, 'But I'm afraid you've got your master in for a lot of trouble.' Of course I couldn't understand that, and asked her why, but she shook her head and said she couldn't explain. She didn't seem to be so ready to talk any more. We walked another block and then I says, coming to my senses, 'Why, we've been around this block once before.' She laughs at this, merry and musical like, and replies, 'Yes, I believe we have. How strange!' Then I asked her where I was to take her, and where her home was, and she smiles up at me and says, 'I don't think we could find it together in the dark. Besides, it doesn't

really matter.' I was so surprised at this that I stammers, 'But I thought I was to take you home.'

"'Were you thinking of that?' she asks, and the look she gave me was saucy enough to turn any man's head. But it brought me straight into my senses, sir, and I stiffens and says:

"'If you've been leading me on to tell of my master's life, it's you that's been fooled, for not a damn thing I've told you is true.'"

Halliwell suddenly straightened and his eyes shot an angry flash at the speaker.

"You told her that, Williams?" he demanded sharply.

"Yes, sir, for I thought she'd been rigging me for a fool and I didn't want her to think she'd got the best of me. But I was sorry, sir, for it right away. She apologized for the way she spoke and said:

"'I'm very grateful to you for telling me all this. It will be of great service to me and to your master—if he's all you say he is. I shall put him to the test shortly. Then I will know whether you've told me the truth.' Of course I didn't understand what she meant nor do I now, but I swear she didn't mean any harm, sir; no woman with them eyes could."

"No, Williams," Halliwell said softly.

"Then, sir, you know who the woman was?"

"Yes, I know her. Then you separated?"

"We walked another block and she explained that she didn't want me to take her home, for then I would know where she lived, and for the present she wanted to keep it secret. She had enemies, as well as friends, and people with enemies wanted to be careful how they let people know where they lived. Then she stopped and put out a little hand to say good-night. I didn't take it, sir, seeing she was a lady, but she made me and she said, 'I thank you! Good-night, Williams.' You see, sir, she even knew my name."

"Yes, I've spoken to her about you, Williams."

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir."

"She left you then?"

"Yes, sir—that is she did and then she came back and said, 'You can take this message to your master. Tell him that

he may be asked to take a long voyage shortly. If he is willing to redeem his promise made to a woman, he must prepare right away for it. That is all.' Then, sir, she just melted away in the darkness."

"Where was it?" asked Halliwell quickly.

"That, sir, is the funny part of it. It was just where we started from. We'd come back after walking blocks and blocks, and neither of us had noticed it."

"And where was that, Williams?"

"Right on the corner of the avenue, sir, not two hundred feet from here."

"And you never saw her again?"

"No, sir, I tried to follow her, but couldn't. Then I came straight here, sir."

"You saw no one else around—no man or woman with her?"

"No, sir, she appeared to be all alone."

"I suppose you were too absorbed to have noticed if anyone was following you during your walk?"

"I don't think they could have followed us without attracting my attention. No, sir, I don't think so."

Halliwell frowned, lighted another cigarette, and threw it away after a few nervous puffs at it. Williams stood in obedient silence.

"That will do, Williams. Good-night!"

"Thank you, sir. Good-night."

Halliwell stood a long time after the departure of his valet studying the intricate pattern of a Turkish rug at his feet. Finally he raised his eyes from it.

"What the devil does it all mean?"

(To be continued)

THE TOILER'S SONG

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

WHAT sound is that ascending sweet,
Eternities of tune to greet?

What can it be, so pure and free,
That brims and swells from hill to sea,
The uncreated years to meet?

It is the song that women sing,
Who fetch and carry; and who bring
To valiant birth, to living worth,
The boastful, struggling sons of earth,
Who stand to challenge everything.

It is a song no human tongue
But those who toil could e'er have sung;
No idle hand with gesture bland,
Could weave a melody so grand
As that from toiling women sprung.

And blest be she who hums it low,
While homely tasks about her grow;
And thrice be blest her final rest,
Whose lips chose song as favored guest
Above all others life could know.

The Fall of Constantinople

A TRAGEDY of
THIRTEEN
CENTURIES

by Charles Winslow Hall

THE eternal feud between the East and West—in which the shadowy legends of the Argonauts in their quest of the Golden Fleece, and Homer's deathless epic of the Siege of Troy, with later records of the westward invasions of Cyrus, Darius, Cambyzes and less successful Assyrian and Babylonian conquerors are but episodes in the terrible succession of alternate successes and defeats—is again presenting to the world a supplemental scene of the almost countless tragedies which Mahomet inaugurated at Medina thirteen centuries ago.

Fleeing from a sentence of death, and the hot pursuit of his idolatrous tribesmen of Mecca, Mahomet was received at Medina in 622 A. D., greeted as prophet and king, and gathered to his standards a horde of Arabian warriors, to whose fanatical enthusiasm, love of conquest, predatory instincts and sensuous desires, his doctrines and counsels were as the lighted fuse to the charged mine.

He declared that God had ordered him to propagate the new faith "with the sword which opens the gates to paradise and to hell." "Be humane and just between yourselves," he said to his wild horsemen. "All Moslems are brothers; but let not two religions exist in Arabia; idolatry is worse than murder." . . . "The sacred month once expired, slay the infidels everywhere that you may find them." Within ten years, Arabia was cleansed from idolatry, and Mahomet was everywhere accredited as "the prophet who was at once a torch to enlighten the world, and a sword to strike down the impious."

Then he dreamed of world-wide conquest, and on the very threshold of eternity, announced as a revelation from God a policy which to this day has deluged three continents with human gore, reduced millions to an execrable tyranny, and polluted the seas with insolent piracy and the horrors of a slave-trade that spared neither black nor white.



THE TRIPLE WALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE ON THE LAND SIDE NEAR TOP KAPOUSI

(1079)

"It is my mission," he said, "to fight the infidels until they cry, 'There are no other gods but God.' When they have pronounced these words they have safeguarded their blood and their possessions from all injury on my part. As to their belief, they shall render an account of that to God."

Dividing the then known world into two arbitrary divisions he called one the *Dar-el-Islam* or the "House of Islam," and the other the *Dar-el-Harb* or the "House of the War" or "Land of the Un-

Mahomet prepared a comprehensive plan of conquest; regulated and ordained the terms to be granted to subjected nations, and promised that at last the standards of the Faith should wave over conquered Constantinople: in that day the key and gateway of transportation and travel between three great continents.

Mahomet died, leaving no heirs of his body, A. D. 632, just as he was about to lead his assembled Arabian hordes to the conquest of Syria. His father-in-law, Abu-Bekr, succeeded him, calling himself



ROUTE THROUGH THE BALKANS, ON THE FRONTIERS OF BULGARIA AND ROUMELIA

believers." He announced to his people as the oracle and will of God: "Finish my work; extend everywhere the House of Islam. The House of War belongs to God; God gives it to you."

Thus he declared and established that "Jehad" or Holy War, which, however innocuous through treaties or the fears and weakness of Islam in its imbecility and decay, is still as venomous and ready as the fangs of a rattlesnake, to strike wherever a helpless "unbeliever" can be safely sacrificed to Mahometan fanaticism, sensuality and avarice; as many a bereaved Armenian and Syrian among us can testify of their own experience.

the Khalifa (English "Caliph," meaning the Vicar, or Vice-gerent of the Prophet, and probably in imitation of the heads of the Roman and Grecian hierarchy). He subdued Chaldea, reduced Damascus, and was succeeded by Omar, who took Jerusalem, and reduced Egypt to subjection. Othman, the Third Khalifa, overran Persia, and began the conquest of the Mediterranean provinces of Africa. The Fourth Khalifa, Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomet, who succeeded Othman (665 A. D.) was the last ruler of the "Perfect Khalifate" whose simplicity and devotion more than surpassed the traditions of primal Rome. Elected by the whole

people and in all things subject to the common law, their only authority was derived from the Koran, whose dicta neither ruler nor citizen might question. "You behold me charged with the duty of governing you," said Abu-Bekr, the first Khalifa, at his installation; "if I do well, assist me; if I do ill, set me up in the right way. To speak the truth to the holder of public authority is an act of zeal and devotion; to conceal it, an act of treason. Before me, the weak and the powerful are equal. I wish to render

endeared the prophet and leader to the Arabian tribesmen, whose pride lay not in riches and luxury, but in manly virtues, loyalty and piety.

Later on, in 661 A. D., Moviah, whose father had persecuted Mahomet himself, assassinated Ali, and made the Khalifate hereditary in the house of the Ommiades, who gave fourteen rulers to Islam in ninety years. The Syrians supplanted the Arabs; Damascus became the capital of Islam, numerous sects arose, and luxury, intrigue, civil war and assassination,



STATE PRISON OF "THE SEVEN TOWERS" LOOKING OVER THE SEA OF MARMORA

impartial justice to all. If I ever should deviate from the laws of God and his Prophet, I shall cease to have the right to your obedience."

This ruler of irresistible Arabian horsemen was a merchant, who during the first six months of his Khalifate supported himself and his family by his trade. Afterward, when his whole energies were given to the state, he received from the public treasury sums amounting to eight thousand drachmas, which he repaid by bequeathing his lands to the state. To tend and shear his own sheep and, if unmarried, to sweep out his own chamber, and even mend his own clothing and shoes,

replaced the ancient order and simplicity. Nevertheless the Arabian swordsmen extended the rule of their sect throughout northern Africa, the isles of the Mediterranean, throughout Spain and Portugal, in Europe, and in Asia from the Mediterranean and Red Seas and the slopes of the Caucasus, across the steppes of Turkestan to the banks of the Indus and the Persian Gulf.

Before the close of the first century to Mahometan rule (A. D. 622-722) Constantinople itself had been four times besieged, but their lack of artillery and the terrible effect of that mysterious "Greek fire" which was showered down upon their light-armored and scantily-clad troops

were too much even for a people who steadfastly believed that Mahomet, who could not lie, had said that "Paradise lies under the shadow of swords." In Western Europe they attempted, like Hannibal, to sweep across France and conquer Italy, but were met by Charles Martel, "The Hammer of the Infidel," who crushed their immense host at Tours, and albeit they made some stay in South-western France, and laid waste many a fair domain along the shores of Southern Europe, no serious invasion of France or Italy was afterward attempted. Indeed, it is said that the fourth siege of Constantinople, in 718, was largely broken up by the fear of a great expedition of "Franks" on the way to raise the siege.

In 752 the Abassides, descended from an uncle of Mahomet, overthrew the Omniades with a great proscription and slaughter, which left but one of the ruling house alive. He, fleeing for his life, at last reached Cordova, in Spain, where he established a Khalifate, from that time forth independent of the original dominion.

The Abassides removed the seat of empire eastward and finally to Bagdad, where the tribes of Chaldea and Khorassan restored the Koran to its pristine dominion over their daily lives and laws, declaring it "uncreated," of divine origin and immutable. For the first time, Islam became enveloped in legends and miraculous traditions. The Khalifa became an absolute despot, feared and obeyed, and almost worshipped; and an age of luxury and progress in art, literature and scientific development produced magnificent and original works in architecture, textiles, metal-working and jewelry, and greater progress in mathematics, medicine, astronomy and chemistry than the world had yet known.

Under that dynasty ruled the great Khalifa, Haroun Al-Raschid, known so widely through the tales of "The Arabian Nights," who was the first of his house to recognize the value of French neutrality, and to take measures to secure it. Impressed by the prowess of Charlemagne, in keeping in check the Moors in their attempts to conquer Europe from the west, he readily agreed to treaties through which Charlemagne became the protector and

benefactor of Jerusalem and the pilgrims who visited it, and secured for French merchants especial privileges in Egypt and Syria. These privileges were enjoyed for over fifty years and well into the ninth century. In the tenth century the rule of the Abassides, long merely nominal, and in its decline a terrible history of revolts and excesses of every kind; in the course of which twenty-eight Khalifas died by violence, and petty rulers divided up a once magnificent empire, ended the conquests and career of Saracen or Arabian Islam.

They were succeeded by the Turks, or as they call themselves today the Osmanlis, whose tribes formerly held, and still sparsely settle the territory known as Turkestan. Largely drawn upon by the later Abasside Khalifas, to form mercenary troops to supply the lack of martial spirit into which the Saracens had fallen, they formed, with Circassian slaves and Christian renegades, the chief reliance of the later successors of Mahomet and at last their practical masters. Like the Roman Praetorian Guard in the decline of the empire, they set up and deposed whom they would and ruled an unhappy country through its ostensible tyrants.

Three great Asiatic hordes have issued out of Central Asia, devoured everything before them for a while, and only halted when the great wave of human migration had by the very area of its ravages exhausted its force. First the Huns, who in the Fourth Century entered Europe and devastated much of what is now Eastern and Central Europe. Then the Mongols, or Tartars, who conquered most of Russia and Poland, devastated Hungary and burned Moscow in 1240. It was not until 1481 that Ivan, the Threatening, successfully revolted against "The Golden Horde" and its last Khan was slain in battle. For over two centuries, the "Grand Prince of Russia" had been practically or actually a tributary of this savage and filthy locust brood, and Ivan, the Terrible, grandson of his country's liberator, was the first Russian emperor who could truthfully claim to be the "Tsar" or "Caesar" of the Muscovite Empire. From that day to this the traditions of those centuries of rapine and oppression, of

centuries more of struggle against Turkish invasion and arrogance, with the relentless hatred of both faith and feud, and never-dying sympathy with their co-religionists still under the iron and merciless dominion of the Sultan, has made the hatred of the Russian against the Turk one that can never be quenched as long as the Osmanli bears sway in Europe.

At the beginning of the Thirteenth Century the Byzantine empire had become Greek in her weakness as well as in her separation from the Roman faith; and while its emperors aped the title and splendor of the Caesars, their rule retained little but the effeminacy and pretension of Roman decadency and Grecian intrigue and avarice. For many years, and especially from the Ninth to the Eleventh Centuries, the adventurous mercenaries of Scandinavia, Iceland, the British Islands, and to a lesser extent of Western and Central Europe, driven from home by outlawry, intrigue and oppression, found in the Varangian Guard and on the war-galleys of the Greek Emperors a never-failing welcome of their generally faithful service and utterly dauntless courage. The Crusades, during which the Byzantine policy was by turns favorable to and hostile to the leaders of the several invading forces, and the spirit of loyalty which in due time replaced the sense of wrong consequent on the wars and conquests of civilized Europe, gradually lessened the number of these northern mercenaries, and finally reduced the Byzantines to the necessity of alliance with Saracen and Turkish leaders, or to the purchase of peace by gold instead of steel.

About the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, Soliman Shah, a chief of the Oghuz Turks, had for a time settled in Armenia, but about 1231, in attempting to return to Khorassan, was drowned in crossing the Euphrates. Erthogrul, one of his younger sons, wandering with a small force, in the country of Roum, came suddenly one day upon two armies in desperate conflict, and as a mere matter of chivalrous preference, struck in on the weaker side, and turned impending defeat into a victory over a superior force of Mongols. Aladdin, the Seljuk Sultan,

whom he had so unexpectedly relieved, gave him a district on the Eastern slopes of Mount Olympus and its sister ranges, and winter quarters on the Plain of Saegud on the Sangarius. Later on for good service against the Greeks, who still retained many cities in Asia Minor, he was given the district of Hosaeni, whose name the Sultan Aladdin changed to *Sultan-Aeni* (the Forehead of the Sultan) in honor of Erthogrul's advanced guard of pioneers or scouts. The name still remains that of one of the seventeen "sanjaks" or provinces of Asiatic Turkey, and was the narrow cradle of the Ottoman power.

Osman or Othoman, his son, fell in love with the beautiful Malkatoun (Treasure of the Eyes), daughter of an Arabian sheik, Edebali, who would not consent to the marriage. So beautiful was the maiden that many other princes sought her hand and for two years Osman defied their enmity, in addition to the discouraging attitude of Edebali. Finally one night he sought the shelter of Edebali's tents, and in the darkness dreamed a wonderful vision—Malkatoun stood before him in all her beauty, but from her virginal breasts the crescent moon issued and passing from her rested upon his own bosom. Then an immense tree rose majestically from the earth, whose gigantic trunk reached to mid-heaven, and threw out massive branches to the farthest confines of Europe, Asia and Africa, resting the extremities of their emerald and golden-fruited boughs on four lofty mountain ranges, the Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus and Haemus ranges. From these, four great rivers—the Tigris, Euphrates, Nile and Danube—poured down in crystal torrents, widening into broad streams, winding through verdant valleys, yellow harvests and mighty forests to many ports, from which another forest of tapering masts spread snowy sails that wafted countless argosies to the seas. Fortress towns, walled cities, massive pyramids, obelisks, domes and minarets, rose in masses of ancient masonry and exquisite architecture, but over them all the crescent moon hung dominant yet softly radiant, gilding the rougher outline and softening the glory of the rose, and the emerald freshness of the foliage,

while through it all the muezzin's call to prayer, in unearthly sweetness, proclaimed the unity of God, and the sanctity of the prophet.

Then all at once a sharp wind from the south and east turned the myriad branches of the tree, its every spray gleaming like sword-blades and lance-points toward Constantinople, lying like the sapphire jewel of a ring in its setting of the Golden Horn, between the emeralds of two sun-kissed straits. It was to be the nuptial ring of Osman or Othoman in his marriage to

could bend Osman's bow and wield lance and sword, he led his father's horsemen and at his father's death succeeded him in office, his elder brother not only consenting but becoming his right-hand man as Vizier, counsellor and friend. With Broussa as his capital, he coined money, established a standing army of both horse and foot, and carried his conquests to the borders of the Sea of Marmora. Other chiefs had reduced most of the Asiatic Grecian cities, and in 1330 an attempt by the Greek emperor, Andronicus,



ROUMELI HISSAR, OR CASTLE OF EUROPE, ON THE BOSPHORUS

the capital of the world; but just as he was about to place it on his finger, he awoke.

He was still the not over-welcome guest of Edeballi, but his vision had made him another man and as he told it to his host, the father's heart relented; for he too believed that from the marriage should spring a dynasty who should gather the warriors of Islam from three continents and realize the plans of Mahomet in the fall of Constantinople and the conquest of the world.

So Osman married Malkatoun, who doubtless often told the little Orchan the marvellous dream, and later when he

the Younger, to save Nicaea ended in his defeat and the fall of the city. In 1337, Orchan attempted to realize his father's dream of the conquest of Constantinople, but lost half of the thirty-six ships with which he sailed, and had to return discomfited. Later, in 1356, Solyman, Orchan's son, captured the fortress of Tsympe, about thirty-four miles from Constantinople, and after a violent earthquake had ruined the walls of Gallipolis, the Turks took possession in 1357, thus laying the foundation of the Ottoman empire in Europe.

From thence the Turks made inroads upon the broken empire, raiding to the

very banks of the Danube, and Solyman, residing at Gallipolis, represented his father's authority in Europe, but was killed by a fall from his horse in 1359. Orchan followed him the same year in the seventy-fifth year of his age, having firmly established his dynasty, and a permanent authority in Europe.

The Grecian emperors were by this time stripped of most of the immense territories which had formerly made up the European provinces of the first Constantine. To the south, the French, Venetians

founded in the middle of the Twelfth Century by Stephen Nemanja, whose descendant, Stephen Douschan, in 1340 ruled over Bosnia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, Albania, etc., and was crowned "Emperor of the Romans, and of the Triballi" that same year. He had already marched against Constantinople once, and forced the Emperor Andronicus to sue for peace, and commenced another campaign in 1356 at the head of eighty thousand men, when death ended his victorious career. The Albanians claim



YÉRÉ-BATAN-SERAÏ, AN ANCIENT CISTERN OF CONSTANTINOPLE

and Genoese occupied large territories; scarcely ten leagues away the Osmanlis held Gallipolis, and Tartar and Slav had long since established those Balkan peoples, whose descendants are now warring against the Turk. Serbia was then, as now, the strongest and least unsettled of these independent principalities. The Serbs are the most noted of the four branches of the Slavonic race, called by historians Illyrian, which also people Bosnia, Croatia, Dalmatia and Slavonia, territories which their fathers overran about the middle of the Seventh Century; the three other branches settling in Bohemia, Poland and Russia. At this time they were ruled by a dynasty

to be the most ancient of all these races, and have by turns been independent, and attached by conquest or interest to the Grecian, Servian, Bulgarian and Turkish rule. The Bulgarians, of Tartar origin, settled like a swarm of locusts in the Fourth Century, and for three hundred years were almost continually at war with the Byzantine emperors. Conquered by John Zimisce and converted to Christianity (971) they again and again became independent or tributary to the Servian rulers. Thus it will be seen that at the death of Orchan, the Serbs, who really form the chief part of the people of Turkey in Europe, had prepared the way for the

conquest of the Byzantine empire, and their own overthrow.

Amurath, the second son of Orchan, established the celebrated corps of Janisaries by taking every fifth man from among his Christian captives, choosing the young and vigorous, and severely inculcating discipline and devotion to the Faith. Eventually he mustered ten thousand men of this terrible fighting corps, which eventually, under Mahomet IV, numbered forty thousand infantry. By this time, after the lapse of only three

often a weaker force subdues a greater."

A few cannon opened upon the Servians with little effect and a Servian noble, Milosch Kabilovitch, spurring his horse as if deserting his comrades, rode up to the Turkish headquarters, declaring that he had an important secret to impart to the Sultan. Kneeling at his feet as if to kiss them he plunged his dagger into the body of Amurath and as suddenly broke through the guards and had nearly reached the River Ibar when he was overtaken and cut to pieces. Amurath was mortally



THE MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA, FROM THE GALLERY

centuries, it was estimated that over five millions of Christian captives had been converted by force and sacrificed in battle to the maintenance of Ottoman supremacy and conquest.

In 1389 Amurath, having reduced nearly all of Asia Minor and much of the Balkans to submission, met on the fatal field of Kassova the united forces of Servia and Bulgaria, with allies from all parts of the Balkans and even Hungary and Poland. So great was the number of the Servian forces that Amurath hesitated to give battle, but an appeal to divination by the Koran disclosed the text, "O Prophet, subdue the infidels and hypocrites; for

wounded, but lived to direct the conflict which destroyed the allied forces, and to direct that King Lazarus of Servia, who was taken prisoner, be beheaded with many other victims. Then he, too, died, having broken completely, while mortally wounded, the last barrier to the conquest of the Balkan principalities. Bajazet succeeded Amurath and after forcing the helpless rulers of Constantinople to pay tribute and even to join him in besieging and assaulting Philadelphia, the last Greek fortress in Asia, continued a series of brilliant conquests in Asia and Europe, culminating in the defeat of a Christian army, sixty thousand strong, which set out

from Vienna, and in 1396 joined battle near Nicopolis with two hundred thousand men, nearly half of whom were Servians, Bosnians and Grecian auxiliaries. The flower of French nobility and Bavarian and Teutonic and Syrian knighthood and the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John with his chevaliers from Malta, came to aid the Austrian, Wallachian and Hungarian levies, and in their first assault carried all before them. Unfortunately they scattered in cutting down the fugitives and were confronted by the *corps d'élite* of the Turkish army, forty thousand

city, when the inroads of Timour the Tartar, or as he is largely called, Tamerlane, forced him to defend his own dominions in Asia. Born in 1335 in an obscure corner of Balk, Timour had subjugated Khorassan, Persia, much of India, Russia as far as Moscow, Mesopotamia and Armenia, and with his vassals bordered closely on the limits of the empire of Bajazet. He having carried his conquests into the domains of Tamerlane, refused redress when demanded, and after several campaigns, in which Timour was everywhere victorious, the two greatest soldiers



CONSTANTINOPLE, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE GOLDEN HORN

strong, under Bajazet himself, who, despite a desperate charge, held their own and finally defeated the Christian army, taking over ten thousand prisoners. Bajazet lost sixty thousand men, and in his rage and shame massacred in cold blood nearly all the noble chevaliers who fell into his hands, forcing the Count de Nevers, son of the Duke of Burgundy, to view the terrible spectacle, while expecting the same fate. After this victory Bajazet held Constantinople at his mercy, but dared not take possession for fear of an invasion by the united chivalry of Christian Europe.

Finally, in 1397, he repented of his delay and had demanded the surrender of the

of the age confronted each other on June 30, 1402, near Angora. A million of men, representing nearly every race and tribe between the Danube and the Indus, were represented in this immense muster of opposing dynasties. But Bajazet's allies were weary of his avarice and cruelties, and considerable numbers deserted to Timour before the action. Still the battle lasted the whole day, and to the last his Servians and Janissaries maintained their wonted steadiness and valour, but at night all gave way, and Bajazet, a prisoner, and broken-hearted, died in the camp of Timour, on his return to Delhispin, 1403.

His son Mahomet reassembled much of

the dismembered empire between 1414 and 1421, and Amurath II, his grandson, 1422-1450, although often defeated, recovered many of the lost provinces in Asia and Turkey, but it was reserved for his son Mahomet II to besiege and reduce the long-desired capital of the Byzantine empire. Constantine Dragozes, the last emperor "born in the purple," easily arranged with him for a renewal of all the treaties which had subsisted between him and Amurath, including the payment to Constantine of a yearly pension of three hundred thousand aspres for the support of Solyman's grandson, who was held in captivity in the Blaquernal. But when Mahomet was absent in Asia, Constantine dunned him for the prompt payment of this sum, threatening, if it were not soon forthcoming, to release the captive. Mahomet, enraged, returned at once to Europe, determined to besiege and capture Constantinople at whatever cost of men and money. In order to prevent the arrival of food and re-inforcements, he first erected an enormous castle on the European shore of the Bosphorus, opposite one previously constructed by Mahomet I on the Asiatic coast, exacted a tribute on every craft bound for Constantinople, and refusing all offers of peace and submission, retired to Adrianople, there to prepare for the approaching siege.

The effete and humbled emperors of the Eastern Empire had already parted with their special secret of the preparation of the mysterious and dreaded "Greek Fire" to their Mohammedan allies, who had from time to time been induced to aid them in war against alien foes, or some opposing faction, and the Turks had added a knowledge of, and enterprise in the construction of cannon exceeding that of any of their contemporary nations. An Hungarian founder, named Orban, constructed for Mahomet at Adrianople three enormous guns, one of which carried huge granite shot, weighing 1,344 pounds each, and requiring seven hundred men to load and point it after each discharge. When first tested at Adrianople, it is recorded that its smoke formed a curtain over the whole city, the report caused consternation many leagues away, and the ball at the distance of a mile from the muzzle,

buried itself a fathom deep in the earth. Two smaller guns, carrying balls weighing 672 pounds, were also cast for use at the siege, with numerous smaller pieces. Troops were hurried forward from every province of Islam, and a fleet of four hundred galleys, under Baltaoghli, a Bulgarian renegade, blockaded the Bosphorus.

In Constantinople, only 4,973 men of all arms were effective, to whom two thousand alien residents and five hundred Genoese were added. There were no war-galleys, but fourteen merchant ships were pressed into service, and aided for a while in guarding the harbor, and the great chains which blocked its entrance. On three sides, steep cliffs rising from the swift tides made the city almost unassailable, but the land side was defended by walls whose height and thickness, once practically impregnable, had suffered much from time and neglect, while it was much to be feared that the huge cannon to be brought against them would be found much more formidable than anything ever before used in warfare.

In April, 1453, Mahomet with two hundred thousand men began the twelfth and final siege of the city whose fall had been predicted by Mahomet, had been figured to Osman as he slept under the camel's hair tent of the father of his beloved; and later foretold to John Hunyade after the defeat of Kassova by a prophetess, who declared "that the reverses of the Christians would never end until the fall of Constantinople." Now hundreds of Sheiks and dervishes swept through Mahomet's army repeating the traditions of the past and predicting the sure successes of the future. The leader of them all, discovered under a recently erected mosque, the tomb of Ayoub, a leader and prophet slain in the third siege, two centuries before, and this apparently miraculous discovery excited the Moslems to a very extravagance of confidence and activity. The great cannon and its smaller sisters arrived, and were first laid against the Caligaria gate, still known to Moslems as *Egri Kapouci*, and painfully it was loaded, probably by unscrewing the barrel from the breech, by means of bars inserted in rings or apertures provided for the

purpose. The immense charge of powder was poured or ladled in; the great stone shot rolled carefully into place and plentifully lubricated with oil to lessen friction and the danger of bursting; the immense tube, screwed onto the breech-piece, and the ponderous gun laid by means of wedges and timbers to be discharged at the peril of the cannoner's life. It took seven hundred men two hours to load and lay it for firing, and never exceeded eight discharges per diem, while its effects were far less destructive than had been hoped by the maker, and feared by the besieged.

Later it was removed to another point commanding the St. Romanus Gate, now called the "*Top Kapouci*" or "Gate of the Cannon." Here it was used more effectively, but in a few days burst, killing its own artificer. There were, however, some fourteen batteries in all, playing upon the eight thousand paces (about four miles and a half of wall) which Constantine and Justiniani, the Genoese admiral, had great difficulty in manning with so small a garrison. Their cannon were few and of light metal compared with those of the Turks, but they were well served by an aged Scotch soldier of fortune, who made havoc in the enemy's trenches, and with the rest of the defenders destroyed many of the siege works, including a great wooden tower, covered with hides, and furnished with platforms from which an assaulting force could be thrown upon the ramparts. About the last of April, a fleet of four Genoese and one Grecian vessels sought to enter the Bosphorus, and at once attacked the Turkish galleys, which were lighter and lower in the sides. Rushing toward the city with all sail set, and raining cannon-shot, Greek fire and other missiles from their lofty decks, they hurtled through a fleet of four hundred sail, sinking several galleys and safely entering the harbor, passing over the great chains lowered for their passage, which were promptly drawn tightly up behind them. Mahomet was furious, and loaded his admiral with chains, gave him an hundred blows of the bastinado with his own hand, confiscated all his goods, and sent him disgraced and a beggar into exile.

Unable to force the chains, Mahomet had constructed a shoot of planks from the

Bosphorus at the rendezvous of his fleet, around back of Pera, and following the lowest possible levels for five miles to a point in the Golden Horn near the waterfront of the city. This was thoroughly greased and in turn each galley, setting its sails, with the captain at the prow, the helmsman at the tiller and her drums and trumpets sounding, was driven by her sails and hauled by crowds of men and teams of horses overland, to be launched into the Golden Horn. Seventy vessels were thus safely brought into action, and when Justiniani attempted that night to burn the fleet he was betrayed by the Genoese of Galata, and lost the vessel in which he took part in the attempt, with all his companions. A floating battery was constructed to breach the sea-wall of the city, and Justiniani again attempted its destruction and that of the enemy's fleet by fire, but was foiled. Forty picked Genoese seamen were captured and put to death the next morning in sight of the besieged, who decapitated two hundred Turkish prisoners and decorated the turrets of the outer wall with their heads.

About the end of May Mahomet offered Constantine life and liberty for his subjects, and a peaceful sovereignty of the Morea for himself, but Constantine would not yield, and on May 24, 1453, Mahomet announced to his whole army that he would assault the city on the twenty-ninth day of the month. At once his whole camp was as joyous as if some great fete were being celebrated. The prisoners were released, the Janissaries promised the pillage of the city and great honors for special bravery; the sheiks and dervishes excited the more religious to a very delirium of desire for battle, and at evening the whole camp and fleet were alight with illuminations and fireworks. A belt of light surrounded Constantinople, amid which myriads of excited men brandished their arms and echoed and re-echoed the oft repeated war-cry of Islam, "God is great, Mahomet is his Prophet." But within the doomed city all was gloom and apprehension, and from cowering thousands ascended the piteous entreaty: "Kyrie Eleison! Lord have mercy on us."

Still every endeavor was made to meet the assault, and on the night of the twenty-

eighth Constantine and his staff and the ecclesiastical dignitaries took with great pomp the last sacrament to be administered in the splendid fane of St. Sophia. Then the doomed Emperor, still in his splendid purple dress, went to his post at the St. Romain gate, where the assault was most imminent. At daybreak the forlorn hope began the attack, only to fill the ditches with their bodies. Up to ten o'clock the besiegers were still repulsed, but Justiniani, wounded in the hand, retired in spite of the appeals of Constantine, whose courage and example still held his men to their terrible task. Suddenly, an unused gate, long walled up and for some reason opened the previous evening, was forced by a small number of Turks, who took the defenders in flank and rear. At once men cried, "The Turks are in the city! The city is taken!" and Constantine rushing toward the Caligaria Gate just as the Janissaries were breaking through, threw himself into the melee, and fell under the sabres of the Janissaries, who spared neither sex nor age until Mahomet himself wearied of his vengeance.

Thus fell Constantinople after eleven centuries of strange vicissitudes of power and weakness, of gain and loss. It fell through the weakness and jealousies of the Christian powers of Europe, whose quarrels and intrigues gave the Turks not only a divided land to conquer, but the silent aid of Christian powers, who were not ashamed to allow a savage horde of fanatical, greedy and sensual semi-barbarians to conquer and pillage in Europe to keep some other power from reaping a political or commercial advantage. This is not the first time that the

"Unspeakable Turk" has been driven back from the lands he has ravaged for over four centuries, and appealed to the infidels whom he despises to save him from being driven out of the splendid heritage which he has so long misused and made of so little benefit to humanity. And now the old game is being played, and the brave men of the Principalities will doubtless see "the chancelleries of Europe" stepping in to lessen as much as may be the losses of the Turk, and the reward of the brave men who have done in a few brief weeks what Russia failed to do in almost as many months, in more than one ancient and recent campaign.

It would seem as if in this Twentieth Century, Constantinople might at least be made a kind of free port and clearing-house for the business of the world; and a great centre of rail and water transportation, whose railroads, telegraph lines and steamboat connections should unite in peaceful prosperity the peoples of three great continents.

Certain it is that if this bleeding vein is again closed for a season, in deference to a nation that is utterly out of touch with modern civilization, and that cannot be made to cast aside its ancient attitude toward progress and humanity, it must be only a question of a few brief years, when more massacres and fanatical savagery will provoke another struggle, or go unpunished, because no people will dare to attempt the needed chastisement which all financial and political Europe will prevent if need be under the pretext of preventing a useless effusion of human blood, and "preserving the peace of Europe."



The Renaissance of Venezuela

by Marcos J. Trazivuk

VENEZUELA, our nearest South American neighbor, is the land of the legendary "El Dorado," which was so long the goal of Spanish and English adventurers in search of gold in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The birthplace of the great liberator, Simon Bolivar, who defied Spanish power in South America, and gave independence to half of the South American republics, is strangely enough not as well known to Americans as other and more distant South American countries. For the past century its story has been one of struggle and rebellion, but a new day has dawned and what was one of the most "topsy-turvy" of Latin-American countries has settled down into a peaceful and prosperous republic which is promising to become in the near future one of the greatest commercial centres on the American continent. "Peace and Labor" is the motto in Venezuela today.

This wonderful transformation and progress

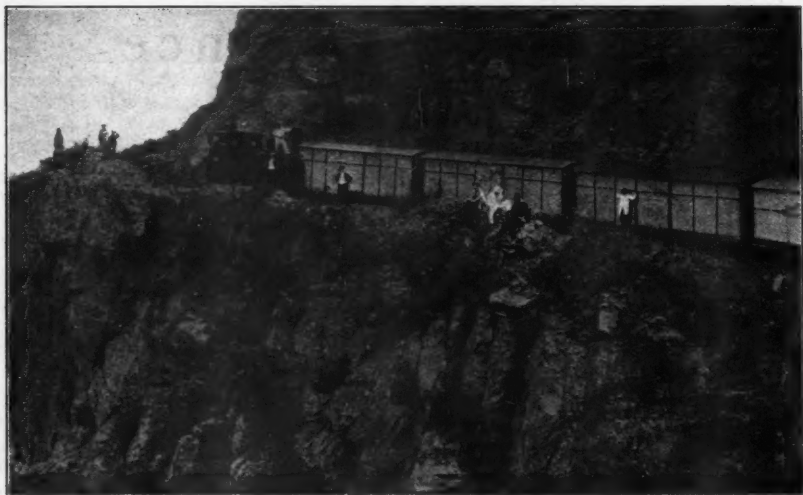


GENERAL FELIX GALAVIS
Inspector-General of the Venezuelan army and
right hand to President Gomez

(1091)

which is taking place is only in its infancy. With the departure of General Cipriano Castro revolution has passed into history and the people of Venezuela are looking today toward a great future, after the four years of peace during which Venezuelan destinies have been placed in the hands of her patriot-president, General Juan Vincente Gomez.

It would require considerable space to enumerate the many reforms that have been brought about since General Gomez began his administration, but that he has established peace and order is the first and most important step toward the prosperity of Venezuela. The national debt amounting to several millions of dollars has been extinguished during the short period of his administration, and strained international relations have been resumed, thereby gaining politically and commercially the confidence of the world at large. The organization of the



FREIGHT TRAIN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN LA GUAIRA AND CARACAS

army has put it on a footing with the most modern and up-to-date military establishment. The extension and reform of republic instruction are other important undertakings. Public roads are under construction throughout the country. Industrial improvement is visible in every section

and several railroad companies are extending their lines. Public sanitation is almost under absolute control, and the seaport of La Guayara, for many years a pest hole of cholera and yellow fever, is being transformed into a clean and healthful city. Foreign enterprises are being encouraged under the most favorable conditions, and important steps have been taken to bring in the most desirable European immigra-



SENORITA JOSEFINA REVENGA
Of Caracas, the famous South American beauty



GROUP OF CARIB INDIANS
Inhabitants of the Orinoco River Country



GENERAL JUAN VINCENTE GOMEZ, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA

tion. These are some of the most notable proofs of what a Latin-American country can accomplish when peace and order are permanently assured.

Nature has made Venezuela rich, but on account of her past unsettled conditions the country has never been properly developed; hence foreign capital has not been largely attracted hither. It is only recently that the Venezuelan people have realized the immense natural wealth of their country, and have endeavored to place Venezuela among the leading Latin-American republics. Some of the largest American corporations have realized the great resources of Venezuela, and already there are several American companies seeking to obtain concessions for large enterprises, particularly the Standard Oil Company, which has a large staff of engineers and experts exploring the Venezuelan oil fields.

Situated geographically in the very northern centre of South America, Venezuela is fifteen days nearer to New York than Argentina, and may be reached from that metropolis in seven days by a direct line of steamers. Caracas, the capital, only two hours by rail from the principal port, La Guayra, is located on a plateau about three thousand feet above the sea level, and only five miles distant by the air line from La Guayra, but to get there it is necessary to ascend the high range which borders the Spanish Main, climbing around by mountain railroad nearly thirty-five miles. This railroad is beyond any doubt the most daring piece of engineering ever constructed, and was finished several years ago by an American engineer named Pile, after all hopes of completing it were abandoned by some of the more prominent engineers of the Old World.

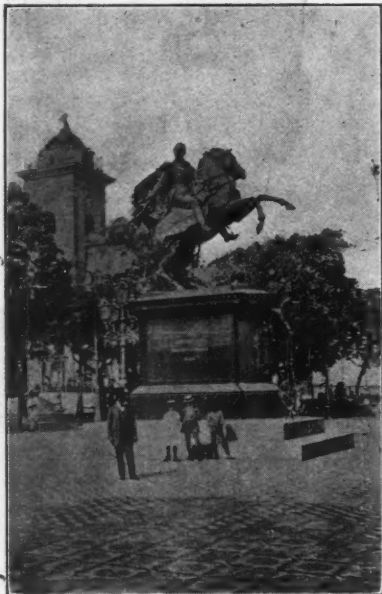
Caracas, just beyond the Silla or ridge of the mountain range, is a fine Latin-American metropolis of about 100,000 inhabitants, sheltered by gorgeous mountains rising almost perpendicularly around it. The city has many beautifully situated and attractive plazas, boulevards and avenues with more now under construction. Bolivar Square, located in the heart of Caracas, is the chief rendezvous and promenade of Venezuelan society. Conspicuous buildings, such as the Capital, Cathedral, University and Military Academy, grace the city, particularly the historic Miraflores Palace, the official residence of the president.

Every foreigner who has visited Caracas has been charmed by its society, whose luxury, accomplishments and fashions rival those of the larger cities of Europe and

America. The beauty and elegance of the ladies of Caracas bring high tributes from the stranger visiting the capital,

for here is to be found the rarest types of Spanish beauty among the direct descendants of the old Spanish conquerors of South America.

It is impossible to describe the courtesies and hospitality shown to foreigners by the Venezuelan people. This was especially evidenced during the visit of Secretary Knox a few months ago, when official holidays were declared for the entire three days that he remained in Caracas, a tribute of respect and esteem to the American people, to whom Venezuelans have long felt that they owed a debt of gratitude which they were glad to satisfy by extraordinary honors and hospitality to their representative.



SIMON BOLIVAR

"The liberator" of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, at Bolivar Square, Caracas, Venezuela

OIL AND ACID

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Faith Knocks at the Door," etc.

The worker in the arts is apt to drive himself and his work, forgetting that the fuller artist is driven.

When a man pampers the body, following its fitful and imperious appetites, he surely stiffens the seal of the casket that incloses his Spirit.

The world needs souls that can thrive on dreams and denials.

It is stimulating to hear a man say, flat and unqualified, "I don't know."

A people glutted with what it wants is a stagnant people.



Miss Gwendolen Floyd as Gertrude Rhead in "Milestones." In the first act she is twenty-five, in the second, fifty; in the third, seventy-five years old

The English Season on the American Stage

by George Willoughby

OVERSEA the English papers are talking of "the American invasion" of their stage. Colonel Henry W. Savage's production of "Everywoman" met with unusual success in London, and James Montgomery's "Ready Money" has been accorded a hearty welcome. Our musical comedies, "The Pink Lady" and "The Quaker Girl," have crowded houses of enthusiastic English audiences, and while our lighter efforts at drama and opera are entertaining the London theater-going public, English actors and playwrights are coming to the States with their serious plays. Many of these dramas are wholly English—the product of English playwrights, strong in English color and acted by English companies. "Fanny's First Play," "Milestones" and "The New Sin" came to Broadway at the beginning of the theatrical season; the several Scotch companies of "Bunt Pulls the Strings"

were also ready to begin another successful year in America. By mid-season the Irish Players had come from Dublin for their second American tour; and strong English casts came with "Hindle Wakes"; "Rutherford & Son," the harsh but powerful play of young Miss Githa Sowerby; and "The Whip," an excellent example of English melodrama.

Some of our favorite American actresses, too, are playing in productions that are steeped in English atmosphere. "Pretty Little Billie Burke" has found herself in Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play of the English music-hall dancer who leaped to fame with a song entitled "Mind the Paint." "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" is a typically English play. It depicts English atmosphere, English types, English conditions, and it is to the credit of Miss Burke and her American company that they so successfully sink their American

mannerisms in their English parts. "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" is a most fascinating play, and Billie Burke has made the "girl", Lily Parradell, a character as strongly, deftly individualized as "Jimmie Valentine" or "Salvation Nell."

The daughter of a poor London grocer, Lily has worked every step of the way from

men. Lily Parradell, however, regards all her admirers in the same friendly light, except one Captain Nicholas Jeyes, whom she treats more as a brother than as a suitor, though he is generally accepted as the successful candidate for Lily's hand. Then comes manly Lord Farncombe, truly in love with Lily's charms, who begs her

to be his wife. For the first time in her life, Lily returns the love that is offered her, but she bravely sends the Viscount away, having explained her humble origin and dwelt upon the difference in their stations in life. At this tense moment Captain Jeyes bursts into the room, denounces Lily and the young nobleman, launching into a bitter tirade against the girl who he says has ruined his life, and ending with a sweeping denunciation of the Pandora girls, who have been called by English women of caste "a menace to society." This is one of the strongest scenes ever presented on our stage. Lily is all remorse for herself, all tenderness and sorrow for both men. She promises to marry Jeyes at once; she will try to repair her injury and "make a man of him." The men go out together, and later Jeyes comes to his senses, sends Farncombe back to Lily, and the little "Mind the Paint' Girl" is permitted to marry the man she loves. Lily Parradell, as created by the exquisite dramatic power of Miss Billie Burke, is one of the most appealing and lovable feminine characters seen on the stage



Miss Molly Pearson as Bunty, in "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

poverty and obscurity into her success as reigning star at the Pandora Theater. A real flesh and blood person is Lily Parradell, a person of moods and morals, secure among her hosts of friends and admirers. Her luxurious apartment in Bloomsbury, with her humble Cockney mother is the salon of the Pandora talent and their worshippers, among the latter some of England's most distinguished young noble-

men in many a day. But she is intensely, completely English!

"Hindle Wakes," by Stanley Houghton, came from London one of the most widely advertised plays of the year. The company was rehearsed under the direction of Miss Gertrude Hornimann, and the cast was notable. It was the play itself, however, that aroused popular curiosity.

A wealthy young man of Hindle, a town in the English manufacturing district, offers to marry a poor mill girl with whom he has spent a week-end at the Hindle holidays or "Wakes." He is already engaged to a baronet's daughter, a very desirable match approved of by both families, and furthermore he loves his fiancée; his father, however, insists upon justice to Fanny Hawthorn, the mill girl, and commands his son to break his engagement and make Fanny his wife. Then Fanny takes matters in her own hands. She will not marry a man who loves another; she has no respect for a man who will give up the girl of his choice to please his father; again, she is able to care for herself—she wants no favors; she will take no money. Thus the play leaves the erring young man to wed his fiancée, while Fanny for her part is ready to face the world and go her way alone.

Whether or not one objects to the spirit of "Hindle Wakes," the performance was admirable from an artistic standpoint. The character-drawing was notable; the lines in the play were full of depth and meaning; there was not a dull moment in the three acts. The play did not succeed in New York because of its plot; but as a play, deftly developed, it was replete with subtle character drawing and interesting situations. The cast was excellent. "Hindle Wakes" was an extraordinary production.

Against the failure of "Hindle Wakes" and "The New Sin," Macdonald Hastings' brilliant drama, are the wonderful successes of "Fanny's First Play," by George Bernard Shaw, and "Milestones," which boasts the joint authorship of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. Both



Miss Billie Burke as Lily Parradell, in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl"

of these plays promise to run an entire season in New York, and as Mr. Belasco recently pointed out, there have been only four real successes this year on Broadway.



Miss Emelie Polini as Fanny Hawthorn, in
"Hindle Wakes"

"Milestones" is an unusual play, though as Miss Gwendolen Floyd, the leading woman, laughingly said in an interview, 'Milestones' hasn't any melodramatic 'thrills.' It hasn't very much—what is that American word?—very much *punch* in it."

Be that as it may, "Milestones" is not only entertaining, but has many dramatic situations. The three acts take place in the same room, the first in 1860, the second in 1885, and the third in 1912. Each act shows marked changes in dress, furniture, decoration, sentiment and manners, and the principal characters are shown in the three stages, youth, maturity and old age.

"Milestones" is a touching little drama of the lives of two well-to-do English families, the Rheads and the Sibleys. John Rhead and Samuel Sibley are partners in a firm of shipbuilders. Gertrude Rhead and Rose Sibley are friends; and the betrothals between John and Rose, Samuel and Gertrude, are approved by both families. Friendly relations are severed, however, when John Rhead defies his partner by proposing to build ships of iron instead of wood. The spirited Gertrude breaks her engagement with Samuel because he attacks her brother, but John marries the quiet, affectionate Rose.

Twenty-five years later Gertrude is established in her brother's house as a sort of companion to her niece, Emily Rhead. Samuel Sibley has lately married beneath his class, but his infant son is the pride of his heart, and his wife is a well-meaning if not a cultured woman. Gertrude, torn by the wreck of her own life, urges her niece not to give up the man of her choice, a brilliant young inventor in John Rhead's works, but Emily fears to disobey her father and weds a wealthy but elderly nobleman.

In 1912 John and Rose Rhead are celebrating their golden wedding day. Emily is a widow, the mother of two children, and her daughter Muriel is in love with Richard Sibley, Samuel's son, who has become a clever engineer. Again John Rhead interferes, although the gentle Rose argues for the young people; but Emily has other plans for her daughter, and "cannot bear to be left alone." Then Gertrude Rhead, bent and lame, but still

with bitter memories of the past, urges Emily, for her daughter's sake, to remember her own unhappy marriage. Emily is moved but not convinced when she meets her former suitor, who still loves her. She will now be lonely no longer, and agrees to her daughter's marriage. The aged John Rhead also weakens in his objections and everything ends happily, with the three old people left together, John and Rose Rhead before the fireplace, while Gertrude, whose voice is still sweet though faint, sings "Juanita" as the curtain falls.

A sweet, wholesome play is "Milestones," exquisitely acted by remarkable English players.

* * *

The Irish players from the Abbey Theater, Dublin, returned to America the first of the year for a second American tour, with a repertoire including new plays by W. F. Casey, Lord Dunsany, George Fitzmaurice, C. Murray, R. J. Ray and other noted Irish playwrights. The first American tour of the Irish company, with their budget of realistic plays, is thought by many to have made possible this year's English successes, and the new tendency toward the artistic and classical in the American theater. The Irish players, fresh from Dublin, made their American debut with the opening of the new Plymouth Theater in Boston, thus establishing the unique new playhouse as a sponsor of the reaction against commercial drama.

The players had in their repertory the best dramatic works of the most celebrated native writers, among them George Bernard Shaw, J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats, Lennox Robinson and Lady Gregory, the widow of Sir William Gregory, M.P., and later Governor of Ceylon. This talented lady, who came to America with the company, was born in the county of Galway, where she lived most of her life, among the simple country people, and her plays were an immediate success with American audiences. Her delightful comedy contrasted with the keen satire of Shaw, and on the other hand, the symbolic plays of Yeats, and the dreamy dramas of Synge, all with a realistic Irish background, made a deep impression upon Americans.

The players spent a busy American

season from their opening in Boston, in September, to their farewell performance, also in Boston at the Plymouth Theater, in March. They were the real skirmish-line



Character part in a scene by the Irish players

of this season's English invasion—though heaven forbid that one compare them with the English companies, when their one aim in life has been to establish an institution that is wholly and distinctly Irish!

* * *

It is now well past mid-season at the theatre, but the plays and players from the other side are still America bound. At this writing it is reported that three English companies with new plays are being rehearsed for American production. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's recent visit consummated plans for an American tour next season, and it is also reported that Granville Barker is arranging to come to New York for a revival of the classics.

Meantime Americans are asking, Why this influx of English plays and players? Are there not hundreds of our own actors out of work? The theatrical agencies will testify to this lamentable condition. Why, again? Producing managers will answer the question in a word—the play. Seldom has there been such a poor season for the American playwright. Audiences refuse to accept his product. They have begun to weary of commonplace, commercial drama or melodrama. They want plays with new plots, new problems. The plays from across the water have set a new standard for our dramatic development. And of the players from oversea—everyone seems completely an artist. The man with one line to say says it well; but that brings to light another interesting fact: in the English plays the parts are usually equalized. This has dissipated the star system in England; it compels every actor to be on his mettle.

Then the English actresses—what practical, wholesome women they are as a class. There is less glamor in their daily life than in that of our humblest chorus girls. They regard their work as work—it is their "job" to act, as ours may be to practise law or to keep books. They dress quietly and live more quietly. They are domestic. Their private life is entirely distinct from that in the theater. They are home-loving folk—Miss Molly Pearson, who plays the title role in "Buntz Pulls the Strings," had

an apartment engaged "away, way out of town" before she came to Boston for an engagement. "Buntz is supposed to live in the lap of luxury," she said laughingly, "but she really is very domestic—loves to cook, mend and make frocks, and live a simple home life." Miss Vera Pole, also in the "Buntz" company, told of the "dear old-fashioned house" where she secured a room.

Miss Gwendolen Floyd, who is "Gertrude Rhead" in "Milestones," spent her first week in Boston house-hunting. "I hope we shall be here a long time," she said. "I'm not a good traveler." Like all foreign visitors she was caught by the "American spirit" of rush and bustle—her impressions of our American distances, of our railroad trains, cities and customs were as finely drawn and amusing from a woman's standpoint as Arnold Bennett's from a man's in "Your United States." She is very much interested in the "interview system" of the press. "It is done very little at home," she said. "Sometimes our great actors are interviewed, but it is usually on some artistic point. They are not questioned about their lives, or their fads or customs outside the theater." Miss Floyd is the niece of Sir Herbert Tree, and comes, indeed, of stage stock. Her mother is now acting in England, and the young lady herself has been on the stage from childhood. She has played many times with her distinguished uncle, both in Shakespearian repertoire and in other plays. While the ambition of nearly every young American actress is to "star" and to have a play written for her, Miss Floyd, who is a typical rising young English actress, hopes in later years to do "Coster types," thus completely sinking her personality (a word, by the way, which she did not employ), or to act in Shakespearian roles.

* * *

Thus the English plays and players. They have at heart the real interests of the stage and their profession, and do not altogether measure success by big earnings, meretricious display or a somewhat dubious popularity.

Music and the Rest Hour

by Frederick Hultzmann

FEW public officials have left a more indelible impress on departmental life in Washington than George Bruce Cortelyou. He was one of the first to inaugurate modern business methods in federal affairs. He is the only American that enjoys the distinction of having his portrait hung in three cabinet departments. It occupies a place in the room of the Secretary of the Treasury with that of Secretary Crawford of Georgia, who was for thirteen years Secretary of the Treasury; in the Department of Commerce and Labor; and also in the Post Office Department. Each one of the portraits effectively reveals the strong characteristics of Mr. Cortelyou, adapted to different branches of the federal department.

His work in organizing the Department of Commerce and Labor was a monumental undertaking, and in each one of the departments the traces of his initiative force still remains, including the expedition of correspondence of the White House and the business-like methods subsequently introduced in other departments. With the same energy and with his aptitude for knowing the requirements of public service, he is now administering the affairs of the largest gas and electric company in the world, in New York City.

Mr. Cortelyou took the presidency of the Consolidated Gas Company with the same purpose of promoting public service that has marked his public career. In a quiet, fearless and capable way the solution of the problems by public service by corporations was taken up. He began first with an educational campaign, taking employees and consumers into his confidence. This was no small task in an organization supplying several million customers, and having more employees than any other company of its kind in the world. His program has won and deserved the confidence and co-operation he so earnestly sought.

Just off Second Avenue near 20th Street in New York there is a glimpse of Stuyvesant Park. The district has been known as the "hospital reserve," and here I found myself one noon on my way to the repair shop of the Consolidated Gas Company.

In the gas meter repair shop where three hundred men work repairing meters from all over the metropolis, one found striking results of the new ideas. It was the noon-hour and in the front portion of the large shop a place was cleared among the work benches, and amid the odor of the foundry and tinshop, around a piano, after luncheon, gathered an orchestra of sixteen workmen. In splendid style they played the strains of the *Sans Souci* overture. There were trombones, cornets, violins, a bass viol, and drums, forming an orchestra representing many nationalities, and all of them ardent lovers of music. At the piano was a young lady from the office. Camp chairs were brought in and the men gathered about and smoked, enjoying the noon-day rest, and applauding every number with a hearty enthusiasm.

During past years I have attended many Symphony concerts in Boston, and have heard recitals of the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago and various other noted orchestras, but I do not think I ever heard the "*Sans Souci*" and "*William Tell*" overtures played with such spirit and earnestness as by those workmen coming direct from their benches. The leader was a carpenter, and with the waving of the baton every shade of expression was given and the score read with a Symphony thoroughness. The little man with the tuba never missed a note, and the French horn came in with stirring resonance. The violins galloped away and the bass viol kept on sawing wood, while the drum clattered and balanced the tempo. That day a placard announced two original compositions written by men in the orchestra; they were very creditable compositions. Every number of

the program was heartily applauded, including a song by one of the young men, who, it was plain to see, had given attention to the cultivation of his voice, although he had all the natural earnestness of singing for real love of it.

One could not look upon that orchestra of workmen, with their hands grimy with toil, and watch them handling the delicate instruments, without realizing the charm of music. To many of these foreigners, music is the one thing that makes bearable the routine of work in their adopted home.

shouts broke forth with a spontaneity that indicated a hearty spirit of patriotism. As I sat there looking on the rafters grimy with the dust and soot of the work of years past and looked into the faces of the men assembled and saluting the flag during the stirring strains of the national anthem, I could scarcely resist the impulse to jump on a bench and make them a Fourth of July stump speech. What an inspiration it was to see these men, many of them born in foreign lands, so keenly appreciative of the flag of the republic. As the strains



AT THE WORKMEN'S NOONDAY CONCERT IN THE GAS METER REPAIR SHOP OF THE CONSOLIDATED GAS COMPANY, NEW YORK

As the program continued the chimes of the time clock "ringing in" mingled with the music of the orchestra. This noon-hour was altogether an inspiration, for here the men meet and become acquainted instead of finding their way to the saloons near at hand. There was a spirit of comradeship about that would be difficult to find in fashionable clubs or high class musical societies. When the orchestra finally pealed out the stirring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and down from the ceiling floated an American flag, everyone arose and applauded heartily, and the

of "Home, Sweet Home" faded away, every man was back at his bench; and just a glimpse at their faces as they returned to work, showed what the innovation means.

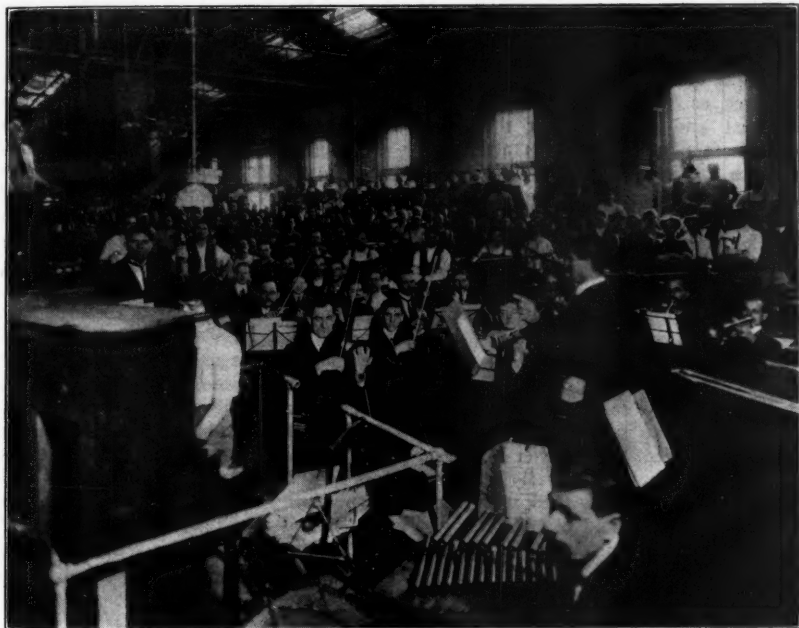
The orchestra was especially appreciated by President George B. Cortelyou, who was a student at the New England Conservatory of Music, is now a vice-president of that institution, and is himself an accomplished musician. You can imagine his feelings when one day he was greeted by the men with this orchestra and given a most happy surprise.

Noon-hour concerts are becoming so popular that visitors come in every day. On the register are the names of many distinguished people. One day Miss Anne Morgan, the daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, dropped in with friends to hear the orchestra. The shop will soon be removed to new quarters, but there will always be pleasant memories of this old gas meter repair plant on 19th Street.

There is a law requiring that gas meters be brought in at least once every six years,

More than 60,000 sheepskins are used every year for making new diaphragms for meters, and these must be thoroughly tested under light for imperfections. Some people who are not college graduates may therefore claim that they possess a sheepskin—in their basement in the gas meter if not on library walls. The sheepskins have to be treated very carefully, as they are the lungs and vital life of the meter.

The work of this department is in charge of Vice-President L. B. Gawtry,



SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

and here they are brought, overhauled and tested. Gas stoves are also brought in, given a bath and then repaired. The welding of iron by gas, unknown in the old days, is made possible by weighing a mixture of oxygen and illuminating gas. Heretofore, acetylene gas only could be used, but within a short time experiments have been made showing that illuminating gas also can be used for this purpose. Since 1823, when gas was first used in New York, the great metropolis has not been one day without the service of the gas company.

an expert conversant with every detail of gas production and operation. The meters are of all sizes and dimensions, and are thoroughly tested by a state inspector before sent out. After you have gone through a meter repair shop, there is sure to be a little more consideration for a gas company, for it is not only supplying gas in which more than a million tons of coal are used every year in New York, but constantly repairing meters, the one thing that registers the transaction between the company and the consumer. The meter

seems to be a simple contrivance, but it possesses what is known to sailors as the "lazy dog" to prevent its running backwards and repeating. The constant care and attention necessitated by providing for emergencies and accidents reveals the importance of the vigilant public service, and there is an individual responsibility which impels alert and considerate service that could be secured in no other way. Public utility corporations are taking hold of and solving many problems in this country which have baffled the governments of older European nations in this line of beneficent paternalism.

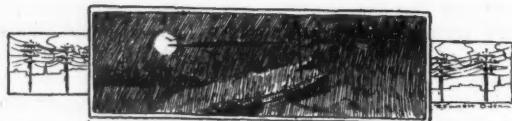
The subject of pensions, liability, accidents, and old-age insurance, giving their employes, as far as possible, steady employment and protection for the members of families—all these matters necessitate a practical solution of vexatious problems.

It comes down to the old proposition of making food, raiment and the comforts of life find their natural and equitable distribution; always encouraging effort and efficiency, for progress can only be secured by policies appealing to the self-respect and ambitions of the individual.

It does not seem as if one could find a theme for poetic enthusiasm or philanthropic reflection in a gas meter repair shop, but I do not think I ever looked on a scene that reflected so vividly that possibility of mingling daily work with pleasure that invokes individual interest, just as Tom Sawyer induced the neighboring boys to paint his fence.

In this noon-hour concert is a reflection

of the times. It is not always welfare work or charity that accomplishes the best results. Here the individual is permitted to follow out a well-directed, natural impulse for pleasure, amusement and recreation, always keeping in mind a fixed ideal, wholesome and progressive. There is no fear as to the future of the American workman here, for in the boys at the benches you could see the gleam of content. It is the old proposition of the brass band in the country village where everyone gets together in a democratic spirit and there is no chasm between poor and rich, labor and capital. It is just the old idea of "getting together" and working together. At the gas meter repair shop the men followed the baton of the leader, played the score, and the result was harmony and a general feeling of content and enjoyment of these things which, however they may appear to be no part of this workaday world, are after all the heart of it. After that noon-day hour I felt a more welcome admiration than ever for the workingman of America, and the Gas Company, and everyone concerned, for it revealed how simple a matter it would be to smooth out the rough places and contentions of life if we all had a more considerate appreciation and knowledge of one another, and music at the noon-hour, instead of breeding strife and discontent among the agitators and "down and outers" trying to pull others down. If men "higher up" would only realize that "a man's a man for a' that," no matter what his position or task, there would be more harmony in the industrial world.



The Creator of "Somewhere Else"

by Bennett Chapple

A TALL, blonde, almost red-headed boy with a frank, open countenance and genial smile came bounding up three flights of stairs at the headquarters of Henry W. Savage on 45th Street, New York, for the express purpose of meeting a young lady and granting an interview. But the wisp of femininity could not keep the appointment, and so six feet of masculinity, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds and broad in proportion, was substituted at the last moment.

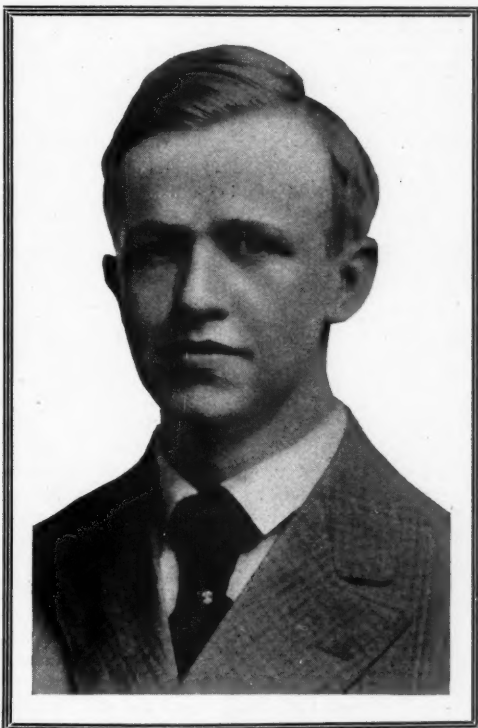
"Well, you're no lady," was the merry challenge as our hands met, "and I *am* relieved."

Mr. Avery Hopwood, for he it was, had better "knock wood," for he seems likely to become as famous as a playwright as the celebrated baseball star who pitched through seventeen consecutive games without a defeat. True, this young and gifted playwright has only just scored his seventh successful comedy, but as the saying is, he is "growing stronger" all the time. To become a successful playwright at twenty-eight is quite a distinction, but Avery Hopwood was only twenty-one when he first began writing plays, and has achieved seven decided successes since he was "old enough to vote."

Avery Hopwood attended Ann Arbor College, Michigan; finished his course a full three months ahead of time and for want of something better to do, applied himself to writing his first play, "Clothes." Between times he succeeded in landing a coveted "job" with the *Cleveland Leader* at \$15 per week. It was some weeks, however, before the position would be available, and in the interim the young man came to New York and carried his

first play, seeking a customer, up and down Broadway. He was literally peddling "Clothes," and he finally came across a manager who would invest in "Clothes" to the tune of \$250 advance royalties.

A telegram was forthwith dispatched resigning the *Cleveland Leader's* offer, for



MR. AVERY HOPWOOD

Mr. Hopwood was determined to plunge into the raging billows of theatrical composition. Divested of his old "Clothes," he was determined to "follow suit"—win or lose.

One successful play followed another in quick succession, including such popular comedies as "Seven Days," "Nobody's

Widow," and last but not least, "Somewhere Else," which was staged on Broadway by Henry W. Savage beginning the year. It is an unusual record, and one to be proud of, and yet Avery Hopwood—he of the blondish hair, the blue eyes, the stalwart form, the broad forehead and expansive smile—is not satisfied. Oh, no! He doesn't like to write plays half as much as he would like to write novels. Let us pause, take off our hats and sympathize with him in this sad defeat of his ambitious pursuit of literary prestige. In the vernacular of worshipping Broadway, "Can you beat it?"

"I wanted to be an actor," he said, half closing one eye, but aiming the other straight at me, "but I think I would have made a poor one. The actor instinct, however, has helped me greatly, for I can see myself act every part as I write it." This confession would seem to indicate the difference between a successful author of novels and a playwright. A task easy to one becomes almost impossible to another.

"You do most of your writing in summer, when the theaters are closed, I presume?" said I.

He nodded and his eyes twinkled. "I have a tent on a little farm up among the hills of the Hudson, near Tarrytown," he said. "Here I work and sleep, but I get my meals at the farmhouse."

"And in the winter?"

"I go to the show every night."

"You are not married?"

"Hardly."

"Why?"

"Because my wife wouldn't let me."

"Er—go to the show every night?"

"Exactly."

In the libretto of "Somewhere Else" young Hopwood has seized upon the old plot of a man, tangled up in domestic

difficulties, who decides to cut loose from everything and go "somewhere else." The more humorous developments are built around the fact that he forgot that others would want to go "somewhere else," too. The music is by Gustav Luders, who had won great success in his short career. The cast is a notable one. Taylor Holmes, the young comedian who became so successful in "The Million," has been drafted for the part of Billy Gettaway, while Catherine Hayes, who laments that a fat actress cannot act drama, is irresistible as a baby. Everything in "Somewhere Else" is done in "some other way." There are new kinds of animals, new kinds of food, new ways of living. The whole thing is absurdly funny.

"Do you find it very difficult to write a new play each season?" I asked Hopwood.

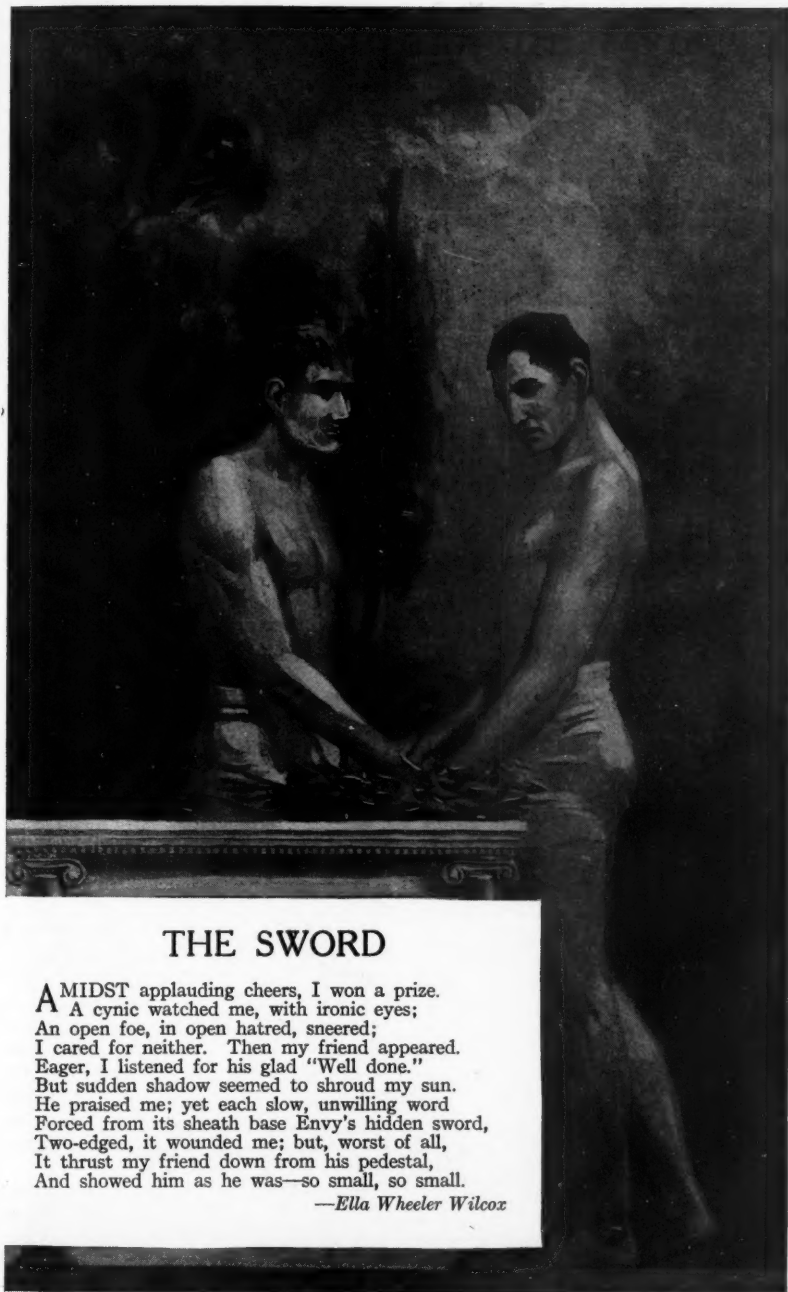
"Not at all. I have another practically finished now." This was said with no tinge of anything except boyish enthusiasm and the desire to work.

Although Avery Hopwood has established a record of one successful play each season, there's no telling what he could do if he had a small boy to sit beside him and sharpen pencils. That's the feeling I had as I shook hands and said good-bye.

* * *

The untimely death of Gustav Luders, who wrote the music for "Somewhere Else," the first week of the production was a blow felt keenly by the world of musical comedy. In his field Luders' success had been as spectacular as has Hopwood's in his. Luders' music was a great factor in the triumphs of such well-remembered musical comedies as "King Dodo," "Woodland," "The Prince of Pilsen" and half a dozen others which still pucker the lips of the whistling portion of our population. Colonel Savage produced the majority of Luders' compositions.





THE SWORD

A MIDST applauding cheers, I won a prize.
A cynic watched me, with ironic eyes;
An open foe, in open hatred, sneered;
I cared for neither. Then my friend appeared.
Eager, I listened for his glad "Well done."
But sudden shadow seemed to shroud my sun.
He praised me; yet each slow, unwilling word
Forced from its sheath base Envy's hidden sword,
Two-edged, it wounded me; but, worst of all,
It thrust my friend down from his pedestal,
And showed him as he was—so small, so small.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A Day with John D. Rockefeller

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

IN boyhood I was the proud possessor of the works of Washington Irving, whose wholesome and genial spirit won the enthusiastic appreciation of the youth in those days, and a visit to Sleepy Hollow to revel among the scenes he described was one of the fond dreams of the future.

Many tourists now tarry at Tarrytown, to recall the memories and traditions of Irving. Here also is the monument of Major Andre, the brave and talented British officer, spy though he was, who paid the penalty of his share in Arnold's treason, as even the smallest schoolboy can relate. Up the hill, past Sleepy Hollow, lying on two sides of a distant ridge, are the heights of Pocantico Hills. In the green Kent House, with square tower and gothic decorations, lives Mr. John D. Rockefeller, on the border of his estate, while the new gray stone house on the summit is being completed.

The home was in keeping with the simple tastes of the man. In the corner of the hall were flowers—just the old-fashioned, late flowers of autumn; hollyhocks and chrysanthemums. There was the usual hall rack with hats and caps. A photograph of a group on the golf-links, showing Mr. Rockefeller in his best golf fettle, was near the entrance, and in the adjoining room pictures of Lincoln and Washington made it seem like an old-fashioned American home. A cheery fire was glowing in the grate inside, and on the table were magazines, books and newspapers in friendly array. It was all cozy and home-like, such as any man of moderate means might enjoy. Promptly at the hour appointed, Mr. Rockefeller came downstairs. He was attired in a gray outing suit, trousers rolled up, and was wrapped in a gray sweater, with a golf cap set squarely atop as though ready to eclipse his best record. As the single guest of the golf "gallery," I was armored with a paper vest to keep out the chilling wind, while waiting to watch the solitaire game of golf.

"Now we're ready," quoth the host, leading the way to the green. "Louey," the Italian caddy, with a heavy moustache and genial brown eye, pinched the sand and perched the ball. After one or two sweeps with the club, Mr. Rockefeller sent the ball circling through the trees toward the green, like a bird seeking its nesting place. It was a prime drive, and Mr. Rockefeller turned to me, his eyes gleaming with the satisfaction of a man who has accomplished his purpose. Henry, the colored man, as the advance guard, held up the targets showing the location of each hole.

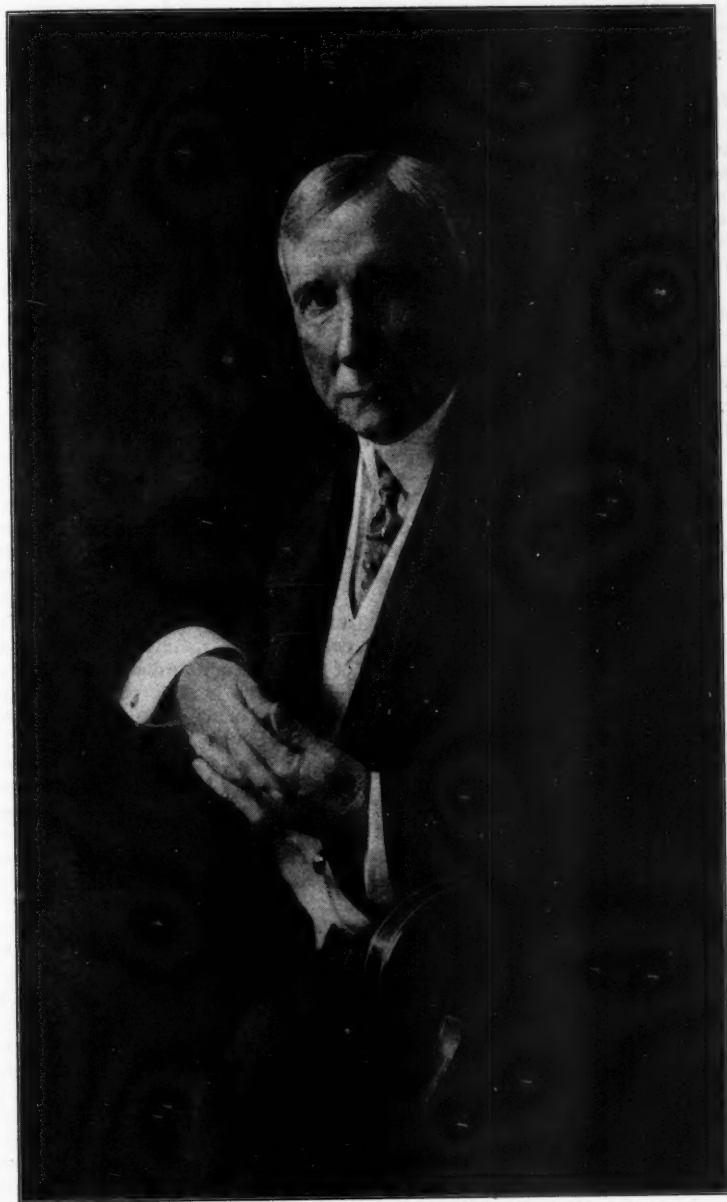
"Where is it going, Henry?" called Mr. Rockefeller after a drive. "Is it all right, Henry?"

"Yaas, sah, I guess it struck the green all right," shouted back the good-natured advance scout, "and hit's still goin' yit."

* * *

Leisurely we walked up the hill, enjoying the splendors of that beautiful autumn day. It was well that the host did not insist on sprinting, for every step recalled the new pair of shoes—which pinched and continued to pinch. Mr. Rockefeller has an unusually pleasant voice which reminded me of Elbert Hubbard's over-the-field tones, although lacking that piquant, sarcastic tinge characteristic of the sage of East Aurora. As we climbed the turfy hillside, the noble Hudson was seen in the distance, and for the moment the golf ball was forgotten. Off in the distance, dimmed by the purple haze, were the Orange Mountains of New Jersey. Beyond the river the storied peaks of the Catskills stood out grandly in the radiant glow of the early morning. These were the scenes which Washington Irving loved and made memorable.

With all the enthusiasm of an ardent lover of nature, Mr. Rockefeller pointed with his golf club to this and to that view, trending away to the Briar Cliff and the Buttermilk Mountains. In the far dis-



MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

tance the towers of New York City blended with the horizon twenty-five miles away. In these moments the real life passion of John D. Rockefeller was revealed. There was an exhilaration and tingle in the air that made everything seem youthful and buoyant. It seemed impossible to realize that this man before me, who has been through the storm and stress of three-score and ten years and perhaps harder fought business struggles than were ever allotted to any one individual, nevertheless had retained his youthful love of Nature in the fields, forests and streams. His eyes sparkled as from time to time he turned to comment between strokes on some new view. The conversation never lagged. Charming incidents were related concerning the early days of '53 when he attended school in Ohio, with the late Mark Hanna, and how with Mrs. Rockefeller, a schoolmate, the three struggled over essays and compositions; how great flocks of wild pigeons now practically extinct used to hover overhead as the boys wandered in the forests about Cleveland; with a story here and there, breezy and effective, that brought forth peals of hearty laughter.

Every stroke and drive as we proceeded was commented upon, for it was only a practice game. How the distance and direction for the ball is gauged by the golfer is beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated spectator, but it is evident that Mr. Rockefeller plays golf with all the quiet poise and intensity of his nature. The ball would go circling over the mounds as if guided by intuition. For a time it seemed that he was going to beat his own best record, and I was looked upon as a mascot, but later the antics of a contrary ball dispelled the illusion. While walking and talking with Mr. Rockefeller on the links it is not difficult to understand why he loves golf with all the ardor of a Scotchman, for he insists that golf has been the means of preserving his life.

On the putting green, Mrs. Rockefeller also was enjoying her game with a companion. The tender and deferential way in which Mr. Rockefeller referred to the wife and companion of his early manhood, in explaining what the open air has done for her, gave a glimpse of the domestic

life of one whose early ideals and affections have never been shaken by wealth. Behind the simplicity of the man, as he turns and looks you in the eye, there gleams forth the undaunted spirit of one who has created a world-wide revolution in the methods of doing business, that has marked him as one of the pre-eminent figures of his age.

* * *

Conversation in a walk on the links seems to be so much freer than within the walls of an office or study! In it lives the flow and freedom of open environment. During the walk over the golf-links there were many scores of distinct topics discussed.

There was an armistice in the game against himself, as we went on up the hill to the new house under construction, occupying the site of the old house, which was burned. The gardener who was looking after the renaissance of the grounds came up to Mr. Rockefeller to report as to how expense could be saved. He was asked considerably concerning an aching ear. "Henry," said Mr. Rockefeller, "you had better go into the city with me and we will see about that ear." All the details of constructing the retaining walls of the new courtyard were watched carefully by the builder. The embankment in the rear of the house was being graded and there was the sound of pick and shovel; but suddenly the operations ceased, for it was lunch time, and the workmen gathered in groups for their noonday meal.

"May we have some lunch?" inquired Mr. Rockefeller of some men who were delving into their dinner pails.

"Sure," was the quick response in colloquial Italian-American, and a fat cheese sandwich was offered.

"How high is the wall going to be?" The reply was at first unintelligible, but the little Italian's eyes sparkled like those of his ancestors when building the Appian Way as he slowly counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven feet." They all seem to understand figures before the words of a language are comprehended.

Again and again we stopped to look upon the beautiful hills. If there is anything that delights Mr. Rockefeller it is

picturesque views and good roads. In the final analysis, his whole life has been one of getting the right view of things—and going ahead. The new house commands a supreme view of the Catskills up and down the majestic river, and a prospect sweeping from Connecticut in the east to New Jersey in the South. Sylvan lakes here and there dot the view in the foreground—every detail of which is studied by Mr. Rockefeller as an artist would study a picture.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., does not take as kindly to golf as his father, who laughingly remarked that his son thought golf was like putting away valuable time; but Mr. Rockefeller straightened with all the glow of conscious health and the vigor of renewed youth as he defended "This is what golf means."

Never before was I so impressed with the analogy between playing golf and life itself; as Mr. Rockefeller pointed out, golf is a good deal like life. The ball never goes just where you want it to go, and you have to keep at it with patience, concentration, poise and persistence to win the goal. Henry carried along a basketful of balls, and when a drive was not satisfactory—for this was only a practice game—Mr. Rockefeller would strike ball after ball until he had carried his point, cultivating an intuitive confidence in being able to make an inanimate ball carry out a definite human purpose. Skill lies largely in knowing just how and where to hit the ball in striking, and that's about what there is in life if one is to succeed—hitting squarely, not carelessly or even with over-calculating precaution, but gaining an intuitive sense of direction and determination to get the ball in the hole with the fewest possible strikes. Isn't that the whole idea of modern business?—how to accomplish tasks with the least possible labor and unnecessary waste of temper and friction. On the return to the house at the foot of the hill the last drive was made as the ball landed in a circle of foliage and the eighteen holes were covered.

When I started to unloosen my paper vest Mr. Rockefeller insisted that it be kept as the souvenir of a good game, and it will have an honored place among other trophies as a relic of the day spent on the

golf-links with one of the pre-eminent figures in the financial world, whose career spans a veritable revolution in business development.

* * *

After meeting Mr. Rockefeller face to face and talking with him of the larger views of life, a new revelation of the man appears. In his conversation there is the same poise and mastery of himself that is indicated in his "Random Experiences," recently published. There is a modest, almost shy little way that indicates a natural desire to go quietly along about his business at all times. His simplicity and directness in thought and action as well as in work tells the story of his success.

In the walk about Pocantico Hills, Mr. Rockefeller revealed the great hobby of his life—planting trees and building good roads. The happiest hours of his later years have been spent in beautifying the surroundings of various estates. He tells of friends absorbed in business life whom he has tried to interest in his "Back to Nature" ideals, and no matter what the subject, he holds fast to the inspiring note of optimism.

With enthusiasm, he tells of making new paths and better roads. An engineer who visited him commented on the splendid lines and grades of the roads. "Who made the survey?" he demanded. "I did," said Mr. Rockefeller with cherry-tree frankness. The little forests of seedlings that grow into great trees are his special admiration. Young nurseries are the incubators of nature on which he draws, and his wonderful success in moving large trees, gained by a knowledge of moving trees by the thousands, indicates the same masterful genius that has carved the greatest business career of the ages. A careful account is kept of the trees transplanted and transferred between Pocantico Hills, Lakewood and Forest Hill. Every detail of the work is conducted on the simple credit and debit basis of old-fashioned business methods. Even in the matter of nursery stock the advantage of doing things on a large scale is appreciated. Trees ninety feet high were moved by a contrivance which Mr. Rockefeller had especially constructed for this purpose. Trees were transplanted to considerable distances at

a cost of twenty dollars each and one tree-moving campaign in a single season was accomplished with a loss of but three per cent of the trees that were transplanted. Mr. Rockefeller follows his trees about like an enthusiastic boy, and he delights to talk of them. He says oaks must be handled when comparatively young. Birches have baffled him, while evergreen transplanting has been unusually successful.

Planning good views has been a passion with John D. Rockefeller since he was a boy in New York state. Instead of working with a brush and palette Mr. Rockefeller is painting landscapes with the living objects of nature, placing a tree here, a hill there, a lake between.

When one contemplates the inspiration of the softened hues and skies of an English landscape or one in misty Holland, the radiant, brilliant outlines of American scenery stand out in marked contrast. Mr. Rockefeller has the same impulse that inspired the famous Barbazon school. The art of Inness, Wyatt and Homer Martin and the spirit in which they portrayed American landscapes is apparent in his passion for trees. He loves landscape, but it must be American landscape—landscape on a grand, sweeping scale.

* * *

As we looked again across the hills down the noble Hudson there seemed to loom up in fancy the scenes of Mr. Rockefeller's early days, and how delightful it was to hear from his own lips little incidents and anecdotes that went to make up a unique career.

At the age of sixteen he left the Cleveland high school and attended commercial college to learn the A. B. C. of commercial transactions, and later for days and weeks he tramped about seeking a job, asking for a position "as a boy." Finally he took a position as a man in the house of Hewitt & Tuttle of Cleveland, Ohio, under the supervision of a book-keeper, who was a stern disciplinarian. The first three months netted him fifty dollars, the following year twenty-five dollars a month, and thus Mr. Rockefeller launched upon his business career. The influence of this business apprenticeship was of vital importance in after life. The lad became

practically a member of the firm, as he was taken into their confidence when important deals were considered, and had charge of auditing and paying all bills. Even in those days he reports a lively tussle over a plumber's bill about a yard long, but he won the fight, insisting that his "O. K." on a bill was the executive act which released his employer's money. In this work he became familiar with almost every sort of commodity, ranging from the famous marble of Vermont to pumpkins from the farms thereabouts. This experience came to him at an impressionable age. Unwilling to accept a seven hundred dollar annual salary he resigned his clerical position and resolved to start in business for himself. A young Englishman named Clark, with two thousand dollars, joined him as a partner, and young Rockefeller added one thousand dollars, which his father loaned him, to the money which he had saved. His father loaned the money at the rate of ten per cent as a strictly business transaction, and it was never allowed to become anything else.

The first bank loan he ever secured was from Mr. T. P. Handy, who had known him as a boy in the Cleveland schools and who loaned him two thousand dollars on his warehouse receipts. In later years Mr. Rockefeller was able to return this favor manifold to the friend of his early manhood. His strenuous efforts in those days to raise money on short notice for meeting emergencies have the thrill of romance, and are an inspiration to the young man in business today.

The organization of the Standard Oil Company is perhaps one of the most interesting events in the economic history of modern times. In knowing Mr. Rockefeller one can understand the vital and cohesive effort and hearty co-operation of the organization of which he was the master-mind. The practice of lunching together and talking over matters between all interested and responsible for results, developed a congenial intimacy that competitive assaults could not shatter.

More than one-half of the entire product of the Standard Oil Company is sold abroad, and its success in bringing into the United States a million dollars in gold every week in the year for scores of years

is certainly a record of industrial achievement. This represents money from foreign countries, paid for American products produced by American labor. Mr. Rockefeller modestly insists he never dreamed of the magnitude of its later expansion. In early days the oil business was considered hazardous. It made fortunes and lost them as quickly, and the consumer paid prices as fluctuating as the oil men's fortunes. Mr. Rockefeller resolved to put his business on a sound basis and eliminate waste and profligacy.

What a dramatic incident it was in Mr. Rockefeller's early life when the partners decided to dissolve and bid for the good will of the oil business, which became the nucleus of the Standard Oil Company. Each of the buyers insisting "It is naught" the sale proceeded. The bidding started at five hundred dollars, and this was the pivotal incident that decided John D. Rockefeller's career in the oil business. Mr. Rockefeller kept bidding until a figure of \$27,500 was reached, when he found himself the winner. He offered a cheque in full to the competing bidder. The reply was: "Never mind, John, I am glad to trust you for that. Settle at your convenience."

But this was only the beginning of the battle. Events which made history, such as the construction of the pipe lines, the purchase of the ore lands on the Mesaba range, and of nursing the commercially declining mining project and later the development of building more ships for transporting the ore through the Great Lakes, and finally selling out to the steel company, were touched upon modestly by the man whose brain planned and brought these projects through to success. Mr. Rockefeller weathered some severe financial strains in panics from '57 down to 1907 and his experiences of those days would furnish an invaluable text book for students of modern economics. The story of the oil business begins and ends with alert and aggressive American business initiative. A large portion of the dividends paid by Standard Oil represent the enhanced value of investments, sometimes compulsory and often of purchases made when values were low.

It all shows how simple have been the

plans that have wrought tremendous results. The one thing that Mr. Rockefeller often impresses on young men in his talks with them is to follow the established lines of high-minded dealing; and to keep to the broad and sure way, watching the natural operations of trade, keeping with-in them and not being lured by temporary or sharp advantages.

"Don't waste your effort on a thing which ends in a petty triumph, unless you are satisfied with a life of petty success," he says in well-weighed words. "Be sure that before you go into an enterprise you see your way clear to stay through to a successful end. Look ahead. It is surprising how many bright business men go into important undertakings with little or no study of the controlling conditions they risk their all upon."

He insists that the man who enters business life with the idea of merely getting rich will not succeed. He must have a larger ambition. There is no mystery in business success, it is only the evolution of sound judgment building up a character for fair dealing and unlimited confidence.

"That is the real capital we all work for," he has recorded. Each day's work successfully performed with a clear head, within the natural operations of commercial laws—this, insists John D. Rockefeller, is the method that will best meet modern conditions. In meeting him one can understand why he first urges young men not to lose their heads over a little success or to grow impatient and discouraged by a few failures.

* * *

It did not seem that I was chatting here so comfortably with one of the wealthiest men in the world. The arbitrary, purse-proud bearing which often accompanies the possession of even moderate wealth is not in the least apparent in the manner of Mr. Rockefeller. He is simplicity itself, though he is a deep philosopher. He takes life seriously, but he believes in good, old-fashioned commonsense methods—in keeping things well balanced and not depending on artificial conditions. There is no easy, short road to success, he says firmly. His general philosophy for a large, broad-gauged success does not begin with the idea of getting all you can from the

world by hook or by crook, whether you sell your own labor or are an independent producer.

The whole proposition as he sees it is thus summarized: "Where can I lend a hand in a way most effectively to advance general interest? When a man enters life and chooses a vocation he is going in the right direction toward success, insisting upon doing even one worthy thing better than any one else. Great fortunes have been made by performing far-reaching and far-sighted economic services by men who have had uncompromising faith in the future of their country, giving attention first and foremost to creating development. Commercial enterprises that are not needed fail." These are Mr. Rockefeller's words to young men. Calling attention to the unnecessary duplication of existing industries, he declares that money spent in increasing needless competition is worse than wasted, not only destroying the national prosperity but taking the bread from the laborer and unnecessarily introducing heartache and misery into the world. He asserts that the greatest single obstacle to progress and happiness of the American people lies in the willingness of so many men to invest their time and money in multiplying competitive industries, instead of opening up new fields, and putting their money into lines of industry and development that are needed. The type of man who creates the new, rather than follows the worn paths, commands his special admiration.

* * *

Mr. Rockefeller insists that the most generous people in the world are usually the very poor. The mother of ten will adopt the waif, while the childless choose the dogs. His tribute to the Jews and to the Catholic Church, for the work of their charitable institutions, shows his broad appreciation of good work and good deeds. He is an ardent champion of religion, and another side of his character is reflected in his own church work. He has been trustee of a Baptist church ever since he was eighteen years of age. At that time he insisted on raising the mortgage of two thousand dollars on the little mission church of which he was a member in early life and with a long, far-reaching arm

buttonholed the people at the door, interesting them in right methods of raising a debt.

In his church work are found reiterated in words and acts these simple axioms to young men: "Study your own affairs frankly and face the truth; if methods are extravagant realize the facts and act accordingly. One cannot successfully go against natural tendencies and laws." His thorough study of American business and analysis of character would stamp him as a philosopher, if his genius had not been directed into business channels.

His discussion on the art of giving dealt with a new phase of economics, for private fortunes have been given with unstinted generosity by the American millionaire for public purposes. Mr. Rockefeller recognizes that the only gratification in giving is to give where the heart prompts, which illuminates one system of modern philanthropy. He has insisted that the very rich cannot greatly increase their pleasure beyond moderate bounds, and that money lavished on fine raiment oftentimes brings nothing but public envy and ridicule. The joy and happiness of a kind impulse yields the largest permanent results to the largest possible number of people. He has pointed out that real giving is not what is usually called charity. An investment of time and money considered with relation to the result of employing people at remunerative wages and expanding the resources available and giving opportunity for progress and healthful independence where it did not previously exist is his first idea of a capitalist's duty. No mere giving of money is comparable to this in its lasting and beneficial results.

* * *

Up to 1890, following the old haphazard fashion of giving here and there as appeals presented themselves, Mr. Rockefeller's task almost resulted in a nervous breakdown. This is what compelled him, very fortunately, to take up outdoor work and golf. Making his way without sufficient guide or chart through the ever-widening field of philanthropic endeavor, he saw how impossible it was to continue without a well-defined and consecutive purpose. The needs in philanthropic work must be put on a practical basis. While it has been

remarked that Mr. Rockefeller does not believe in giving money to street beggars, yet it is well known that he does believe in doing something to relieve the situation which makes the street beggars. He goes to the root of things, dealing justly and humanly with the weak and unfortunate in giving them a chance to help themselves in a self-respecting and independent way. He has pointed out that good men and women wear out their lives in raising money to sustain institutions, that have been constructed by unskilled methods, and calls attention to how much more could be done if simple adjustments were made as required in ordinary business operations. The directorates of these associations for helpfulness will soon be formed of the flower of American manhood and womanhood of those who know not only how to accept gifts rightly but to administer wisely. As much care should be taken of the money spent in benefitting others as if it were a trust fund confided to the trust or guardian for the benefit of children, according to Mr. Rockefeller's ideas.

There was something of the same ring of enthusiasm and optimism found in the closing words of "Random Reminiscences" in what I heard Mr. Rockefeller say when making the drive for the last two holes on the links, that he was urging with all his power the organization of a Benevolent Trust. In this, one could readily see that the supreme ambition of his life lay in his suggestion of securing as directors men who will make it a life work to help manage practical benevolence, where it will be of enduring benefit to the largest number of people. The work of the General Education Board includes the consideration of the hundreds of letters that come every day appealing for money for widespread educational charities all over the country, which shows the necessity of the work of benevolence being systematized for permanent advantage to all the people. The value of dealing with organizations which gather all the facts to decide just where help can be applied to the best advantage, is the simple idea of the same genius that knew how to eliminate the waste of material, conserve energies and promote researches in business operations.

For the past ten years Mr. Rockefeller's interest has been especially centered in the Institute for Medical Research in New York City. The influence of this institute is, as already felt, world-wide, and the results are given as freely to the world as the air. The buildings tower on the high bluff over the East River on 66th Street and Avenue A in the very center of the metropolis, and overlook the rushing tides of the East River. Spacious grounds surround the impressive and substantial buildings. On the south side of the main building is the hospital, the only hospital in the country devoted exclusively to the purposes of research. The animal hospital flanks the main building on the north, and the grounds add a distinctive beauty to that section of New York.

Of all the institutions I have visited in New York, none have interested me more than the Institute of Medical Research. The work is being carried on for the progress of medical science and the preservation of human life, work which the government seems to overlook in eagerness to develop material progress and cultivate the popular classes for votes. In this Institute the various doctors and scientists of the staff concentrate their abilities upon the one subject before them with no thought of worry about fees or financial returns. In the vestibule, the signs indicating whether "in" or "out" are pushed back and forth indicating that they are making a serious everyday business of research, most of the time during working hours of the day or night. These eminent men are in the laboratories and various departments, with apparatus and facilities at hand equal to the demands made in these swift moving days for the research of problems whose solution will add to the health and life of the millions who are affected with disease, but more than that to give warning and assistance as to how to keep well.

Mr. Rockefeller related the story of one little girl from New Jersey whose life was saved at the Institute and seemed to feel that in saving this one life the work of the Institute would be repaid and further would multiply its field of usefulness because all humanity is given the fruits of research.

Mr. Rockefeller's tribute to Dr. Simon Flexner in discovering a serum for cerebrospinal meningitis and to Dr. Alexis Carrel, who received the Nobel prize this year, shows that he has the same keen perception in selecting men for scientific research, as in business responsibilities. His fundamental belief is that people who are educated to help themselves, develop that self-reliance and independence which is the inherent pride of the American.

* * *

While spending even a few hours with John D. Rockefeller, one is never reminded that he is associating with one who possesses great wealth, but rather one begins to understand how in the very simplicity and directness of his thought, plans and actions, Mr. Rockefeller has already left

an impress upon his times that marks an epoch in the evolution of business and the progress of civilization, that must be reckoned with by the historian in a cool and dispassionate examination of facts and achievements free from emotions and the envy and fear that necessarily follow the contemplation of great fortunes. He began life in the times when opportunities presented themselves, and he "took them by the forelock" as the old Grecian saying goes, and turned the resources of a great nation, not like Midas into streams of gold, but into institutions, ideals and purposes that will have a sweeping and enduring influence upon the future.

My day with John D. Rockefeller gave me a more profound respect and appreciation for the men and the times in which we live.

ASHES

ALONE, on the birdless barrens,
Alone by a southern sea,
The ghosts of the days that have vanished
Come scurrying back to me.

Then a face on my memory flashes
Like the flash of a falling star,
When I'm flicking the fading ashes
From the end of a good cigar.

Life's spring, with its buds of promise,
Life's summer, with rose of June;
But the buds, they burst so early,
And the roses die o'er soon.

A rustle of silk and laces,
The wind of a passing car,
Then gray are the once glad faces,
Like the ash of my good cigar.

—"Songs of Cy Warman."

The FIVE HUNDRED Clarence DOLLAR by Buddington Kelland MAN Author of "The Passenger's Dog," "The Dressed Up Feller," Etc.

FIVE hundred dollars for a husband," remarked Chet Sparling, looking over the top of his paper to take in the gathering in Snub Smith's grocery store. "Here's a woman offerin' that ee-normous sum for one she's had the bad luck to mislay."

"Five hundred?" asked Lem Grove skeptically. "Did you say five hundred?"

"Don't seem possible, does it?" agreed Chet. "It's quotin' a higher rate than prevails on the local market."

"I'll bet," delivered Snub Smith with solemnity preternatural, "that Lem's wife would give a heap more'n that to git him back if he strayed away."

If Snub's reputation as a wag had not been set and cemented by a life devoted to quip-making, this sally would have raised him above all rivals for humorous fame. It was admitted to be his masterpiece. The counter was pounded, fingers were thrust under ribs, backs were slapped, men rocked to and fro as they sat on potato barrel or cracker box, and hoarse, appreciative laughter rolled out of the door and up the street.

The point of Snub's witticism lay in the circumstance that Lem was married to the local financier, the Hetty Green of Eagle township, who owned mortgages and loaned money and preserved her income as though it were her life's blood. Lem represented her one poor investment, and long ago she had charged him off to profit and loss. She was content to admit his negative qualities as an income pro-

ducer, or as a producer of any kind whatever, and was resigned to support him in idleness if not in luxury.

Lem joined in the laugh with hearty good will, taking no offence. He had no pride to be injured, and besides he knew that more than one of his friends regarded his laborless life with envy.

"You fellows don't see me breakin' my back follerin' a plow," he said pertinently.

But he began to wonder what his wife would do in conditions akin to those stated in the paper. Would she offer a reward for him and how much? Sarah was kind to him in her way and provided for his daily needs and a little tobacco over, but would she regard his disappearance as a loss to be regretted? Would she consider it worth hard money to have him back? Lem regarded the question dubiously and it began vaguely to trouble him.

"I'd like to find that fellow," Chet Sparling announced solemnly when a degree of quiet obtained. "Wouldn't I have a time with five hundred? Wouldn't I, though? Think of it, fellows, five hundred dollars to spend any way you wanted to."

Lem thought as directed, and the idea was pleasant. He lacked for no necessity, and most of his small desires were within his reach, but he, for the first time, bemoaned that his wife allowed him to handle no sum of money in excess of a dollar, and seldom larger than a quarter. He longed to know the sensation of fingering hundreds. Just once would be enough. He

felt that if he could have the absolute control of five hundred dollars or even two hundred and fifty he would ask no more. Then he could boast; he could take place beside the village banker and speak of the time he disbursed tens and twenties and maybe fifties. The longer he thought of it, the more alluring did the idea become. He forgot his companions, his dream blotted out the grocery store, and he revelled in a tremendous orgy of money-spending. Not a purchase was made under five dollars, and if the cost did come a few cents below he saw himself grandly waving the vendor to keep the change. It was glorious.



"I ain't reckonin' you as a asset to be hid from the tax assessor"

He ambled home, turning the matter over and over, peering at all its sides. Assure himself he could not that his wife would regard his loss as a calamity, not that she would consider his recovery a thing for which to spend her money. Sarah was an astute shopper. He suspected she would let him stay lost forever and ever amen unless somebody offered to return him at bargain rates. It was depressing, humiliating. His half-portion of self-esteem was injured.

In un wonted silence he sat through the evening meal, at which his wife was mildly surprised, for usually he was all abristle with gossip and anecdote gleaned at the store. At last he wiped his mous-

tache on the back of his hand, looked soberly at her and spoke.

"Sairy," he propounded with a gravity worthy of the question, "be I worth much to you?"

"Well," she calculated dryly, "I ain't reckonin' you as a asset to be hid from the tax assessor."

"I know I ain't much good carryin' on business, and my health ain't robust enough to work hard" (this was his favorite bit of fiction), "but I've done the best I knowed how to be a good husband to you, Sairy, and not git in the way nor mess up things, and I'm real fond of you. Ain't you fond of me a little, Sairy?"

"What's gittin' into the man?" exclaimed his wife, staring at him fixedly. "Sure I'm fond of you, or I wouldn't have you around. If it ain't affection that makes me hang onto you, then I'd like to know what it is." Evidently she regarded him in the light of a pet cat or canary.

"I seen in the paper where a woman lost her husband and offered five hundred dollars reward to anybody that would bring him back." He stated this tentatively.

"Nobody around Eagle, was it?" Sarah asked dryly.

"I was wonderin'," ventured Lem after a pause, "if you'd offer a reward for me if I was to disappear mysterious."

"I ain't sure," she snapped, "but I'd offer one to make you disappear."

"Would you?" he insisted.

"I don't know what I'd do in a case that ain't happened. Maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't."

"How much?" demanded Lem.

"If I offered to pay what you was worth the man that found you would owe me money," she said with a glint of grim humor in her eyes.

"Sairy," whined Lem, "I'm feelin' my age and I'm ailin'. There's no tellin' how much longer I'll last." He sighed in deep sympathy with the self he pictured. "I guess I could go a lot easier in my mind, Sairy, if I knew you set some value on me. It 'ud make my burden easier to carry if I knew you'd be sorry to lose me. I'm goin' to make a last request, Sairy, just like I was dyin' this minnit. I make it now cause maybe I'd forgit it when the time comes. I want you to promise me,

Sairy, that if I ever vanish complete and mystifying', you'll offer a reward for my return, dead or alive. Will you do it, Sairy?"

"What ails the man?" she repeated. "Be you feelin' bad? Ain't you got your usual health?"

"A feller never knows what the next day will bring forth," he moaned lugubriously. "Will you make that there promise?"

"I guess I want you around bad enough to pay to git you back if you was lost," she conceded.

"How much?" he insisted. "Five hundred?"

"It 'ud depend on circumstances. Maybe so."

"This here is a last request," he reminded her. "I got a forebodin'."

"Go 'long," Sarah rejoined sharply, but because she had a sort of affection for her worthless spouse she was willing to humor him in what she put down as a childish whim. "Yes," she promised, "I'll offer five hundred."

A contented sigh voiced Lem's appreciation. He felt that his position among men was established. He had a money value; he almost considered himself legal tender.

Long he laid awake that night entertained by the felicity of his speculations. They carried him far; he saw himself lost, mourned, frantically sought for. He watched his wife distracted, heard her crying out for him. He stared at the posted notice of reward, and grateful to his ears were the comments of the crowd at the grocery. He listened while they marvelled that such store should have been set by him; they appreciated his merit for the first time. He was a personage.

He heard the men clustered around the placard assure each other that it was no mistake—that it certainly was five hundred, not five or fifty dollars that was offered for his return. He did not sleep, in fact he exercised effort to remain awake the longer to enjoy the sensation of having a market price, an inventoried value.

Soon his dreams turned off the main road and dallied along a by-path. The five hundred dollars filled his mind; he impersonated his preserver, counted the

easily-won wealth, revelled in spending it. The noble satisfaction of possessing such a sum was not to be described. He began to envy his rescuer, to covet the treasure. Then a desire crystallized, a driving desire to have five hundred dollars of his very own. Again and again he repeated the wish for the sake of mouthing the words.

He began to plan, to scheme, to search for some method which would harvest these riches for him. Outlining a financial campaign, however, was labor to which he was little accustomed; it fatigued his brain, his eyelids bore down heavily and he fell asleep.

II

Next morning Lem was up and stirring early. Life had changed its gray for colors, and he looked on it with eyes that glistened. His daily Hegira from the radius of his wife's tongue to the welcome purlieus of Snub Smith's store was advanced by hours, and he was first on hand of all the idlers who there made headquarters. He had a disclosure to make.

Impatient as he was, he would not spring his mine until a goodly gathering was there to be hoisted by the explosion, so he waited. One by one they straggled in, each taking his long pre-empted place on cracker barrel, counter or soap-box, until Lem deemed that sufficient were present to make his sensation worth his while. He cleared his throat and prepared to dive headlong into the conversational pool. He began with a question.

"D' you fellows think there's a man in this town that his wife would give five hundred dollars to git back if he was lost?"

"Not one," grinned Snub, "unless it's you."

"This here's a serious question I'm askin'," rebuked Lem. "D'you s'pose there *is* such a man?"

"Wa-al," mused Chet Sparling, "even if Missis S. had so much gen-u-ine, un-adulterated cash, I ain't makin' no prophecy that she'd lay it out in that *i*-dential manner."

Constable Higgins agreed that, while his disappearance would leave a void, five hundred dollars would be regarded as an exorbitant price to pay for filling it.

This made the verdict unanimous. Lem stood alone; he of all the men in Eagle

represented an actual, determined money value to his wife of half a thousand dollars. It was a proud moment.

From his soda box he reached over and rapped knuckles on the show-case. The authority of the proceeding won him undivided and unaccustomed attention.

"Boys," he said pompously, "there is a man. Yes, sir, and I'm him. If I was lost, Sairy would be tickled to death to give five hundred to git me back. She told me so." He had expelled the whole in one breath, rapidly.

In silence his audience gazed on him; perhaps for a space they failed to comprehend; then with one accord they threw back heads and guffawed until the lamp hanging in its wire basket toppled and threatened to come crashing down. Lem stared, choked, stood on his feet and opened his mouth in dumb amazement. Could it be possible here at the moment of his success, the crisis of his life, the climax of his ambitions, he was not credited. His announcement had met with unbelief. Lem's hour of glory gasped and died.

"She said it," he repeated huskily, turning from one to another of the jeering faces in the vain hope of detecting a flicker of credence, but laughter unsubiding, in crescendo broke in waves over him. Snatched from his pinnacle he turned, head sunk on breast, shoulders hunched forward disconsolately, and went out without another word.

Lem dragged one leg after another wearily. His bright day was dimmed; his gold was dross. He had come bearing a wonder, a story water-marked with truth, and it had been disbelieved. They thought that he, Lem Grove, had lied to them. Because he knew that he would have lied about this very matter if there had been a chance of convincing. But he had forborne to veer from truth; had sacrificed to veracity, and when he could come truly speaking they had laughed in his face. He might as well have lied; he might as well have told them that his wife valued him at a *thousand* dollars.

"They got to believe it," he rasped at last, striking his open palm with emphatic fist. "They got to."

From that hour he gave thought to the convincing of the grocery store coterie.

He absented himself from their midst and pondered how best to prove his assertion past all peradventure. The best evidence, the final proof, would be the actual occurrence—his disappearance and the public proclamation of the reward. But, he thought despairingly, he would never disappear; nobody would ever kidnap *him*. And if he were to drown himself in the mill-race he could not be present to enjoy the glory of it in person. No, this would never do. He must be on the spot to benefit by the bull movement which it would give to his stock.

Little by little the idea grew from the desire. Lem's ruling passion for vindication forced his brain, little used to stratagems, to devise a scheme. Slowly it erected itself. Almost without his knowledge it added head and limbs to trunk and stood before him complete. The plan was to lose himself, to go into hiding. Then the reward would be offered; he would live to witness it, and his commercial value as a merchandisable husband would be established in the open market by the working of the immutable law of supply and demand. He would be acknowledged as a five-hundred-dollar man.

Five hundred dollars! What a magnificent sum! What wealth! What joy to possess it! to be master of it. Lem envied his finder, coveted his good fortune. Brooding over this worked upon him to attach an amendment to his original scheme that would make it possible for him to reap not only the credit for possessing a wifely affection price-marked five hundred dollars, but also to bag the money itself. This required a confederate, and he took stock of the inhabitants of Eagle, weighing each male to test if he were of the stuff of conspirators, and calculating the expense of suborning him. He decided on Tully Crane, sexton of the Methodist Church, and grave digger for the deceased of that sect.

He approached Tully deviously, sounding him as to finances, testing his moral fiber—at last stating with circumstance a hypothetical case. Tully agreed that in such an instance he would not consider that a wrong was being committed, but on the contrary, that money obtained from a wife by any means was virtuously gained.

This soothed Lem's conscience, coming as it did from one of indisputably sound theology and churchly connection; in short from the last connecting link between the finite and infinite worlds, the functionary who prepared the grave and consigned the mortal remains to its temporary resting place therein.

Tully reckoned he would help a man with such a plot for one hundred dollars. Lem scoffed. Tully acknowledged that an actual offer of fifty would tempt him sorely.

"Sexton," said Lem impressively, "this here is a actual case. I'm the man and my wife is the woman, and her five hundred dollars is the money. I'll give you twenty-five dollars of that reward if we can git it."

Tully accepted after a futile attempt to increase his honorarium to thirty-five. So the machination was set afoot, well-oiled, well-conceived.

To Lem it bowed under its weight of promise.

That night Lem sighed deeply and frequently, groaned sorely, complained of pains and aches, prophesied dissolution. "I ain't long for this world," he told his wife. "I feel it in my bones that the end is comin' suddin, Sairy."

"Pshaw," snapped the lady.

"Maybe I'll wander off somewheres and have a stroke," he moaned, imagining skilfully. "It might be in the woods or off in some lonely place where I wouldn't be found for weeks." He let this take effect. Now he deemed was the time to renew his advanced last request. "You won't forgit about that reward, will you, Sairy? Seems like I could contemplate my end easler if I knew you was goin' to show me that there final respect. You'll remember, won't you?"

Sarah was affected in spite of herself; she imagined that Lem might be actually ailing, and because she could detect no ulterior motive she humored him. "I'll remember, sure, if anything happens," she assured him. Whereupon Lem, satisfied, went to bed.

He dared not put his plot into execution until the recollection of his persistence in

proffering his last request was dimmed a little in his wife's mind. He waited a week, two weeks, and could bear it no longer. So he dropped from sight completely.

III

When Lem failed to come home to supper his wife was surprised, for Lem was not one of those who deny their appetites, but not alarmed. She predicated an argument at the store or a strolling vendor of medicine who entertained his poten-



"I'll give you twenty-five dollars of that reward if we can git it"

tial customers by maunching broken glass or plucking coins out of the air. However, when bedtime came and he failed to appear she became mildly alarmed in spite of her efforts to reassure herself. As the hours passed with no sign of him, she began to recall his forebodings, his complaints of failing health, his fears of a stroke, and in genuine fright she hurried over to Dunk Elmslee's and raised the alarm.

Eagle had waited years for a sensation or even a happening that fond imagination could expand into one, and Dunk

recognized that it had come. Hurriedly, lest someone should forestall him, he dashed over to Constable Higgins' with the news. Thence, like released gas, the tidings spread through the village, and in an unbelievable short time a crowd of men in various stages of excitement, real and spurious, gathered at Snub Smith's store, and with Constable Higgins at their head, formed a searching party with formality and seriousness.

Constable Higgins had been devoting his leisure to the reading of yellow-backs to master the methods of great detectives. Recently he had taken a post-graduate course in Sherlock Holmes, and all against just such an emergency as this. He felt that he was equipped to take his place as the man of the hour.

"Come," he said with a wave of the hand, "we'll go to the home of the murdered man. We got to begin there to search for traces, and I want to interview that wife of his'n." He drew out a large reading glass which he had purchased from a peddler, with the idea of using it to make microscopic investigations of such phenomena as scratches, pipe-ashes, promiscuous hairs, shreds of texture, to run down astounding clues. This he wiped carefully.

As the searchers approached Lem's house Sexton Crane joined the party. Manifestly he labored under excitement.

"Poor Lem," he gasped, trembling visibly.

"What d'you know about Lem?" demanded the constable.

"Poor Lem," repeated the sexton. "I seen him about six o'clock down by Hayse's wood-lot. He was talkin' to a tramp-lookin' person—makin' motions and arguin'. The last I seen they was turnin' off the road among the trees."

Here was a disclosure indeed. "Come," shouted Constable Higgins dramatically, "show me the i-dential spot."

"It's a mystery," explained the constable as they hurried forward. "Probably somethin' out of his past. Maybe he was a member of some Black Hand or counterfeitin' gang and they've come to take vengeance onto him." The idea met with instant favor.

There was no sleep in Eagle that night. Lanterns bobbed to and fro through the

darkness, searchers shouted hoarsely to one another, the mill-race was dragged, couriers dashed up to Mrs. Grove's door to report lack of progress, and that lady of finances discovered what a good, faithful, helpful husband Lem had been.

"His last wish," she told the assembled condoling matrons, "was for a reward. He wanted I should offer five hundred dollars to git him back if he ever come to disappear, poor man, and him probably lyin' in some lonely spot with a stroke, and he shouldn't have had nothin' to do with tramps, but was always that good-natured and obligin', and I'll have John Denny print the reward in the *Observer*, and put up cards all over town with it on."

This pious fulfillment of last request was carried out to the letter. It required a day to set up and print the placards, so that they came out contemporaneously with an inflated edition of the *Observer* on Thursday, which carried a highly-seasoned story of the unaccountable vanishing of one of Eagle's best-known and most distinguished citizens—a gentleman of large interests and wide influence, broad mind and great accomplishments—whose loss would be felt by all.

Lem had waited forty-eight hours for this moment—in the loft of his own barn. As frequently as safety would permit, Sexton Crane had stolen in to him with news and descriptions of the furore he had caused. Lem was happy. But when the sexton appeared with a copy of the *Observer* in one hand and the placard in the other, Lem renewed his youth and would have demeaned himself with noise and lack of dignity but for the propinquity of his dwelling and of Sarah.

"Be them cards stuck up around town?" he asked beamingly.

"They be," assured the sexton, "dozens and dozens of them."

"I wish," mused Lem plaintively, "that I could git a look at one of 'em with the crowd a-standin' around it."

"You can't," growled the sexton, with an eye to the safety of his investment. "You'd be seen."

"Are they searchin' for me?" demanded Lem.

"Searchin'," exclaimed the sexton with scorn. "Lem Grove, them fool people is

lookin' for you under every dead leaf in the county. Some of them must reckon you ain't no bigger'n a sparrer the places they're pokin' into. I seen Constable Higgins lookin' up the waterspout of the Baptis' church with his glass; said some powerful criminal might ha' poked you up there."

"Gosh," breathed Lem, sweetly satisfied.

"When you a-goin' to be found?"

"Let her simmer a bit. I hate to sp'ile it. If I was to come out now it would bust up all the excitement, and I got public spirit, Sexton Crane, I have."

"But somebody might stumble onto you, and then what?"

This view troubled Lem a little, but the glory already his far outweighed the possibility of money reward to come. He was satisfied. However, the sexton convinced him that extreme caution was best. "I got a equity into you," said he, "and I ain't a-goin' to be done out of my hard-earned money."

Leaving Lem alone with the *Observer* and the placard, the sexton slunk away. Lem fastened the notice on the wall conspicuously and every time his eyes rested on it, which was not infrequently, he felt that his height had been added to and that he was as good a man as the town could boast, an equal of the banker, on a par with the justice of the peace. He felt almost that he might stand unabashed in the very presence of his wife.

The placard was a temptation. In itself it was not enough; Lem must see his neighbors standing in excited groups before it. He knew the risk, but what was five hundred dollars when set against a sight like that? He would drink it in if he were caught the next moment. He determined to make the effort next night, which was Saturday, and when the town would be full of farmers from the surrounding country, when there would be throngs to hear of and discuss the wonder.

"I'm more important right now than the President of this here U-nited States," Lem told himself, and so far as Eagle was concerned, he was right.

He took what precautions were possible.

First he donned a disgraceful, dilapidated old suit which had been thrown away in a corner of the barn, then he found an old slouch hat which would pull far down over his face, and he took an extra measure which he considered absolute insurance against recognition—he wrapped a handkerchief around his face and tied it above his head as though he suffered from mumps or toothache. Thus equipped he sallied forth looking very much like a tramp.



He felt almost that he might stand unabashed in the very presence of his wife

IV

There was a crowd in town, an unusual crowd attracted by the tragedy. It gathered before Snub Smith's grocery, it congregated on the hotel porch; it foregathered on corners and surged around inhabitants who were willing to devote their time to narration. Lem joined a group of the latter to hear what was said about him. Chet Sparling was telling the tale.

"One of our leading citizens, gentlemen. A man we were proud of and loved. Yes, sir, there wasn't a better business head nor a more farsighted feller in town.

Everybody went to Lem Grove to find out how he ought to vote. He should have been sent to the legislature by this here district, he ought." There was more of it and repetitions. Lem revelled in it, he squirmed with joy and nodded his head in confirmation of the statements. Mentally he was a cat in ecstasies over a bunch of the catnip of public adulation—post-mortem opinion.

"I never knew it," he told himself ruefully. "I might just as well have gone to the legislature as not. Somehow I ain't never half appreciated myself."

He flitted from group to group, attracting no attention in the general bustle and flurry. He paused before placards, he refreshed his soul.

"They suspect a tramp-lookin' feller," said a stranger, "and if he gits caught he'll dangle to the end of a rope."

Lem was gratified. The miscreant deserved it.

Constable Higgins made his appearance, comporting himself in stately manner as the hero of the hour should do. He condescended, he was affable, knowing, silent discreetly or wisely talkative. Clues, mysteries, suspicions, these oozed from his very pores. At intervals he drew his reading glass from his pocket and polished it conspicuously on his handkerchief.

Every strange face he scrutinized professionally. When his restless eyes perceived Lem scooting from group to group, engrossed in every word, his detective intuition gave a sharp click. He followed. Certainly Lem was a tramp-looking person, and Constable Higgins deduced at once that here was the criminal, drawn back by the inevitable attraction which emanates from the scene of the crime. In an instant his decision to apprehend the villain was made.

Stealthily he approached his quarry, nearer and nearer. At last he was within reach and with a tremulo yell he seized Lem by the arm.

"I arrest you for the murder of Lem Grove," he cried shrilly.

Lem started violently, then he knew that he was not recognized as himself, but was seen as his own slayer. Cold, crawly hand caressed his spine. He thought of ropes, of trees, and of himself dangling between sky and sword. Too

terrified to disclose himself, he broke away with a squeak of terror and dashed up the street.

Constable Higgins raised the hue and cry. Giving voice, the mob gathered and roared after the flying Lem. His bulging, fear-dilated eyes told him he was losing ground and he squealed affrightedly. "Sairy, Sairy," he cried.

Unerringly the homing instinct carried the fugitive. He flew to his dwelling and wife for sanctuary and protection. Sarah would not see him harmed. And still the mob thundered after, nearer, nearer. His breath whistled from his bursting lungs, his rheumatic muscles protested, he could hold out little longer. But home was at hand. Shrieking loudly for Sarah, he stumbled up the steps and backed against the door. The leaders of the populace were at his heels, were upon him hungrily, rejoicing in the event. As their hands clutched him, Lem raised his voice in one last, despairing shout for his wife.

Then the door opened and Sarah stood on the threshold, uncomprehending, startled. For an instant the men fell away from Lem and left him standing alone.

"We got him," shouted a voice. "He's the murderer."

"I ain't neither," panted Lem huskily. "There ain't no murder. Nobody killed Lem Grove. I'm him—I'm Lem."

His wife pushed back his hat, snatched the bandage from his face and let her arms fall weakly at her sides.

"Well, I vum, Lem Grove," she exclaimed, "what in time have you been a-doin'?"

Lem thought quickly—he was inspired.

"I escaped," he said boldly. "They kept me for days and days, starvin' me, but I got away. I beat 'em."

With renewed interest the mob gathered around him to catch his story, which was marvellous indeed and worthy of commendation as a good, serviceable narration of something that never happened invented on the spot. It was hair-raising.

A little, stooping figure wormed its way to the hero's side. A shaking hand tweaked his sleeve and a rancorous voice hissed in his ear. "I'll thank you for that twenty-five, Lem Grove. You gimme it, or I'll tell on you. I'll sue you."

Lem was inspired again. "You open your peeper, Sexton Crane," he hissed fiercely, "and I'll declare you was one of them miscreants that kidnapped me. You'll dangle to the end of a rope." It was effectual.

At last he was able to escape from the ovation and find seclusion in the house. For a time he eyed Sarah apprehensively, but evidently she was without suspicion. He chuckled.

"I'm much obliged to you, Sairy, for offerin' that there reward," he said without fear. Then after a time, "You can't say I'm no good to you now, Sairy. Hain't I saved you five hundred dollars by out-wittin' them ruthless outlaws?" Then to himself he muttered, "I guess I'm some-

body in this town now, I rather guess so—and I showed them fellows, too."

He had shown them. He had gained fame, standing. He was a public character, pointed to, boasted of. Nobody laughed at him now, his past was forgotten and men sought openly for his friendship.

Lem was not without perception.

"I'll run for justice of the peace," he declared.

Which he did, and no candidate dared oppose him. His decisions are regarded as oracular; he is an ornament to the bench where his first-hand knowledge of criminals makes him doubly valuable.

Nobody would dream now of denying that he is a five-hundred-dollar man.

THE OLD STONE WALL

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

ACROSS the windy hill
And down the gentle valley,
Where the wind is hushed and still
And pleasant waters dally,
Marked by the stains of countless rains
Green moss and ivy clothing all—
Stretches out my grandsire's work—
The old stone wall!

How often when a boy—
When summer days were sunny—
I sat with idle joy
And ate my bread and honey.
High o'erhead the white clouds sped,
I heard the black crows caw and call—
Oh, what a cooling shade it gave—
The old stone wall.

And then one starry night
The old home I was leaving,
And life for me looked bright;
And my sweet lass was grieving.
"Do not weep, my troth I'll keep,"
I said to her, "whate'er befall."
And so we kissed and parted by
The old stone wall.

DISPARITY

By

Frank H.

Cross

WITHOUT doubt the girl was ugly, but she had a quiet, gripping way of saying what she thought and of doing the right thing well. One could not be inattentive when she spoke; she was always the principal figure wherever she went. Some said she had poise; some said she was the real and only gentlewoman; but all admitted it was a pleasure to be with her and to talk to her.

The Puppy Idealist prides himself on his scorn of outward beauty; he seeks the soul; the inner temple, from whence shines the radiant spirit of womanhood. There is a puppy idealist in this story as well as a gentlewoman. Mind you the gentlewoman was a stenographer in the District Manager's office—so the intelligent reader will at once conclude that she is his countrywoman. Her name was Henrietta Guck. A disadvantage, this name; it might dispar anyone from social contact on the grounds! [of its bad effect at introduction. Tom Stoddard, the puppy idealist, imagined it might be changed to good advantage. But he had a prejudice.

Henrietta had rejoiced with Tom that time he discarded his knickers for a long-pants tailored serge, and she used to pat him on the head and send him on errands. But Tom grew up; he grew up so fast that Henrietta used to laugh an apology for patting his brown curls; and when he was promoted to the invoice desk she shook his hand instead.

Tom read a lot of books. He found it most interesting to chat about them to Henrietta during noon-hour, when there was no one there to guy him about his youthful admiration for her. For this reason he carried his lunch to the office, instead of going out to the German restaurant at twelve.

Henrietta had taken lunch in the office longer than most of the clerks could remember.

Of course there was a big, handsome man of twenty-eight, who thought he was the whole show for Henrietta; there is one of these villains in every proper story. He was in the habit of talking over Tom's head, and for this reason Tom didn't like him. Anyhow, he was one of those practical fellows who



He found it most interesting to chat about them to Henrietta during noon-hour

say things from the newspaper point of view.

"I don't see why you let that fellow talk to you, Miss Henrietta," said Tom.

"Why, Tom, my dear boy, that's all he can do."

"Well said. Bully for you, Miss Heine." This was a name permitted only to Tom of his sex. He had been sent on an errand once and told to say he was sent by Heine. The name was promptly snapped up by Tom, and he was permitted to use it after some slight remonstrance. "It's such a nice, homely name," he had said. "And



Showed him into a reception hall, along whose sides were many closets with stout iron gates

Guck such a discouraging one," she had returned.

"Certainly a name that does not promise such a fine girl"—at which his ears were mildly boxed.

The plot thickens with the man of twenty-eight. It solves with the boy of eighteen.

The man's name was Rosco Bridges. A strong name this—a name of effect. Rosco filled the office of chief clerk at a hundred dollars a month, while Tom was just priding himself on his late fifty.

The tale leads into the dance hall, where Henrietta has invited Tom. Tom is proud of his trust. In fact he insists on standing the expenses, and Henrietta laughingly concedes and promptly economizes by declining to hear of refreshments and candy. Tom, at a loss what tactics to pursue, is silently looking at her, where they stand a little out of the crowd, when Rosco Bridges appears, bows gallantly and engages Henrietta in sparkling conversation to the exclusion of Tom, who, however, occasionally receives a reassuring look from his charge.

Rosco turned around and seeing Tom as though for the first time, said generously, "Here, boy, run down for some candy!"

"What?" cried Tom.

"I say run down for some candy," repeated Rosco, producing a dollar bill.

"Go yourself. Do you think we're at the office?"

"Don't be impudent, boy," said Bridges, frowning.

"Impudent, nothing," returned Tom, now red as fire, "I'm with Miss Guck—Come, Miss Heine," he said, holding out his arm and stepping toward her. Bridges interposed his outstretched arm, and Tom ran against it with his face. "Damn you," he cried, lashing out with his fist. Bridges doubled up and in that attitude received a swift left to the face. There was a scuffle, during which Miss Guck disappeared and a policeman took her place. He offered an arm apiece to Tom and Rosco and escorted them downstairs to the green box on the telegraph-pole. Further, the officer called an official automobile known as the "hoodlum" and conveyed them forthwith to an imposing structure in the twelfth district.

And here is shown the glaring fallacy of so-called equal rights. In this country you are placed at a certain monetary value. You are worth an amount of money greater with the magnitude of your crime. For instance, a street-fighter is worth two hundred dollars; a safe-blower, two thousand; and a bigamist or an embezzler a varying amount according to social or commercial prestige. An honest man is worth nothing, because he is as common as dung.

Bridges went his own bond. Tom Stoddard couldn't. Had he known that

he could purchase his liberty for a trifle from the district bondsman, all would have been easy. But he didn't know, so an animated statue in blue and buttons showed him into a reception hall, along whose sides were many closets with stout iron gates. He glanced stupidly at the inmates, as they walked the length of the hall. The imperturbable officer unlocked an iron gate and let him into a vault next door to a six-foot negro. The gate clanged, the lock shot, and Master Tom was in the custody of the city elders. He sat down and contemplated the floor.

Suddenly a great volume of melody arose from the next cell, and Tom came to his senses with a start. The six-foot negro was singing:

"O Lovie Joe dat evah lovin' man

F'um 'way down home in Buhmunham."

It awakened in Tom a start of abnormal gaiety. He thrust out his heels, stuck his hands down in his pockets, and made the accompaniment, whistling low and musically. The negro was elated. He yelled out, "Go to it, bo'!" and go to it they did—over and over again.

"An' when ah heah dat weddin' march so gran'

Ah wanna get a weddin' ban',
Take it to the preachah man—"

A homely face peered through the gate, and Tom stopped, with his lips still puckered. It was Henrietta Guck. Of all people in the world she was the last he could have expected to see in the police station. He little knew her. She had come to see him through, realizing the difficulties from the first. She came like sunshine to a gamin. She came like the first blush of dawn—a plain dawn though it might be. And she; she had timidly ventured in, asked for her sinner, and lo, she had found him on his bench, head back, heels thrust out, whistling at the ceiling of his vault. She had expected to find him with his head bowed down, huddled in a corner. But as we know a touch of nature—animal nature—had made the prisoners kin.

But of Tom: that youth, after gazing at his redeemeress and wondering if there was aught more loyal in God's lot, had found a level understanding and thrust both hands through the bars in a fervent

clasp of hers—for gratitude and awe. The officer unlocked the gate.

As they passed the negro's niche, that swarthy optimist hailed Tom through the bars, saying, "Once moh, pahtner, 'foh you go." And together they executed the chorus of "Lovie Joe" in full swing:

"O Lovie Joe dat evah lovin' man

F'um 'way down home in Buhmunham—"

Officers, sergeant and telephone boy all came to listen, grinning their silent plaudits.

Henrietta signed Tom's bond, and off they went together, his summons to appear in police court the next day giving immediate way to subjects of steel true and hour of need. Tom didn't know she was a property owner. He told her so. She said, "Tut, lad, I'm thirty. I've been working for thirteen years."

The puppy idealist kissed her hand at her door, at which Heine—he said Heine, Good-night, Heine—laughed a nervous little laugh, and quite out of keeping with her thirty years of cumulative wisdom, sighed audibly.

II

Tom burst in upon his widowed mother and found her weeping out of anxiety for his long absence. It was midnight. He sat down and recounted the night's adventures, whereupon that genteel lady cried some more. Her tears, however, gave way to sudden consternation when her son declared he loved Heine—"dear old Heine." She thought she saw something in his brown eyes that induced her to take him seriously. But then there was always something in Tom's eyes. At any rate she tucked him into bed that night as she had always done when he was a very small boy—and to the shrewd human-naturalist this fact could not but point to a faith in the intuition.

The trial came off. Judge Boland, close-cropped, ungroomed, glared over his glasses at the close of the evidence, glared over his glasses at the self-assured Bridges. Then his eyes dwelt kindly on the brown-curved Tom. A compass of twenty seconds was occupied thus: then he straightened in the bench with a jerk and shouted, "Bridges, twenty-five dollars and costs. Stoddard, discharged."

Tom smiled at the old Judge, and whenever Tom smiled everybody smiled. The

Court scowled down on the desk, looked up again over the spectacle-rims, repeated this maneuver twice—and, and—why, to be frank, the court smiled too.

Bridges "coughed up," as we say.

Tom was already at his desk when Bridges arrived at the office. He said nothing, and Tom felt relieved. At noon he telephoned his mother and told her the result of the trial; then he went over to Henrietta's desk and had a chat with her on the day's pertainings. He apologized meekly for having caused the dis-

He said, "We shall not need you after tonight, boy." And Tom answered smoothly, "All right." Henrietta scanned his face anxiously as he came back to his desk. She had expected it. But Tom's handsome features showed no perturbation. He cleared his desk immediately and went home, after telling Heine he would call her up that evening.

The first thing he did was to show his mother the photograph of Heine. His mother said, "Goodness, how plain she is."

"Nature seldom stores brains behind a pretty face," quoted Tom from a fellow who signs himself "F. H. C." in the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

"By the token," said mother, "you would not be very well equipped with gray-matter."

Tom laughed, "Rattat, Ma'am, I inherited both from you."

"You'll do," quoth Ma'am.

Then he told her he was fired. Instead of the despair he had anticipated she just said, "what odds?"

"What odds?" he echoed. "Why, fifty dollars a month odds."

"Bridges discharged you, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, Bridges doesn't know who hired you."

"Who did?"

"You know of Conrad Powell?"

"V. P. G. M.?"

"Yes; the Vice-President and General Manager worked up through the division with your father, who died before the incorporation. But Conny and his wife and your dad and I spent many an evening at 'five-hundred' with the 'Avondales'—that was our club."

"And what now?"

"He was here today to see how you were doing. I told him about the affair with Bridges, and he thinks you had better report to his office tomorrow. He needs an intelligent young man. Tom whistled.

III

Bridges must have felt uneasy. He caught Miss Guck as she stepped out of the office at quitting time.

"I say, Miss Guck," he began, "that nuisance of a kid—"

"Pardon the difference of opinion," she



"Heine, you're fired"

turbance and said it was lucky she had disappeared before she had been seen as the prize of combat. But Miss Guck's head was low, and the inference is that her eyes were moistening. She opened the drawer of her desk and took out her lunchbag. She was for closing it again when Tom thrust out his hand and held it, and took out an oblong cardboard. Turning it over he was confronted by a likeness of plain Heine, Miss Henrietta Guck—Murillo portrait. He promptly pocketed it and fled. Heine's hand shook a little when she closed the drawer.

At 5 P. M. Tom was called onto the carpet. Bridges didn't even look up.

broke in, "but I think Tommy is the finest little gentleman alive."

Roscoe was at a loss for words. Henrietta moved away.

"But, Miss Guck," he blurted, "the ugly affair last night—I'm sorry."

"Granted," she said. "Good-night!"

And Roscoe buttoned his coat up tight and heeled away.

Henrietta's supper was served in her room that evening. It suffered little justice. The plain old maid was deeply in love with a puppy idealist of nineteen. She did not deceive herself, neither did she hope. To her, it was out of the question that Tommy should love her, and even if he did she would not let a boy of nineteen ruin his life with an old maid of thirty.

Her brooding was cut short by a knock on her door. "Telephone, Miss Heine," called a voice outside, a voice of brass and thunder, the voice of the negress house-girl.

Heine hurried to the landing and took up the receiver.

"Hello."

"Hello, Miss—hello, Heine?"

"Guilty. That you, Tom?"

"Yep. Listen, Heine, I'm going to work for the great V. P. tomorrow."

"What's that? Be serious, Tom."

"Serious as old Judge Boland, Heine. The great Powell was an old friend of dad's, it seems."

"Oh, Tommy, Tom—how glad I am."

"Thanks, redeemer." Etc., etc.

As time went on Heine grew older. Oh, no, not much older. And Tom's salary grew larger. One day there was a great big order laid before the sharp eye of Powell. Tommy laid it there. Conrad Powell jumped up and slapped Tommy on the shoulder. There was a quick shuffle

of portfolios. That of District Manager fell into Tommy's lap.

Roscoe Bridges was bowled out.

Tommy's visits to the boarding house on West Belle grew more frequent. Tommy hired a new stenographer, an old one, literally, an old maid in fact who had grown four years older. Also Tommy built a great big house in Cabanne on the time-payment plan; and when the last decorator had departed therefrom with his implements, Tommy sought his desk with a shining glory over his face. "Heine," he said.

Heine took up her note-book.

But Tommy stood up; he stood over her. "Heine," he said shakily, "Heine, you're fired."

Heine had been looking worn and tired of late. At this moment of her dismissal she turned her thin, white face upward and depicted thereon was all the glory of womanhood since Eve. For a moment it glowed there, then her head fell down and she wept the tears of the outcast whom Nature prided not. Tommy gathered her up, and the brown curls mingled with the faded psyche, and the homely old maid, whose lips were chaste as a Vestal's, moored close into a haven as strong as time. Her quivering lips had framed a meek remonstrance, but it was swept away by other lips more strong. And she thought he must know best; he had grown so big, and oh, so strong.

There are in Cabanne, I believe, three young Stoddards whose capers are the bane of a buxom mother's life. The buxom one is Heine. It is true that married life tends to round a woman out. Ask Mrs. Stoddard the elder, who does fancy-work and advises Heine.

Tommy is just father. A much pampered Industrialite.



AT COUSIN MARY'S

By

C l a r a B . S h a w

COUSIN MARY lived in the country. And wasn't it delightful to visit her in the summer days of childhood! Mother tied on your hat and gave you a goodbye kiss; then, with your best dolly carefully arrayed for the occasion (clothes were a minor consideration, but Mother had told you it was better for dolly to be covered on going a journey) you set forth, hand-in-hand with Cousin Mary's Hannah, who had come for you.

There were so many things to do at Cousin Mary's that the days never seemed half long enough. Right after breakfast every morning she would put on what she called her garden rig and go out to get the vegetables for dinner. While she was gone, you had to run out into the wood-shed and look at the new kittens in the barrel. Kittens were perennial at Cousin Mary's. You bent down until you could reach one of the warm, soft balls of fur which you cuddled and talked to until Cousin Mary, her dress all wet and muddy around the bottom, came in from the garden. After she had changed her dress, you watched her begin the morning's baking. Such cream cookies and custard pies as she made! And she always knew when little girls were hungry. She was very busy in the morning, and you followed her about, from the cool, dark cellar where she did the churning, to the mysterious attic, that was sweet with its many bundles of dried

herbs, whither she went to get out an old cradle for dolly.

In the hot July days when the hay-makers were working, what fun it was to see the big load drive up on to the barn floor! You always liked that barn, for when both doors were open you could look right through and see the woods and pond



You had to run out into the woodshed and look at the new kittens in the barrel!

and blue sky at the back just like a lovely picture in a frame. Then when Cousin Nathaniel climbed down off the load, how quickly you ran for the checker-board; for you knew he would play as many games with you on the piazza as it took the men time to unload the hay, pitching it up on the great mows, before they went off for another load.

Right after dinner Cousin Mary lay down for a little while. This was your time for roaming about by yourself. There was the big old-fashioned garden with its bushes of fragrant boxwood taller than you were; and phlox, such quantities of it! The mignonette and blush roses smelled so sweet, and the bees in their little houses along the garden wall hummed so drowsily! So you wandered on out of the sunny garden to a spot a little farther away. There were tall pines here enclosed by a stone wall, and a few marble slabs gleamed among the trees. There was one little headstone here marked "Lucy, aged nine." Here you sat for a while and thought about the little girl with the merry blue eyes, who hung over the mantel in Cousin Mary's parlor. You wished she could come alive again and play in the sunshine with you.

When you returned to the house, you found Cousin Mary in her fresh violet-

colored print, and you thought her very handsome. Her cheeks were still delicately pink, although she must have been nearly seventy. Then when the shadow of the house had crept over and made the lawn shady, she played a game of croquet with you under the old buttonwood, and when she hit your ball she would say laughingly, "Now I'm going to send you to Ballyhac!" wherever that was—but you never had to trudge any farther after it than the barnyard gate. Sometimes when Cousin Nathaniel drove to mill he would bring some ladies home with him to tea, and they would all play croquet until it grew so dusky that Hannah would come out and hold a lantern while they hit the balls.

Then when the spare room had grown quite dark, and you were getting ready to creep into the linen sheets faintly scented with lavender on the big four-poster bed, Cousin Mary would tell you how the bear came up through the pasture right with the cows one night while her father was driving them home. And lest you should see a bear coming out of the dark corners of the room, she would leave a candle burning on the claw-footed table in the hall when she went downstairs. Dear Cousin Mary, the loving thought of that little girl still follows you.

YOUTH AND AGE

I saw within a battered flower vase

A rosebud blushing, and I thought in truth

How like a life scarred by time's marring mace

Yet keeping fresh within the heart of youth.

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

Padre Bernardo's Birthday Cake

by Harold de Polo

THE good Padre Bernardo had seldom been so happy; so gloriously, blissfully happy. He walked along the principal little street of La Cruz Blanca, driving his burro before him, with a step so light, so springy, so gay as to belie the time-honored belief that the stouter one grows the slower one walks. And, even more than that, the smile on his round, genial face, the bright, dancing sparkle in his eyes, the utterly youthful bearing that today seemed to be stamped all over him, made even those who had known him for long years think that the kind Padre must surely be mistaken when he asserted with permissible pride, that on this day he had completed his sixtieth year.

Ah, yes, he was, indeed, happy. The world was so good, so sunny, so generous; truly a wonderful and gorgeous place in which to live. And what dear children he had; how kind, how affectionate, how self-sacrificing they were. Never in all his life had he had such a birthday, so full of gifts from those loving children whom he knew could ill afford it. There were his favorites, Rosalina and Roberto Valdez; well he knew that the money they had spent on that warm and comfortable pair

of slippers could have been used to great advantage in their own modest hut. Yes, indeed, probably they had denied themselves various necessities in order to purchase his gift. And then there was that poor old soul, Maria Uribe, trembling on the brink of the grave, who must have spent many long and weary hours on the thick, woolen muffler she had given him, which would come in so handily when the chill was in the air. Also, there was Armando Valera, the village cobbler, who had insisted, and most vehemently, that the Padre must accept the pair of heavy, serviceable shoes which he had gone to

pay for; and the cobbler, he was positive, could well have used the money, for did he not have three healthy, fast-growing children? Ah, yes, how fortunate he was—how very fortunate! And there were other gifts; many, many other little things which his dear children had given him; and everything had meant some sacrifice to themselves, that he knew.

The good Padre sighed. Ah, *Dios*, but really he did not deserve such great kindness in this marvelous world; he was unworthy of such devotion, of having his loyal flock save and stint themselves so that



He walked along the principal little street of La Cruz Blanca, driving his burro before him, with a step so light, so springy, so gay as to belie the time-honored belief that the stouter one grows the slower one walks

they could make him happy. Ah, yes, *no man*, in this world, deserved such faithfulness; and he, a simple padre trying humbly to serve his Master, was the recipient of such great love. No, surely he did not deserve it. But—but it was, nevertheless, exceedingly pleasant to think of it; so much so that it brought tears of gladness into his eyes. For Padre Bernardo, next to giving, loved to receive, not because of the gain, but because it showed that he was loved; and to be loved, by those whom he loved, was one of his greatest joys. He told himself again, though, as he looked down at those shiny, creaking shoes, that surely the world and his children loved him too well, indeed they did!

... Yet it never occurred to him, or never would occur to him, to think of the many long years during which he had worked and slaved, denying himself even the bare necessities of life, so that his suffering children might have food, or clothes, or roofs over their heads. No, Padre Bernardo never thought of these things!

The Padre chuckled, once more telling himself how happy he felt and what a fine place the world was. How pleasant his morning had been, walking through the town, purchasing his supply of food for the week, and having everyone rush up to him, with a smile and a laugh, and wish him a happy birthday as well as many, many other ones. They were all so kind. Why, in all the shops where he had bought anything they had insisted on his accepting some trifle as a gift, until his poor burro, fat and well-cared-for though he was, had such a load that the Padre felt most sorry for him. "But never mind, Pepe," he whispered to the animal, "when we arrive at our home on top of the hill, thou shalt have an excellent meal, and maybe a piece or two of sugar; thou sweet-toothed one!" And Padre Bernardo, when he thought of his arrival at his modest home, also remembered that he, as well as his burro, would have an excellent dinner. For his grave, loyal Pancho, when he had started out that morning, had told him that he had taken the liberty of buying a special dinner for him, out of his own pocket, and that one of the dishes was to be his favorite *arros con pollo*. . . . Ah,

that dear Pancho, how kind and thoughtful he was; and the Padre rubbed his hands together as he thought of the treat awaiting him.

As the short little street widened out and the Padre found himself on the road, where only a few *adobe* huts dotted either side, he felt glad, for his own sake as well as for Pepe's, that it was but a quarter of a mile or so to the narrow path which led up the steep hill to his pretty white church. For his walk about town, exchanging greetings with all, pleasant as it was, really made him wish that the ascent to his dwelling was done with and that he was seated at his own table, with Pancho's wonderful cooking before him. Ah, yes, *gracias a Dios*, he still had an exceedingly robust appetite, even though he had been in this world for three score of years.

But Padre Bernardo was not destined to reach his home as quickly as he had anticipated, for young Matilda Velasquez, who, as well as her husband, was one of the Padre's most constant visitors, came from the door of her small hut and called gaily out to him, wishing him a happy birthday.

"*Feliz cumpleaños*, Padre Bernardo!"

The Padre beamed upon her. "*Gracias*, *gracias*, my dear Matilda, and I may tell thee that this *has* been an exceedingly happy day, for all my dear children have been so good to me!"

The young wife smiled and dimpled and lowered her eyes. "Could—could you come inside just for a moment, Padre Bernardo? Just for a moment?" she asked in a low tone.

The thoughtful Padre, on hearing her voice, believed that she had some bad news to communicate, and his kind face immediately became sympathetic. "Surely, my dear, surely," he said, and told Pepe to remain quietly outside as he followed Matilda through the doorway.

"Well, well," he laughed, thinking to cheer things up, "and what is the trouble, eh?"

Matilda, in answer, went over to the table in the center of the room and hastily flicked a white cloth from it; and the Padre then saw, round and freshly baked, a chocolate cake that almost doubled his appetite, so good was it to look at. Ah,

Dios, what a person he was—what a lucky, lucky person. Bless his dear children, for here was Matilda Velasquez, another of his poorest people, who had made a sacrifice and baked him a cake. And cake—chocolate cake—it must be known, was one of the Padre's favorite things. His heart rose in his throat and his eyes became blurred with happiness.

"My—my dear," he said to the young woman standing beside him with wide, joyous eyes, "thou—thou art too good."

"I thought that it was what you liked, dear Padre!" she said shyly, "and—and we decided that it would be the best present to give you!"

The Padre smiled and shook his finger roguishly. "Ah, I fear that my weakness for it is known to all, eh? Well, well, well!"

The pleased, rippling laugh that followed made his heart swell with joy. How delighted she seemed in knowing that she had given him something he liked. How lovable his dear children were.

"I—I hope, Padre Bernardo, that it is a good one. I do not know; I did not taste it," she said, eyeing it with an expression that told him she herself really believed it to be very good.

"Ha, then, what is the matter with our having a bite now, eh?" he laughed, knowing that it was the expected thing to do, and thinking, also, how luscious this cake must surely be.

Matilda, who had been waiting for just those words, opened a drawer in the table and brought forth a knife, cutting off a slice of cake so large that the Padre almost demurred. But he knew how much she thought of it, and told himself that it might possibly offend her.

At the first bite he smiled his appreciation. Really it was quite a wonderful cake—quite wonderful. Scarcely ever had he tasted a better one. So the good Padre, in company with Matilda, finished a huge slice of cake with great pleasure. "My dear," he told her, as he arose from his chair, "truly thou art a marvelous cook! I thank thee, I thank thee!" And it was with difficulty, even after he had assured

her that he had promised Pancho to be home for an early dinner, that he managed to have the remainder of the cake wrapped up without his taking more of it, so that he could place it in one of the baskets which hung on either side of his burro.

Once on the road he quickened his pace as best he could, but he found it no easy matter to do so after having eaten such a large slice of cake. Eh, it sort of appeased one's hunger, did the cake, and even made



Matilda, in answer, went over to the table in the center of the room and hastily flicked a white cloth from it

one feel a trifle heavy. And that, with Pancho's dinner awaiting him, was exactly what he must avoid. Well, his walk up the hill would surely renew his full appetite; of course, certainly. Ah, dear Matilda Velasquez, what a generous soul she was! What generous souls *all* his children were, in fact! . . .

The Padre was awakened from his reverie by someone clutching his cassock from behind, and on looking about, he saw the form of a small boy. "Ah, Alfredo, and how art thou today, my little man?" he asked kindly, patting the child's head.

"*Feliz cumpleaños, Padre Bernardo,*" answered the boy, remembering what his mother had told him.

"*Gracias, mi querido hijo!*" smiled the Padre, as he was about to move on.

But the little hand that grasped his cassock still held him back. "Oh, *Senor Padre*, mamma told me to ask you to please come inside for just a minute; she has something to tell you."

The Padre heaved an infinitesimal sigh; he really must hurry his visit or he would be late for Pancho's dinner. "Surely, surely," he said, turning back and driving Pepe before him, vowing that he would remain in Pepita Alarcon's house as short a time as possible.

Padre Bernardo, after he had entered the hut, did not have to wait long before he found out what was wanted of him; for there, directly in the center of the bare, plain table, was—a cake! A huge, round, four-layer chocolate cake! He stepped back with a gasp, wondering how in the world he was going to eat his birthday dinner after he had taken another slice of such a rich delicacy. For the look on Pepita Alarcon's face, as she gazed lovingly and proudly down at her own handiwork, told the poor Padre that it would never do to leave before he had eaten in her presence a slice of her birthday gift.

Good Heavens! Suddenly it came to him! Here he was thinking only of how he himself would have a fairly difficult task, after another piece of cake had been eaten, to partake of the dinner Pancho had prepared! Ah, vile wretch that he was! To think of such things when one of his dear children had sacrificed and worked, hard but joyously, simply to be able to give him—*him*, unworthy creature that he was—such a generous present. Ah, *Dios*—dear *Dios*—please forgive him! How kind these people were to him; how loving; how thoughtful; how devoted! Ah, yes, the world was too good to him—too good! . . . Nevertheless, the fact remained, he reminded himself, that he would also offend Pancho if he appeared to slight his dinner! Well, well, he must not think of it now, no.

"Pepita, my dear Pepita," he said, his voice full, his smile gentle, "truly I cannot thank thee sufficiently. Thou—thou art

very kind, my dear—very kind. *Gracias, gracias!*"

The woman blushed, lowered her head, and spoke softly. "If—if the kind Padre would please taste it I should be very happy. I—I do not know if it is good, I—"

Padre Bernardo chuckled good-naturedly. "Why, certainly, Pepita, certainly! I am really most anxious to have a piece; it is my favorite cake, thou must know. Ha, ha, and this one surely looks as if it were most delicious, eh? Ah, yes, my dear, there is scarcely anything which I prefer to chocolate cake—scarcely anything!"

"So—so I was told, Padre Bernardo," she said gladly.

The Padre's eyes became dimmed, and he told himself once more how unworthy he was to receive such great love and such wonderful sacrifices from these generous, simple children to whom he only did his duty. . . . No, the good Padre never thought of what he had done, or what he would continue to do as long as he lived. . . . But, ah, what a great world it was—what a good, sunny, loving world.

Again he received a shock as he saw the size of the slice of cake that Pepita had cut for him. It—yes, he was sure of it—it was truly a good quarter of the whole. And the cake, be it known, was not a stingy one, not by any means. It was, he was sure, nearly a third larger than the one which Matilda Velasquez had given him. Also, it was rich; very, very rich, and Padre Bernardo, after he had done away with but half of it, was very much worried indeed about his steadily decreasing appetite. But, bah, he must not think of it. There would surely be plenty of time to do that when he sat down to Pancho's feast of rice and chicken. And truly, this was a most well-baked cake; there was a lightness and a certain taste about it that made him glad, indeed, that he *had* found it necessary to eat it at present. Ah, how kind Pepita was, how kind, and she looked so pleased as she watched him eat, that he murmured a short, silent prayer of thanks to the good *Dios* above for giving him such noble, devoted friends.

Finally he finished the slice of cake, and again, as before, he had a hard time in

leaving without trying another portion, especially as he had told her that it was one of the most marvelous cakes that he had ever tasted in his sixty long years of life. For Pepita argued that if such were the case he must surely eat just one more bit of it; and it was only by consulting his large silver watch and pleading that he would be late for dinner if he did not hasten, that he was able to depart without offending her.

The good Padre, once outside, was grieved to find that he was not able to walk with the same ease and sprightliness as he previously had. He felt rather heavy, rather full, even a trifle breathless. Well, well, of course it was but the natural thing when one who was sixty years old gorged themselves with two immense pieces of cake. He would feel better after he had climbed the steep hill; surely, surely, even his appetite would come back to him, he was sure of it. His feeling of fullness, undoubtedly, was caused by his eating the cake at such short intervals, that was all. Why, had he had them at, say, an hour apart, it would have been a different case. Of course, most assuredly, his appetite was not deserting him; it was simply that he had eaten too quickly. Ah, yes, he would be fine and fit, he knew, by the time he reached his little church, and now he had only a hundred yards or so to travel before he began his ascent.

Aha, that made him think of something. He still had to pass two little adobe huts, and it came to him suddenly that perhaps there *might* be another cake in waiting for him. That, truly, would be deplorable; for again he would be obliged to partake of it. Eh, he felt a short stab in his heart as he thought of it, but he really feared the only thing to do was to cut across fields, behind the houses, and thereby escape notice, even if it would take him a good bit out of his way. Why, what else was there to do? These dear, kind people, who loved him so, did not know that he had already tasted two cakes, and, if there were any more waiting for him, he would surely be expected to sample them. Yes, yes, possibly it was a mean thing to resort to, but he believed that it was absolutely necessary, this scurrying off behind houses as if he were a thief. So the good Padre,

with a sigh, clambered over a crumbling stone wall, called Pepe after him, and walked over the fields until he was a good two hundred yards from any house.

Yet each moment he walked still slower, for the amount of cake he had eaten, coupled with his unusually long walk, was certainly telling on him, that he admitted. He felt relieved, though, when he looked up at the top of the hill that towered above him, where he could see, clearly silhouetted against the fleckless blue of the sky, the sharp outline of his squat, white church, with the copper bell, high in the belfry, shining like burnished gold as it caught the rays of the sun. What a pretty little church it was! Why, he vowed that there was not another as beautiful in the whole of Mexico; it was so simple, so quiet, so pure in all its dazzling whiteness. Soon he would reach it, and then to have his birthday dinner with his stanch Pancho. Ah, but would he not be surprised with those two cakes, eh? Ha, ha, ha, Pancho cared almost as much for chocolate cake as he himself did. Ah, yes, he would surely be vastly surprised and pleased. "Eh, Pepe, not much more now, not much more, and then thou shalt be rewarded," laughed the Padre, doing his best to quicken his pace.

But the words were barely out of his mouth when his heart sank within him, for he heard a voice, young and strong, loudly calling his name, and, upon looking to the side of him, saw Alberto Rosas leave his work of hoeing corn and rush over in his direction, coming at such a rate of speed that it would have been impossible to avoid him.

"Ah, dear Padre Bernardo," he panted as he came close, "*feliz cumpleaños, feliz cumpleaños!*"

The Padre, if the truth be must told, emitted a slight sigh of relief. The young man, apparently, had but raced to his side to wish him a happy birthday. Ah, these dear children of his, how kind and loving they were. "*Gracias, mi hijo Alberto; muchas gracias!*" he said, smiling his big, benevolent smile.

Alberto's face became rather solemn, and he hung his head and spoke quietly. "Could you, *querido Padre*, come to the house for an instant. Leonora told me

that she would like to see you, if you please, the first moment she possibly could."

"Why, has anything happened?" questioned the Padre, all attention at once.

"Not that I know of, Padre Bernardo. She only said she wanted to see you; that she had to ask your advice about something."

Poor Padre Bernardo shook his head. Well, probably one of his dear children was in trouble, and he must hurry to her aid at once; but yet he thought of Pancho and the dinner which was undoubtedly waiting. "Is—is it important, Alberto? I—I am really in a great hurry," he said gropingly.

The young man spoke sadly. "I—I think that she must see you at once, dear Padre Bernardo, if—if you could come."

The kind Padre's face grew worried; his wrinkles became more prominent, and he clasped and unclasped his fingers nervously. Heavens! Possibly the young man's wife had something very important to tell him, and here he was thinking that it might be a trivial matter which would delay his dinner; or else, as he had at first thought, another chocolate cake. Well well, it was some comfort, after all, to have that possibility eliminated, indeed it was.

"Come, Alberto, come; let us hasten," he said, starting back, with the young man, to a little adobe hut which loomed up almost a quarter of a mile away, walking so fast that he found it impossible either to question Alberto further or to speak a word of comfort to his burro by promising him extra sugar. Ah, by the good *Dios* above, but that cake had surely made him feel very heavy and tired, even if it had been so good.

The Padre, when he arrived at the little hut, found young Leonora Rosas waiting for him with an air of great expectancy, while her small daughter Carmen clung to her skirts and looked at the Padre as if something very wonderful, indeed, were about to happen.

"Well, well," questioned the Padre, in some trepidation, "and what is the trouble, my dear Leonora?"

Leonora said not a word, but walked quickly over to the big cupboard in the corner, usually barren of much food, and brought forth something that was covered

over with a large piece of paper. She laid it, with great care, on the table, and then stepped back and pulled the paper away, while all of them—except the Padre—burst out into joyous, whole-souled laughter, as if they had, indeed, played a very good joke on Padre Bernardo.

The Padre did not, at once, join in their mirth, but stepping aside, almost as if he had been struck full in the face, he put his hand to his forehead with a gesture of utter hopelessness. For there on the table—need it be said?—was a chocolate cake; another chocolate cake, a chocolate cake far surpassing, in size, the other two which had been presented to him that very day. Scarcely ever had the good Padre been so taken aback. By all the dear saints above, how under the sun was he to eat any more cake? For eat it he must; he knew that by the joyous look on the faces of all three; for this little family, one of his poorest, had probably made a supreme sacrifice in order to purchase the ingredients for their present. Ah, yes, the kind *Dios* in heaven alone knew what they had done to get it. . . . Ah, how unworthy he was—how terribly unworthy! No one in all the world deserved such devotion; and he—he— . . . The gentle Padre could think no further, for his heart was very full and his eyes were brimming.

"Oh, Padre Bernardo, what is the matter? Do—do you feel badly?" asked Alberto and Leonora, in unison, coming quickly to his side.

The Padre saw that he must act quickly. "Why—why, no," he laughed, and his voice grew soft, "it—it is only my great surprise. Oh, thou art too good—too good, my loving children!"

Leonora smiled happily. "It is nothing, Padre Bernardo, nothing. We—we knew how very fond you were of chocolate cake and we thought that it would be the best thing to give you!"

"Yes, Padre," smiled Alberto, "you remember you have always said that the best sweet, of any kind, was chocolate cake, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quite true, my children, quite true! Thou hast truly found out my weakness." But the Padre was thinking, all the time, of how he could manage to secure a small piece of cake instead of another of those

monstrous slices. Ah, *gracias a Dios!* He saw on the table a long knife, and before anyone else was able to grasp it he sprang forward, took it in his hand, and called gaily out, "Come, come, my dear children; let us taste this cake that looks so lovely." And, thanking himself most fervently for his rapid action, he cut a piece for each of them, and then for himself a much smaller one. A slice that was not, by far, even half the size of either of the two others which he had previously eaten.

"Thou must know, my dear children, that I must not eat very much, for I am afraid that my poor Pancho is waiting for me," he said, somewhat apologetically.

Padre Bernardo soon learned that it was no easy task to get rid of this third piece of cake; it was, alas, a most difficult one. Somehow it persisted in sticking when he had it about half down, so that it was necessary to swallow and gulp very hard before it would go further. But at last, with the whole family looking on in great glee, he managed to get rid of the last crumb of it.

"Ah, ah," he breathed, doing his best to smile as if he had enjoyed himself immensely, "truly thou art a wonder at cooking, my dear Leonora. It is one of the best cakes that I have had the pleasure of eating in all my life; indeed it is! *Gracias, gracias, muchas gracias!*"

And that, in a measure, was where he made his big mistake. For Leonora, not knowing of course about his other two slices, insisted that he must, if he liked it so much, have just one more bite. The good Padre demurred, saying that really he must already be late. Then Alberto, in pleading accents, begged him to partake of just a *little* more; it gave them such unbounded pleasure to see him eat it, they were so overjoyed to think that they had pleased him; surely the kind Padre would oblige them. Still he demurred, telling them of the big dinner awaiting him. But then, alas, just as it seemed settled, little Carmen joined in the conversation.

"Please, please, dear Padre," she lisped, "you see I helped mamma make it. Did I not, mamma, dear?"

"Yes, my child, yes! *Querida nina,*" replied the fond mother.

"But—but truly, my dear Carmen," said the Padre, "I am in a very great hurry, thou must know."

Now Carmen was exceedingly proud of having helped her mother with the cake, and thinking that the Padre was spurning her offer, immediately resorted to the weapons of the very young—tears and wails that made such a deplorable sound, really as if she were undergoing excruciating torture, that poor Padre Bernardo was at last forced into agreeing that he would take another piece of cake. And this time, unfortunately, he did not have a chance to cut it himself, for little Carmen, on his acceptance, instantly rushed forward and wielded the knife with her own small but very generous hand, cutting a slice of cake that was so large as to make the Padre vow that it was fully as much as his first *two* pieces put together.

Just how he managed to eat that last piece Padre Bernardo never knew; he knew only that exactly three glasses of water had been necessary in order to wash it down, this cake that was the richest and sweetest and thickest of any he had that day eaten. Finally, though, it was all gone, every crumb and every bit of the delicious icing. Then, thanking them profusely, he wrapped up the remainder, placed it in one of his baskets carried by Pepe, and once more started on his way to the little path which led to his church, thanking the good *Dios*, as well as all the saints, that he had no more houses to pass.

His ascent up the steep, rugged hill had never been so slow, not even when he had been a much younger man. He felt, indeed, as if there were a large piece of lead inside of him, while his feet seemed to be protesting against the work they were put to, so heavy and dragging did they feel. At last though, puffing, perspiring, his poor brain trying to puzzle out how he could eat Pancho's dinner, so as not to mortally offend him, he reached the crest of the hill and stood, panting and mopping his brow, before his little church.

"Ah, Pepe," he gasped, "thou hast a heavy load on thy back, it is true; but thou shouldst thank the good *Dios* that thy stomach is empty!"

Pancho, his long grave face wearing a

smile upon it, at that moment came around the corner of the building.

"I hope, Pancho, that I am not late for our dinner, eh?" said the Padre, again forcing himself to smile, while inwardly he was wishing that there was no such thing as dinner, or chocolate cake, or *anything* eatable—especially chocolate cake. But the kind *Dios* must really pity him, if he did not eat the *arroz con pollo* he would grieve his loyal Pancho almost to death. Well, he would take as little as possible, that was it, and perhaps Pancho would not notice it.

"No, Padre Bernardo," answered Pancho, his quiet, gray eyes glowing brightly, "I have been very busy with the dinner, and just this moment put it on the table, as I saw that you were coming up the hill."

"Excellent," said the Padre, more politely than heartily, "excellent."

Pancho, solemnly and with great dignity, led the way around the side of the little church to his master's dwelling behind it, pompously opened the door which opened directly into the dining-room, and, bowing ceremoniously, held it ajar so that the Padre might pass inside.

Padre Bernardo, the instant he entered, received such a shock that he almost fell back through the doorway. On the table was a huge, steaming platter of his favorite *arroz con pollo*, as well as many other little delicacies, but what he noticed—the only thing, in fact, that he did notice—was a cake! A cake that truly was a cake; a cake that must have had at least six layers, and six thick layers; a cake that had icing all over it nearly an inch deep; a cake that would have gone a long way toward feeding a regiment, he told himself; and it was, as the others had been, a chocolate cake. But what a cake—what a cake!

Pancho, as he saw his master stagegr back and noticed the hopeless expression on his face, sprang forward in alarm. "Oh, Padre Bernardo, do you feel ill?" he asked, his voice much worried.

The Padre made a supreme effort to regain his usual happy expression, really succeeding most admirably. "Not at all, my loyal Pancho, not at all; I was but overjoyed at the great surprise of your gorgeous chocolate cake," he said, at the same time mentally imposing penance upon himself for his excusable untruth. Then, with a jolly laugh, but an inward sigh, "Come, Pancho, and let us sit down to the feast and make merry."

* * *

For the sake of the good Padre Bernardo, if for nothing else, that which remains to be told had better be done so as quickly as possible; it is by far the kindest way. He ate a fairly hearty dinner, for Pancho insisted on helping him again and again; and when it came to the monstrous cake, he found it absolutely imperative to make away with two slices of it. Had he not done so, Pancho would verily have gone sadly and morosely about the house for at least a month or more. He was proud of his cooking, was Pancho, and justly proud.

And that is why poor Padre Bernardo went to his bed the instant the meal was over, and stayed there all through the night and all through the next day, arising, even then, with an acute pain in his stomach. And that is why, also, that whenever chocolate cake is mentioned in his presence he does not lick his lips as he formerly did, nor does the pleased sparkle come into his eyes; instead, he turns his head aside and coughs so as to enable him to hide the pitiful look on his face. And that is why, again, many of the poorest and hungriest families, in the outlying districts, as soon as he was well, each received a piece of cake that was to them an untold-of luxury; while the good Padre Bernardo, as he watched them eagerly devour it, told himself that the pleasure he was giving these dear children surely did more than make up for the terrible day he had been through.



A Texan's European Studies

By Frank Putnam

III

Some of my British friends warned me that the Germans would be rude to me, that I wouldn't like them, that the German army officers would elbow me off the sidewalks, etc., etc., but they didn't. They are the most courteous of modern gentlemen, and I'm sure if the folks in England really knew them there would be an end to the silly but exceedingly disquieting constant talk about the certainty of war between the two nations. The Germans don't want war, and the British can't afford even to think of such a war as that would be, yet the loose talkers keep the war pot simmering all the time. If the makers of guns and armor are responsible for it, then the decent people of the two countries ought to take them out and hang them for deliberate treason to the Anglo-Teutonic breed and to civilization. If reckless newspapers are responsible, then the editors ought to be held under the pump until their blood cools and they acquire some realization of the mischief they are doing.

Englishmen asked me whether, in case of war between Britain and Germany, the United States, being a former British colony, wouldn't send an army and a fleet to fight on Britain's side. Germans later asked me if, in view of the very large Germanic element in our population, the United States would not, in the event of such a war, line up with Germany.

It afforded me great pleasure, in both cases, to assure the inquirers that if their two countries were such bally asses as to enter into a war in which both were

certain to sustain enormous and irreparable loss, and in which neither could hope to gain and hold anything of compensating value, my country would stand by and let them fight their blooming heads off, meantime selling food and manufactured goods to the combatants, and reaching out after their best customers in other lands.

Naturally, with all this war talk going on, I as an old reporter tried wherever possible to get a line on the strength of the British and German armies and navies. I don't pretend to speak with any authority, but on what I saw and read and heard I have a hunch that if the two countries do clash during the next two years, the German fleet will give a good account of itself, the Germans will land a big army in England—and have a dickens of a time in ever getting it back home. I shouldn't like to be a soldier in an army that tried crowding the English bulldog off his native isle. Nor should I, if an Englishman, be overfond of a test of strength between the British fleet and the huge, magnificently equipped, perfectly trained, fit-to-the-minute naval force of the German Kaiser, re-enforced as it will be by a fleet of Zeppelins which I personally know to be quite capable of flying over London and raining down explosives certain to cause no end of destruction. I made it a special point to study the newest of the Zeppelins, both in the air and on the ground, and these air monsters in my judgment are going to inaugurate a new era in warfare the first time they get a serious trial. Britain, by the public confession of her

*The third and last of Mr. Putnam's articles will appear in the April National

admiralty, is wofully behind Germany in the development and utilization of air-ships.

This war talk has a direct bearing on my subject, because the German disinclination for war, unless it be forced upon them, is due in part to the fact that all of their cities are carrying vast bonded debts, payment of which depends on continued peace and industrial prosperity.

Want of time to continue will probably compel me to condense my observations on German cities into a single article. Want, also, of belief that my observations are worth more of your time and attention than can be claimed for a single article. While I was over there I had the booksellers get for me all the works published in English dealing with modern Germany, or as many of them as they could get on short notice, a goodly collection of them. And I read 'em all. The authors' observations, and their conclusions, did not usually tally with my own, yet I couldn't find it in my heart to condemn them for writing their books, because, for an observant, thoughtful man, interested normally in human progress, modern Germany certainly is a fascinating subject. I found in all of these books written by Englishmen and Americans what I deem a marked failure, or disinclination, to adopt the Germanic viewpoint when weighing German institutions. It is a commonplace of good newspaper reporting that he will get the best, the most accurately interpretative "story" of any given event, who most completely sees the event through the eyes of the active participants. So I tried to get the Germanic viewpoint, to understand their natural human motives.

Before we begin talking about German cities, let us consider for a minute or two Germany as a whole. The empire has sixty-six million inhabitants on a piece of land roughly about three-quarters of the size of Texas. Naturally, they are crowded. (Texas, by the way, is almost if not quite as big as Germany and England together, and has only five million inhabitants to offset the one hundred and six million living on approximately the same amount of land in England and Germany; so don't be afraid you'll be

crowded if you want to locate in our little state). The Germans have organized their lives, as individual members of a human society, more thoroughly by far than either the British or the Americans have done. They were the first people, I take it, to appreciate the significance of the vast migration of workers from villages and farms into city factory centers, following the invention of the huge new product-multiplying machines of modern industry. They were the first people, that is, to perceive that these millions of village and country people, moving hastily into city centers to serve these new machines, had created a new human problem—the problem of suitably housing, feeding and entertaining the newcomers in their new and strange environment. So the science of city planning and management got its first big start in Germany. With their usual scientific thoroughness, the Germans made city building and city management a profession, like any other, and require of all who wish to enter that profession that they undergo suitable preparation for it, just as in this country men have to study years and pass severe examinations in order to practice in the professions of law and medicine.

Today, so far as I can learn, the only large cities in the world which have been deliberately, scientifically planned from center to circumference, and built or rebuilt according to such plans, with the primary purpose of placing the general welfare above private profit from land exploitation, are the cities of modern Germany.

Having been first among civilized peoples to organize governmental agencies to protect their workers against want resulting from sickness, accident or age, and having thus assured, for a very great majority of their rank and file, a reasonable certainty of food and shelter under all circumstances, the Germans naturally bred faster than their neighbors. They overflowed into all the surrounding countries. I am told there are five million Germans in France, over one million in Italy, another million in Switzerland, another in Great Britain, and many more, born in the Fatherland, who have gone into other European countries to

live. We know several millions of them have located in America during the past fifty years, our very best immigrants or as good as the best, and during the past twenty years nearly if not quite a million of them have gone into South American countries to win their fortunes.

Now the Germans, being well aware that at home they have gone farther than any other people in providing their individuals with governmental safeguards against want, in the development of the appreciation of art and philosophy and education, and in the thoroughness of their military training—all of which they esteem essential to the welfare of human beings—the Germans, I say, being aware of these facts of their own superiority to other peoples in other lands, naturally wish to procure the like safeguards and advantages for their fellows who migrate to those other lands. The German government, which thinks with, if it does not, as some rather shallow commentators assert, think for the German people, is thus under pressure to obtain suitable colonies in distant lands, where the surplus population of crowded Germany can find continued not only their language and their national traditions but their social safeguards and their esthetic ideals.

The belief has been entertained by a good many Americans during my brief period on earth that the German government desired, and intended some day to establish German sovereignty over a section of South America, and it has been customary with my fellow-Americans who entertained this belief to strike an attitude and solemnly warn the Kaiser that he must remember the Monroe doctrine and keep off the grass in the western Hemisphere.

After studying the Germans at close range, I am not so almighty sure we are justified in assuming such an attitude. I have my doubts whether we are not really standing in the way of human progress when we warn a superior people, with a superior civilization—a more humane, a more genuinely Christian civilization—that they must not try to substitute their government, their civilization, for an inferior one which happens for the moment to be in control, under our assumed pro-

tection, of a section of South America. I have tried, honestly tried, to see life the way Eugene Debs and Tom Hickey and my other ardent utopian socialist friends—splendid, big-hearted, big-brained men—see it, but I have found the job too big for my imagination, and have had to give it up. I simply can't see it that way. The way I see it, the earth and its fruits still belong to the hand that is strong enough to seize and hold them. When the strong hand is apparently guided by the wisest brain, the brain animated by the most humane ideals, the best applied democracy, and the highest practical intelligence, I can't for the life of me see why we should try to interfere to prevent that hand from being stretched out to make a better use of any part of the earth than is being made of it by its present inhabitants.

I don't say we ought to abandon the Monroe doctrine in favor of Germany in any part of South America. I do say the issue is not one which has only one side worth considering. There are good arguments on both sides.

But we don't need to worry about that issue. The German birth rate has fallen rapidly during the past two decades and is still falling. The population of the empire appears to have risen until it presses close upon the available food supply, and at that point nature always calls a halt in the birth rate. There is very little overflow of surplus population out of Germany these days. Indeed, I read an official statement in Berlin that during 1911 more people had moved into Germany from other countries than had migrated.

Ringed around with potentially hostile nations, Germany had to have an army. They have found this army, recruited by conscription laws which require every able-bodied young man to serve one to three years in field and barrack, before going back to business or industry as a reservist, is the best of all their schools—a school of manhood. The German army takes yokels from the fields, unwashed, unschooled in the arts and often but scantily acquainted with the decencies of life, and it transforms them into up-standing, alert, tidy, orderly citizens, worth a

thousand per cent more in the industries of the nation, after this schooling, than they would have been without it. The army takes young fellows from the cities, just at the age when if left to their own devices a good many of them would degenerate into hoodlums and loafers and criminals, and it works the same change in them. It teaches all its pupils respect for law and order. It makes them amenable to discipline. It schools them in physical hardiness and mental alertness. It brings them into contact with the world of ideas, and rubs off their deadening provincialism. If Germany knew she would never engage in a foreign war, I doubt if she could provide, as a substitute for her army, any school of manhood which would give her equally valuable results at anything like the cost. Fronting the constant hazard of foreign war, Germany has equipped herself with five million stalwart sons trained to arms, and ready at the drop of the hat to defend her against all comers.

Germany is known abroad as that land in which the socialists have made largest gains in voting power. At the last election for members of the Reichstag the Socialist candidates polled nearly 4,500,000 votes—far more than the candidates of any other party. It should be understood that not all of these 4,500,000 voters are utopian socialists, or advocates of a class division of human society, with the present hand laborers on top after dispossessing the head workers (this being the doctrine most commonly taught by American socialists), but are in the main very like what we call Democrats in the United States. A prominent member of the social democratic party of Germany told me that if it were believed the party had a chance to come into control of the government at this time, fully one-half of the 4,500,000 who voted for socialist candidates last year would have voted for the candidates of other parties. Theirs is what we call in this country a "protest" vote, or, more accurately, a demand vote. They put a constant and steadily increasing pressure upon the ruling class for larger and ever larger shares, up to an equitable maximum, of the fruits of their hand labor allied in partnership with the brain-power and the accumulated capital

of their employers. They demand constantly increasing governmental guarantees against want, for themselves or their dependents, resulting from sickness, enforced idleness, accident, death or old age and physical incompetency. The more conservative half of the 4,500,000, I was told, are well content to leave active governing in the hands of the class of men who have been especially educated for it and who make it a profession, so long as they can procure through this agency an ever-increasing application of the principles of democracy to the industries—where it really counts most for the hand workers. Bismarck initiated the German government's invasion of the field of "friendly society" self-insurance (against accident, sickness, old age, etc.), in order to "beat the Socialists to it." They saw it first, and by actively demanding it they forced the old chancellor and his imperial master to put the idea into action. Today they are pressing forward for enlargements of the principle, rather than for proletarian control of the imperial government.

Getting back to German cities: They are the best built (as to their public streets, parks, buildings, sewers, water-works, lighting plants, and, with one or two British exceptions, their tramways), of all the cities I have seen. Where they have harbors, these too excel anything in Britain in completeness of equipment. These public services represent an inconceivably great investment of capital, most of it made during the thirty or forty years last past.

Where did the German cities get the money?

Why, they borrowed it. They have borrowed larger sums per capita, on public bond issues, with which to make or buy public services, than the cities of either Britain or America—far larger. Unlike American cities, the German cities have invested most of this borrowed capital in public services which can be and are made to produce revenue sufficient to pay off the bonded debt and ultimately leave the cities in possession of the properties debt free. German city governments being in the hands of professionals, men with a high code of professional honor, men as-

sured of permanent employment until they reach the retiring age and of comfortable pensions on retirement, the German cities have been able, as a general rule, to get their borrowed money spent wisely and honestly, and to have their publicly owned public services managed in the same way.

That's all there is to it. We can do the same thing in this country, any time we abandon the childish notion that we can pick up Tom, Dick or Harry in his shop or store and place him without any technical preparation in charge of the highly technical business of managing a municipality or a municipal department. It sounds democratic, or we have been taught that it is democratic, this assumption of every citizen's natural ability to fill capably any post in government without training for it, and no doubt in times past, when our governmental machinery was far less complex than it has now become, there was a large measure of truth in the assumption.

There is mighty little in it today.

If we really want skilled, honorable, responsible municipal government, we can get it the same way the Germans got it, by applying to it the same rules of common sense which we must apply in our private affairs if we wish to escape going broke.

The British cities are following in the footsteps of the German cities as fast as they can. Lloyd-George's scheme of industrial and old-age insurance, recently adopted in Great Britain, is another step in imitation of the Germans. British men of sense, on the top side of life, realize that if England is not to rot at the core, she must take better care of her workers, through governmental agencies which will encourage thrift and reward it with security against enforced want. Liverpool, ruled by top-caste folks as certainly as Berlin, is each year tearing down several hundred rotten old tenements, built to hatch private profit at the cost of human health, and is replacing them with decent habitations publicly owned and operated. In all of this the Germans led the way. They led the way because they first perceived that the prosperity of folks at the top (the initiating, planning and energizing master level of human society), rests absolutely upon the prevalence of health,

plenty and contentment among the folks in the middle and at the bottom.

We have that lesson to learn here in the young United States, where ninety million hustling individualists, possessing the richest tract of land of its size on the globe, have been recklessly living up their capital, and wasting it as no other civilized people ever did.

The Germans, thanks to their application of laboratory science to the problems of the workshop, and their need, which was keener than ours or even than Great Britain's, have learned how to convert \$110,000,000 of waste into by-products which they export each year to other lands—a larger item than our biggest single export, which is steel.

Last September I was the sole delegate from an American city to the International Municipal Congress held in Dusseldorf, Germany. Messrs. Bruere and Sheppardson of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research, a privately endowed institution, were present, but no other accredited delegate from any American city sat among the 350 municipal experts present from all of the nations of Europe.

Considering how far our best managed cities are behind the best German or Swiss or Italian cities in the construction and management of public services, I think we should have had at least fifty cities represented in that great convention. We certainly need what they can teach us.

Here is, in substance, what I recommended to my city—set down here by way of suggestion to other cities of our size and prospective future growth:

First—That the term of office of mayor and commissioners or councilmen be extended from two years to four, in order that men in office may have time to get at least fairly started upon an intelligent constructive policy before being called upon to run the gauntlet of partisan attack when seeking re-election.

Second—That of our four commissioners, only one be elected each year, leaving at all times three holdover members in the government, acquainted with municipal affairs and pledged to settled policies, so that we may hope for continuity of such policies, instead of being, as now, in constant hazard of sudden, complete



MAYOR H. BALDWIN RICE OF HOUSTON, TEXAS

Who has given eight years of loyal and intelligent service at the head of the second commission city government in the United States, laying foundations for "The Nation's Next Great City."

and radical changes consequent upon the election of an entire new government at the end of any two-year period.

Third—That we issue municipal bonds to or near the limit each year, until with the money so obtained we shall have completed our foundation laying—of water mains, sanitary and storm sewers, pavements, etc., and that thereafter as speedily as possible the city issue bonds with which to take over all privately-owned public utilities, in order that the people as a whole may obtain such benefits as improved service at reduced rates, and the surplus, if any, go into the municipal treasury to supplement revenues derived from taxation.

Fourth—That the city employ the best obtainable harbor engineer to make a thorough study of modern German harbors, in order to make sure that in the development of Houston's big inland harbor none of the latest and best harbor equipment shall be wanting.

Fifth—That the city government create a city-planning commission, to work out a general city plan, schemed to procure the maximum of health, comfort, utility and beauty for all the varied interests and elements which make up a city. This plan, once adopted, to be enforced by the city government, subject to such modifications as later experience may dictate, in shaping the future growth of the city.

To President Lovett of our new college—Rice Institute with its ten million dollar endowment—I have suggested the creation of a chair or department of municipal engineering and administration, so that we shall have in our midst an agency for training municipal experts.

I have no doubt, once we acquire men thus schooled, our voters will give them preference in elections over men who lack such special training. To doubt that would be to doubt the fitness of Americans for any kind of intelligent self-government, and I entertain no such doubts. In several

of the big German cities the city government itself maintains a college in which it educates men who desire to obtain places in municipal service. The Germans would think it extremely impudent, and amusing, in any man to pretend to such appointment, in order that, being in office, he might there learn how to perform the duties of the place. This, however, is one of the commonplaces of American municipal administration. Yet no good American business man, in his private undertakings, would think for a minute of employing a man for work of any importance to him unless he knew that man was competent to earn his wages.

There is apparent in this country a slight scattering demand that our cities shall be reorganized on strictly corporation lines, and that instead of the people electing a mayor, that official, with the powers of a corporation president and general manager, shall be selected by the city council. I did not recommend this to my city, solely because I do not believe the time is ripe for it. It is the method in use in German cities. There only the property taxpayers, and a few others awarded the privilege for special causes, are permitted to vote for members of the city council, and the city council, acting in substance as does the board of directors of a great American business corporation, hire the mayor-general manager and all other city employes, under civil service rules, either for life, in most cases, or for long stated terms of years. Munich, for example, hires a mayor for a trial term of three years, and if he makes good re-employs him for life. Dusseldorf hires a mayor for a twelve-year term.

We'll come to that presently, when we have schooled men for such power and built up a professional code of honor in a class of professional municipal administrators. One bite at a time is a good policy for us right now.



America's Circus Maximus

by Flynn Wayne

OTHER diversions may come and go, but the Hippodrome goes on forever. A few years ago, a city block between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets in Sixth Avenue, New York, was torn down to build one of the greatest play houses in the world. Its 5,400 seats presented a problem. It was fashioned after the Hippodrome in London with battalions of beautiful dancing girls and the added attractions of the typical American circus, and soon this New York Hippodrome became a national institution. It is the spectacular attraction of all amusements which delight New York's myriads of transient visitors. It is especially a place of entertainment for the entire family, from the youngest child upward, and perhaps the greatest charm of that immense theatre is to hear the little piping voices of the boys and girls, in their ecstasy of delight at the antics of the clowns, while the father, or guardian, wears that look of complete satisfaction in giving the "kids" a good time, and at the same time thoroughly enjoying it himself. There is just enough of the circus to attract, reattract and refresh you, making you feel as you did in the old days when all the tinsel and spangles were not glitter, but reality.

Each season the attractions are planned on a gigantic scale. A fantastic trip around the world "Under Many Flags" brings with it many varied, instructive and enjoyable scenes. Such privileges are rare, but every occupant of the 5,400 seats has a sight-seeing pass and nothing escapes him. The journey starts from the White House in Washington, where an inventive captain is trying to dispose of his newly patented airship to the government. On a trial flight, through the villainy of certain foreign diplomats, the airship is loosed from its moorings and flies off to distant lands with its unsuspecting occupants, landing at a quaint fishing village on the coast of Brittany. From

here to a summer garden in Berlin is but a short flight. At each stopping place the costumes, people and scenery give to the music and dances a charming realism. The windmills of Holland, and her dykes and flower markets, the great square in Moscow, a rugged picturesque Scottish Highland glen, and a street in Peking, China, are vividly portrayed.

The spectacular ballet, "Flowers of All Nations," disclose a fairyland of beautiful flowers in an odorous peach orchard. Sweet, wholesome, beautiful America is represented in the goldenrod of the prairie. The rose of England, the lily of France, and the national flowers of other lands follow one after another, until in the brilliant finale appears the great Silver Palace of Universal Peace, made even more dazzling and glittering by the fleecy, feathery spray from the Court of Crystal Fountains in the foreground.

* * *

Animals have always played a conspicuous part at the Hippodrome performances, and it has always harbored a notable and varied "zoo" within its great walls.

Elephants, camels, horses, zebras, cows, geese, lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, bears, ducks, chickens, donkeys, sacred bulls from far off India, birds of Paradise, doves, pigeons and great and rare serpents and reptiles appear in the many varied and gorgeous spectacles that have been the delight of millions at the Hippodrome.

No building on earth holds at any one time more strange animals from all parts of the earth. It may be called the hotel for animals which are passing through the city, to occidental or oriental countries. At the present time there are nine different kinds of animals being cared for in the great stables of the Hippodrome, in addition to five different breeds of horses, all of which are used in the present spectacle, "Under Many Flags." There are sixteen Red Deer from the Highlands of

Scotland, one of which recently gave birth to twin fawns—the first time twin deer have been born in captivity. There is a pair of New York State oxen which have won prizes at many a state fair, five different breeds of dogs that are used in the Holland scene—in which scene also ap-

from the Shetland Islands are ridden by charming boys and girls in picturesque Highland costumes.

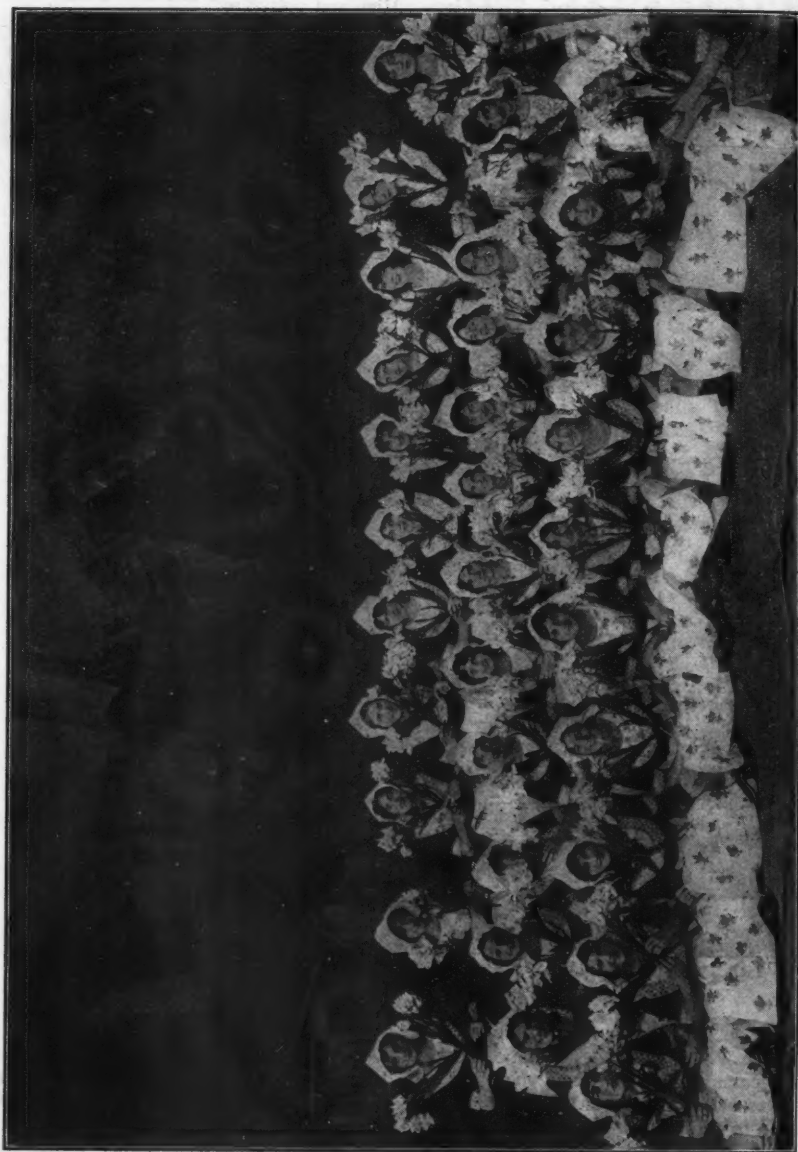
When Russia is reached three majestic white dappled Russian percheron horses are used in the royal entertainment in the great square of Moscow, given in honor of



THE TWIN DEER, WITH MOTHER, BORN AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME, AND APPEARING IN ONE OF THE SCENES OF "UNDER MANY FLAGS"

pears one of the most wonderful sheep that has ever been on the stage, "Gustave," who came all the way from the Pyrenees ranges in Spain to butt the clown off the stage to the shrieking delight of the children. The Arizona scene shows some of the finest bronchos and most skillful "broncho-busters" ever presented on a metropolitan stage, and in the Scotch scene small ponies

the Grand Duke and brother of the Czar. Elephants have become so accustomed to the Hippodrome as a home that they refuse to pass through the town without making an effort to break into the building, and seeking their usual stalls, which are right underneath the Sixth Avenue sidewalks, as was evidenced the other night, when the Powers elephants, which have



A PICTURESQUE DUTCH SCENE IN "UNDER MANY FLAGS" AT THE HIPPODROME

played regular yearly engagements at the Hippodrome, refused to go by the building, and had to be coaxed with sugar and other dainties in order to get them to move along to their destination.

Every known animal, wild or domestic, which has been trained for any kind of a performance, has appeared for the amusement of the patrons of the big Hippodrome.

There have been as many as twenty-three elephants at one time at the Hippodrome.

Somewhere between the demand for grand opera and comedy this great national theatre comes in as "the happy medium" and there will always be a place for the Hippodrome, with its effective scenic and ring exhibits, splendid music, and refined spectacular divertissements.

THE AVERAGE MAN

HE is straight and tall and broad and strong,
And he is clean and neat.
He fares him forth with cheery song,
A figure good to meet.
He makes no pose of pride or wealth,
He does whate'er he can:
So here is toast and here is health
To the great average man!

He has a true and loving wife
Who greets him with a kiss.
His home is free from jar and strife,
A breathing place of bliss;
And so because of steadfast trust
In the Creator's plan
He makes this human life august—
The splendid average man!

He loves the tender common things,
The pine against the sky;
The happy bird that sings and sings
Upon the treetop nigh.
The gorgeous race of flowers he loves;
He loves the rainbow's span;
The greenwood and the painted groves
Delight the average man.

He fights for honor and for truth
He strives for aye to be
Examples for the eyes of youth,
A force for honesty
His face is open as his soul;
His thought is clean to scan;
Good luck attends him to his goal—
All hail the average man!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.



NIGHT

THE birds were singing their last songs as the day waned. The sunset spread a warm, beautiful glow over the earth and the lone pine stretched its arms toward heaven, as if it were loth to cease bowing its thanks to the Maker. The trees were softly sighing, and the wind rustled gently among the branches as if it would fain have comforted them. Music that only the soul could have heard rang o'er the earth, and ending its celestial notes in heaven, faintly died away.

Oh, the peace and stillness of it all—haven for a storm-tossed soul—all seemed to say, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The birds stopped singing, lulled to sleep by the gentle motion of the branches. Then there came a time when God rested, and slowly but surely let the lamps of day fade out of sight. Then everything was given rest and thanked Him for it. Then softly fell the shades of night.

—Ethelyn Stuart Hollyday.
Age twelve.

The HOME *of* *The* SELF MASTERS *By Flynn Wayne*

THERE is something in the name of "Self-Masters" that takes hold of you. The long-promised visit to this unique colony in New Jersey was made in company with Mr. C. H. Ingersoll, who has been from its inception greatly interested in the project. At their farm in Union, New Jersey, among the Orange Mountains, the colony of Self-Masters

has a home for the stranger and the "down and out" that is distinctive. The roomy house is painted in a warm tint of glowing yellow with a classic facade of tall Doric columns, and great stately shade trees add dignity and a homelike and restful tone to the broad acres of the farm. At the door every stranger is bade welcome by Mr. Andress Floyd and his charming



THE HOME OF THE SELF MASTERS

"The house is painted in a warm tint of glowing yellow, with a classic facade of tall Doric columns"

wife, who are devoting their life to this work. Although but a short distance from New York, it seemed far away from the business world of ups and downs and the whirling maelstrom of metropolitan energies. Here thirty homeless men were living, and Mrs. Floyd was pouring the tea. It was pathetic to see these men who were unable to carry on the fight against the drink demon, but there was something hopeful in the scene. There

his guests—for they are treated as guests.

While we were looking at the men at their several tasks, all at work, I was struck by one man who was looking after a stray dog that had followed him there. He seemed to want to pass on his good fortune. A little later a man with muddy clothes came across the field to the back door. He had been there before and had again been kicked out of a bar-room, and in unsteady steps sought again his old haven. He was a brilliant musician in his prime, but drink had got the better of him, and when he approached Mr. Floyd and retold his story, there was no severe rebuke or lecture. Something to strengthen his abused stomach, good clothes, warmth and encouragement to "try again," and so the slow leaven of reformation was again begun.

Mr. Floyd and his wife, Lillian Blanche Floyd, have taken up their life work among these friendless men, real "down and outs." Mr. Floyd does not take hold of ordinary sinners; he gets the "real goods," and insists that it is, indeed, a revelation to find how these men, apparently cast out on every hand, reveal their capacity as successful business men, writers, artists, doctors.

There was one dignified old man there who at one time had been rated in Bradstreet's for a million dollars; a former bank president, a noted chef, and others more than ordinary "successes," who had fallen into the very depths. There is no dealing here in disagreeable comparisons. The home is at once felt to be a real home as soon as you enter the hall, and all find there a place that men can call "home," and find it to be one in the largest and fullest sense.

Mr. Floyd, as the founder and active leader of Self-Master Colony, has found time, before churches, clubs, and associations, to tell the story of his work among discouraged men. He never talks but in

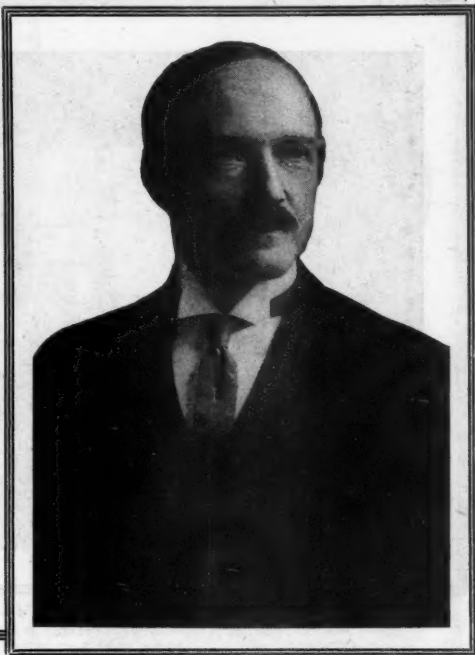


MR. ANDRESS S. FLOYD
The founder and active leader of the Self Master Colony

was "Happy Holland" in the print shop, which had originally been a woodshed, and in the barn the amateur weavers were at work on simple but inspiring tasks. The whole idea was simply to get a man right with himself. If a man has a friend, he does not go there. It is a home for the friendless, in a hearty, wholesome sense of the word. Mr. Floyd is a young man of poise, clean-cut and attractive, and understands human nature and the power of sympathy. His whole soul is absorbed in helping

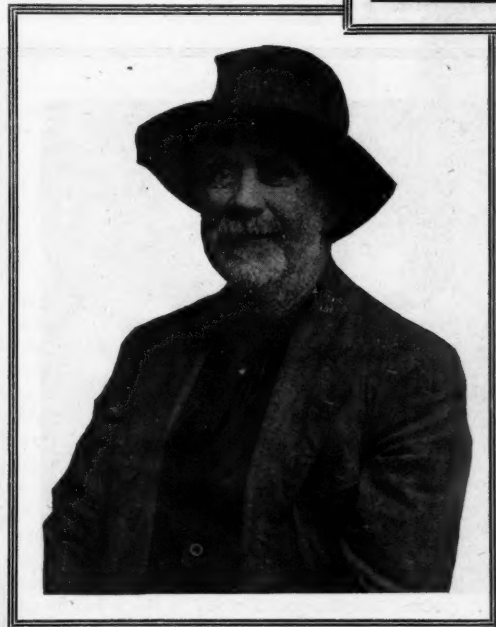
an optimistic and hopeful way of his belief and expectation of the practical reformation of most of his guests. He has a real and hearty affection for the men to whom he has devoted his life. No one seems to understand better the keen and intense despair of the "down and out" than this young manager of the Self-Master Colony. Mr. Floyd is engaged in raising a fund to provide for the extension of the colony, whose guests now occupy a home given them by Mr. C. H. Ingersoll, who insists that this is a cause that counts for the greatest and most noble of charities, and merits assistance of the right sort.

As we passed through the kitchen and parlors, the men were at work, some of them just getting acquainted with the others, while the young mistress of the home is the idol of the



MR. CHARLES H. INGERSOLL

Of Ingersoll Watch fame who has provided the home for the "Self Masters"



HAPPY HOLLAND THE HOBO

One of the favorites among the Self Master Colony

hundreds of men who have been there. She is always ready to bid them welcome.

There are needs to be supplied for this work, and I thought as I looked about the print shop how many hundreds of dollars' worth of material that is thrown aside and sacrificed for junk could be utilized here to advantage. Generous subscriptions are pouring in, but the great need at all times, as for every other project, is money.

Men are making rugs, real, old-fashioned homelike rugs, and selling them at prices from \$2 up, and art squares from \$8 to \$15. They do their own designing and match samples of fabrics and wall paper, and it is curious how men who will go out to sell their clothes for drink will



THE PRINT SHOP, ORIGINALLY A WOODSHED

"The Self Master Colony prints an interesting magazine called *The Self Master*, every issue of which overflows with keen human interest"



SOME OF THE SELF MASTERS AT WORK

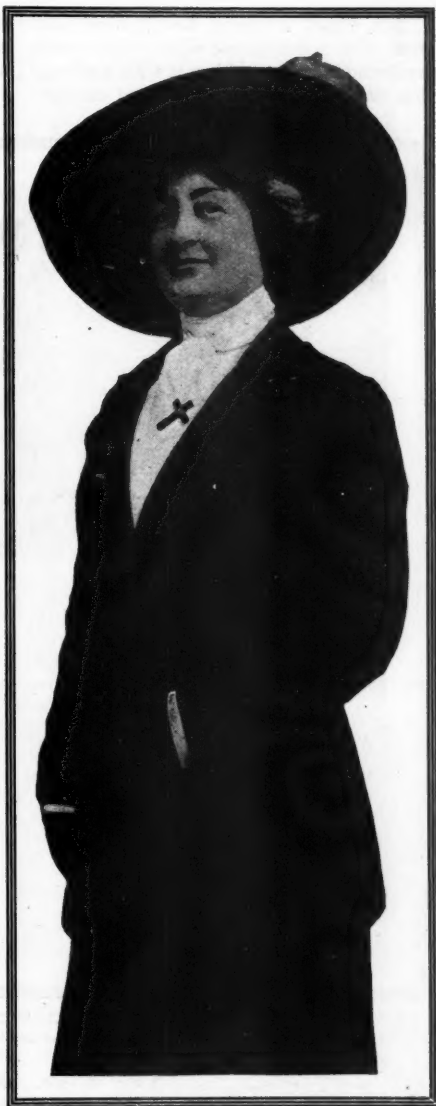
They are making rugs, from their own design, by matching samples of fabrics and wall paper

never think of defaulting one cent when the products of the Self-Master Colony are entrusted to them.

* * *

While nearly all the patients are friendless and homeless, there are cases where the rich man's son who has lost self-control goes there to "find himself." Many poor unfortunates who have been confined in prisons find here the proper environment that builds them up and gives them another grip on their self-respect.

The Self-Master Colony prints an interesting magazine called *The Self-Master*, every issue of which overflows with keen human interest. An outdoor gymnasium is counted upon by Mr. Floyd as the best means to build up men physically and mentally. One day there was sent to their barn a Jersey cow by some friend, and from their own garden comes a host of good things for the table. Over thirty thousand meals have been served to homeless men and boys, and the hospitality of the Home place "shines out like a good deed in a naughty world." There is a sympathetic consideration for the feelings of the men who come there; nothing reminds them of the memory of their past. The one work before them when they cross the threshold is to build up, to get strong and find themselves again and go out again to make themselves useful in the world. It is peculiar how the men will take names like "Umbrella Bill," "Happy Holland," and "Kerosene Bill." After they mingle together for a few days they form ties of comradeship, just like boys who are out together at boarding school. It does not seem right to call it just an uplift colony. It does more than that; it regenerates. Near the home is one of the old-time New Jersey inns, and the home has the cheery air of old-time hostelryes. It is a refreshing thing to enter the house and find no "rules and regulations," with a perfect freedom of coming and going. It has something of the spirit of the old monasteries. No searching questions are asked. The entire effort is focussed on the future.



LILLIAN BLANCHE FLOYD

Who has assisted her husband in making "Self Masters"
a success

The records show that this home turns out many reformed drinkers that other institutions have been unable to handle, and here no drugs are used. It is thoroughly human.

Mr. Floyd, a typical New Yorker, who was once a prosperous Wall Street man, and made money and lost it with a swoop, has not lost himself. He found himself,

can be done with a little money. It is not what Mr. Floyd gives the men so much as what he gives of himself and of the devotion of his loyal wife.

The printing office and weaving department all stimulate hope and a fresh interest in life. True, there are some incorrigible characters, pan-handlers and hoboes that no one else will furnish with a night's lodging and a square meal, but this, after all, as Mr. Floyd says, only means if at first glance you are imposed on for a little coffee, a pipe of tobacco and food, you soon see that they have done good. Mr. Floyd found one day that he had lost the key to his own rooms and has never had occasion to replace a key to his home.

There are people helped in Self-Master Colony who could not be reached at all through other agencies, and as Mr. Floyd said, it has offered no competition with other kinds of good work. It has a field of its own and has planned to do it without interfering with the good impulses and efforts of others. The types of men who arrive during the course of a year would make a most interesting psychological study. They are as varied as the circumstances that bring them there. It might be called in popular parlance a sanitarium, but in fact it has no particular method of reformation. The password is only "Have you room for me?" and on leaving the resolution that "I will make

a good start in life." The appeal of Mr. Floyd is to help save men from vagrancy and look after the homeless. Over sixteen hundred men have enjoyed the hospitality of the open doors of the Self-Masters, which splendid record has been made possible because of the devoted interest of Mr. Floyd and his wife, and of the generous friends who stand ready to help him in this work of practical, Christian brotherhood.



MR. FLOYD TALKING TO AN APPLICANT
The password is only "Have you room for me."

and this determined his course in life. He began concentrating his business genius for the benefit of others. He had walked through the parks at night and had seen much of homeless men drifting about without employment, and this inspired new ideals. One cannot spend much time about the Self-Master Home without catching the spirit of the place, which has attracted the widespread attention of social workers. It is a remarkable demonstration of what



BACK-STAGE WHILE BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS

by
Ann Randolph

production. There are four "Buntys" companies now, you know, all excellent enough, without a doubt. But you were glad to learn that the original company was coming to your town—the company with Molly Pearson, Edmund Beresford, Sanderson Moffett, (the brother of the playwright), Vera Pole, Ethelbert Hales, Margaret Nybloc and Amy Singleton. This was the cast of Scotch and English players who had made *Buntys* and her family household words in American domestic life.

You spent some time in wondering just

WHEN the average play comes to your town the story of it is pretty well known. The newspapers—and the advance representative—have prepared you for it, and perhaps, if it is a very successful play that has run a season in New York, you have seen it on Broadway. Not that your seeing it makes any particular difference to anyone but yourself, but if your readers have for a year or more been digesting information on a play through the medium of their favorite newspaper, they are likely to resent your explanation of the plot, the author and the cast, as an insult to their intelligence. Even if they are snowed in among the mountains at Pollock, Idaho, they know "the play" on Broadway, and how the leading lady happened to go on the stage. All of which is merely to explain your attitude toward Mr. Graham Moffett's wonderfully successful comedy, "*Buntys Pulls the Strings*."

The original American "*Buntys*" company played two years in New York; "original American" being the somewhat ambiguous title of the original Scotch company that came to America with the



"Wee MacGregor" asked no questions and moved not a muscle; he sat in his chair like a young soldier"



"It was hard to keep Mr. Edmund Beresford, the irrepressible 'Rab' of the play, in one place long enough to make an outline"

what you could say of Bunty, after an enthusiastic manager told you, some weeks in advance, his good news—Bunty was coming to the Majestic.

"Well," you reflected, "it ought to make a good story." You questioned the house manager, who hastily referred you to the advance representative; house managers are modest men. And thus the idea for the Bunty story was passed. It was a ticklish subject. Then—"I find it hard to say anything about Bunty," wrote the press representative. "Everyone knows what it is," he went on. Alas, for your hopes of a new "story" idea. "'Bunty' is genuine and human and true," said the letter again. "The play, as almost everyone knows, is a comedy of Scotch domestic life in the middle of the last century—the crinoline period. Add to the strange, fragrant atmosphere of this time, a rich, dry humor—something as human as Dickens, nearer to actual life than Barrie and yet Scotch through and through—and perhaps some idea may be had of its quality. The comparison is not exact and yet I have been thinking of it as a staging of Jane Austen—from across the border.

"The play is spoken in a compromise dialect, which gives the Scotch flavor and still remains intelligible. This, of course, is necessary. It is also acted by real Scotch actors, and done with a naturalness and artistic restraint that are beyond cavil."

Thus the press representative. Now the *Boston Transcript's* terse summary for such few readers as may not remember the plot—"Bunty Pulls the Strings" is a bonny Scottish comedy of the 'managing' daughter who saves her 'faether' from arrest and an ill marriage, marries him off elsewhere and adjusts sundry love affairs, including her own."

And now you are ready to begin your story on Bunty, for there is a story. You saw the play from behind the scenes, or "back-stage," as they say at the theatre. It was Saturday night, and in your town, that is the theatre night—it comes before Sunday morning, when the world may sleep. It is a hard night for actor folk. They have been through an arduous week, and have worked doubly hard on Saturday by reason of a matinee. So on Saturday

night they have usually reached the limit of their endurance. You would not blame them in the least if they looked askance at curious journalists or artists who invaded their poor little privacy back-stage.

* * *

It was almost time for the curtain to go up, and the cast were assembling from dressing rooms upstairs, downstairs, and all points of the compass. Miss Molly Pearson, the winsome, charming, natural young English woman who plays the title role, sat down for a moment in the wings and chatted pleasantly. The performance was late; Saturday night houses are unwieldy for seating purposes. She gave her crinoline hoop-skirt a few affectionate pats, admitted she was tired, but—why, no, she wouldn't mind standing a few moments while the artist made his "Bunty" drawing—no, she wouldn't mind a bit. She liked the press, and if the press wanted to cartoon Bunty, she was glad to be cartooned. Only—"I've been photographed so many times in this dress," she said pathetically, "that I'd like to be done in something else." So it was decided forthwith that Bunty should be sketched in her washing gown, which she dons in the last act. It is the one "hoopless" gown of the play.

There was consulting with Mr. Hales, the stage manager who also plays the part of "Tammias Biggar," father of Bunty, as to when the various characters could best be "caught." He came nobly to the rescue, giving an outline of the different "waits," and completing the round of informal introductions. "Wee MacGregor" was the first subject. He had just been "made up" by Mr. Hales, and came blithely skipping around from the back to look through the peephole in the scenery. He asked no questions and moved not a muscle; he sat in his chair like a young soldier, while a fond father watched the process of the drawing and explained how this boy happened to be "on the stage." "There's a brain in the back of that child's head," said Miss Pearson in one of her half-minute waits off-stage; and you wondered if perhaps in years to come, you might not some day find that a real actor had developed from the lad who, again quoting Miss Pearson, "does his little bit so well."



"Bunty assumed her 'most scornful' pose, which completely withers her obstinate 'faether' in the last act of the play"



"On the stage she is a female Machiavelli, or a cross between that and a Shylock, for she demands her pound of flesh. Behind the scenes she is the vivacious Miss Vera Pole"

It was hard to keep Mr. Edmund Beresford, the irrepressible "Rab" of the play, in one place long enough to make an outline. He was here, there and everywhere, all in the same moment, always laughing, always boyish. He is too natural, too spontaneous to be called a comedian; he is unlike any actor on our stage. After Miss Nybloc—who, by the way, is called "Teenie" off, as well as on the stage—had been finished (this gay young person's high spirits have sent her up to the heading as a piece of decorative art) she whispered that Mr. Beresford was at that moment standing quite still in the opposite wings. The party moved hastily over, "Teenie" merrily leading the way. The elusive "Rab" was surrounded and forced to submit to the inevitable. Special directions for the reproduction of his nose were given by Bunty when she joined the party during

a brief intermission. "His nose is his most expressive feature," she declared. "This company has made a special study of noses."

The nose of Bunty herself was the subject of frank discussion when later she was sketched between acts, in her dressing room. She assumed her "most scornful pose," which completely withers her obstinate "faether" in the closing act of the play. The artist forthwith climbed another flight to catch Mr. Sanderson Moffett with a characteristic "Weelum" expression, and you had the naive "Bunty" quite to yourself. She talked delightfully about the character which she plays. "If one isn't very careful," she said, "Bunty becomes a little shrew, bossing everyone in and out of the family circle. I try to make her tender whenever there's a chance, and she loses her temper only once.

"American audiences have been perfectly wonderful to 'Bunty,' but I suppose it's because there's a real Bunty in almost every home, and there are Rabs, Weelums, Tammas Biggars and Susie Simpsons

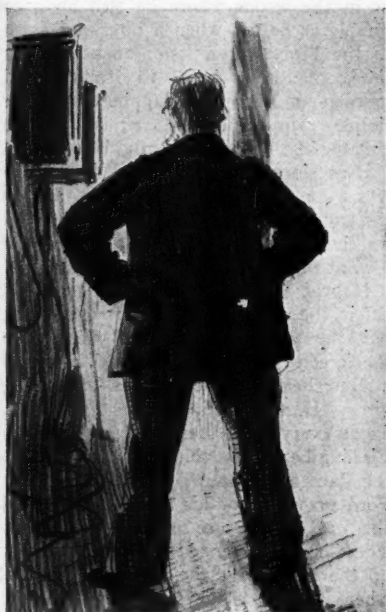


"Two of the bonnie Scotch lassies who form a part of the congregation in the church scene at Lintie-haugh were also sketched unbeknownst in their corner seat as they waited for their act"

scattered in all parts of the land." And this makes you think that thus far you have not said a word of that very excellent character, Miss Susie Simpson, Weelum's "A'ntie Susie." On the stage she is a female Machiavelli, or a cross between that and a Shylock, for she demands her pound of flesh—in this case "a hun'er an' twen-ty pounds," owed her by Tammas. Behind the scenes she is the vivacious Miss Vera Pole. Who could be gloomy in her company? She plays jokes on everyone in the Bunty cast, even including the austere Tammas, impersonated as you have mentioned, by Mr. Hales, the stage director. Thus Tammas is truly the father of his flock. He was caught in silhouette as he watched the performance from the wings. Two of the bonnie Scotch lassies who form a part of the congregation in the church scene at Lintie-haugh were also sketched "unbeknownst" in their corner seat, as they waited for their act, and watched Mr. Beresford demonstrate to an admiring group of stage-hands how he—



"The artist forthwith climbed another flight to catch Mr. Sanderson Moffett with a characteristic 'Weelum' expression"



"Tammas is truly the father of his flock. He was caught in silhouette as he watched the performance from the wings"

but the ladies in the corner didn't know that any more than did you what it was he was demonstrating.

The minutes fairly galloped along. The final curtain came down when the fun back stage was at its height. Out in front there was a thunderous applause, and a delighted audience encored the various characters, with a last affectionate clap for Bunty herself.

Then in back, agile stage hands began to move the scenery, and the company prepared to scatter after a round of hand-shaking and a cordial exchange of "Good-nights."

Finishing touches were added to the Bunty drawing, while that delightful young lady expressed her approval of the series, with a special kind word for "expressive noses." "As I said," she murmured, "this company is especially favored with noses."

"This company—" you began as you were leaving. But you didn't finish. What was the use? Was there ever such a company?

"Oh," said Mr. Beresford, "this company's just one happy family."

HENRY FORD

AND
THE

BIRDS

By
Mitchell Mannerings

IN a plainly furnished office, indicative of the modesty of the host, I met Henry Ford, a man unspoiled by fortune and success, although today one of the most conspicuous personalities in the automobile world.

Near his desk hangs a portrait of Thomas A. Edison, subscribed to his friend Henry Ford, whom he declares to be "one of a group of men who has helped to make the United States of America the most progressive nation in the world." There are also portraits of John Wanamaker and other friends who, like him, have builded on foundations characteristic of self-made men of creative genius.

In a small room adjoining is kept one of the first automobiles made in the country, which Mr. Ford constructed while employed by the Edison Illuminating Company of Detroit. It has four bicycle wheels, but many of its parts have been developed and improved, and still used in the latest Ford car. The old automobile was sold some years ago, but Mr. Ford left no stone unturned in tracing it, through various purchases, and finally he secured the original machine, the forerunner of his great success.

Smooth-faced and with the bloom of health and buoyant spirits, Henry Ford is the same gentle and affable man who only a few years ago rode through the streets of Detroit with his wife and baby in the vehicle whose manufacture has since become a gigantic industry.

A romance of the automobile trade centers about the life of Henry Ford. Upon a farm near Detroit, which now belongs to him, he attended the "University" known as the district school, a

picture of which hangs today on his office wall. Down the schoolhouse hill ran a brook that became a waterfall. Mr. Ford laughs when he recalls his boyish endeavors to harness the falls to a water wheel. "And so," he says, "I built a power plant in front of the schoolhouse."

* * *

It is current report in Detroit that if you can't find Mr. Henry Ford anywhere else, he is sure to be encountered somewhere among the broad acres of his farm, or in the woods where he still loves to ramble as he did when a boy, and listen to the birds whose song, unchanged by time or fashion, bears the same liquid message of hope and happiness in their simple symphonies and praise of the Creator of all things pure and beautiful.

Ever since I first met Mr. Ford there was a longing to visit that farm, and as the trolley now runs that way, I was soon walking around by the Ten Eyck House toward the Dearborn farmhouse.

It was a glorious Sunday morning. Off in the distance a new barn was being built for the cows, and everywhere were the green walls of those old-fashioned hedges, beloved of all places by nesting birds. Here, indeed, was the Ford farm, for on every hand there were bird houses. Circling below was the Rouge River, with the dam and water power which Henry Ford provided for his farm utilities, and the old schoolhouse of his early days. There he had attended school and further up the village was the Episcopal Church, where he went with his parents to morning service and Sunday-school. Up this road, the joy of motorists and farmers alike, one passes the farm where many orphan



AN IDEAL PLACE FOR WINTER PROTECTION



THE DEER THAT FIND ON THE FORD FARM THE FREEDOM OF THEIR NATIVE WOODS

boys are given a home and taught not only how to work on the farm, but to love the life and its varied duties. This road is called "Michigan Avenue," and is paved like the Chicago boulevard for which it is named, and is said to run in a direct line to that thoroughfare.



HENRY FORD

The pioneer builder of the popular-priced automobile. His career spans the development of the modern automobile for practical purposes

The Ford farmhouse is just an old-fashioned one, not a place with gingerbread work and overcrowded with "modern convenience." It is a real farmhouse, from which the tempting odors of ham and eggs promptly localized the site of the kitchen. Inside there were all the evidences of solid comfort known to the farmers in the old days, and here Mr. Ford with his wife and son, Edsel Ford, come to spend their hours of recreation. Father,

mother and son—here is a happy family in the surroundings amid which Henry Ford grew up and left but for a while when he went to Detroit to carve out a career. It was here that he brought out the great battle which has resulted in the Ford Motor Company, which produces the largest number of cars per annum of any other concern in the country.

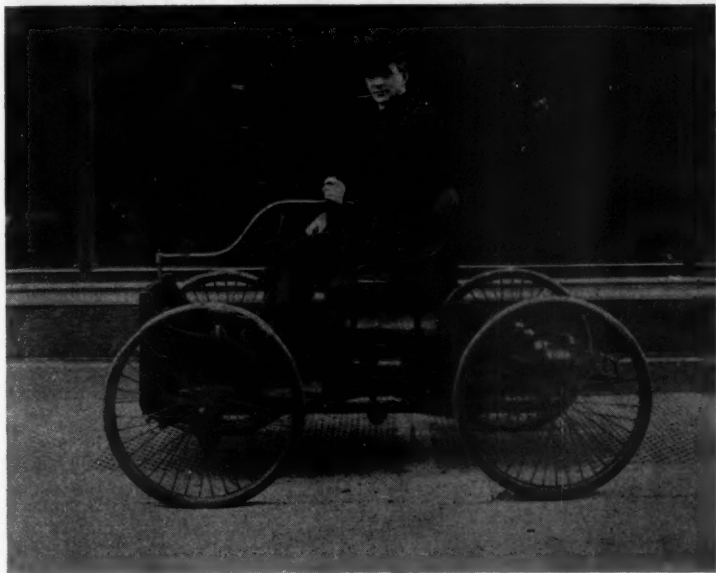
The Ford machine is built on the same sterling principles which characterize the farmer boy of Dearborn. There is less tire expense and it is a standardized product. Only one chassis is being made, and improvements on that are constantly being worked out. The Ford motor cars are pronounced models, and the large factory is visited by many people every day from all parts of the world. It is the last word in auto factory construction—the model of models.

The large office buildings and the great gas engine and producer plant evolved by Mr. Ford, have about them the spirit of the Ford institution, which has without ostentation or fuss developed a manufacturing establishment of worldwide renown.

Henry Ford is known as the busy business man who does not have an office. True, there is a desk in his simple Detroit business headquarters, but he is not there any more than is positively necessary, and he chafes at the restraint of mere office work. His active brain desires a wider scope than four walls, for besides being an inventive genius, he seems to see everything in and out of mechanical propositions, and also has that rare executive capacity of having loyal men about him, who not only know what is to be done, but go right ahead and do it.

The one great hobby of Henry Ford is a love of birds, and the recent Congressional hearings on forest reservations brought out some interesting facts in this connection. An effort is being made to stop the promiscuous killing of feathered birds out of season and to give the migratory species a chance. National regulations along this line have become necessary, because birds do not remain any length of time within the boundaries

the federal government will enact statutes preventing the destruction of migratory birds. The common law declares that wild game belongs to the people, and such ownership being in the people in their united sovereignty, the governing body representing them has the power or control over such game in the exercise of its duties as trustee for the benefit of all the people. This is the tenor of an important decision.



HENRY FORD IN THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE WHICH HE COMPLETED

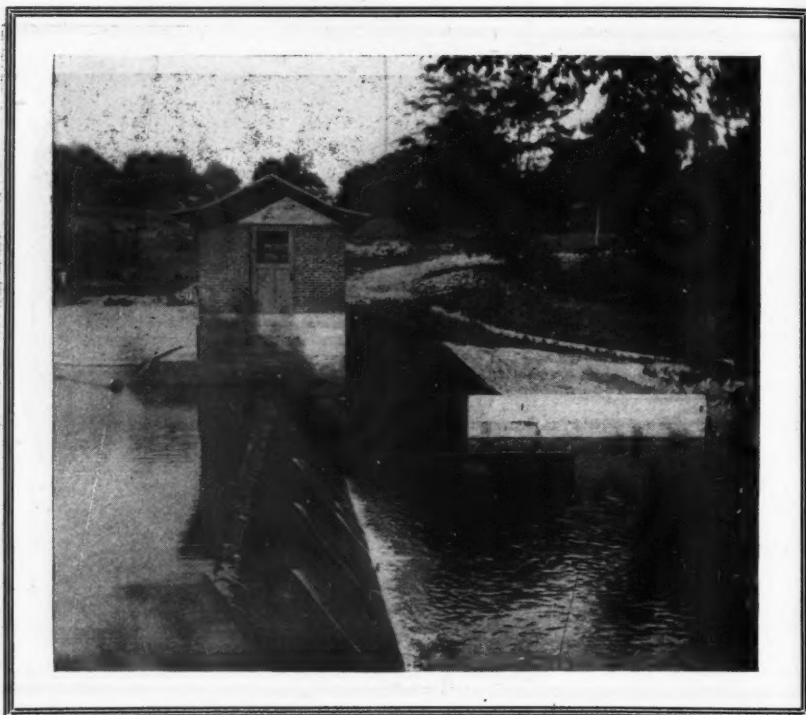
of any one state. Statistics show that where effective game laws have been enforced, the bird life of the country has been most satisfactorily developed. Mr. Ford can discuss all the phases of this important matter, and his keen interest in the proposed legislation has had no small part in bringing the matter to the attention of others.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and Senator Overman are both working on the movement, and it is felt that in the future

On Mr. Ford's desk were many dainty books filled with tinted plates, representing thousands of varieties of bird life in colors and radiance of plumage. Through the influence of such men as Henry Ford, effective work has been done toward inspiring among boys and thoughtless hunters a greater desire to preserve for the beauty of the forests and fields those feathered songsters which have added so much to the beauty and joy of life. "What would this world be," says Mr.

Ford, "without birds?"—and just answer the question yourself, if you would not miss their varied calls, whether it be the trill of the canary, the clatter of the wren, the song of the robin or the thrush, the wail of the poor whip-poor-will, the salute of the bob-white, or the homely caw-caw of the crow. All these have more to do with our lives and their activities and beauty than we realize; were it all taken

Congressman now Senator-Elect Weeks, providing that all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, pigeons and all other migratory game and insectivorous birds passing from the north to the south should be placed within the custody of the United States government and not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations. This seems like extending the scope of the interstate



THE DAM ON THE ROUGE RIVER WHICH SUPPLIES THE POWER FOR MR. FORD'S FARM
This is the stream in which Mr. Ford went fishing as a boy

away the world would be full of unavailing regrets. What more desolate outlook for Nature than to have the great fields and trees, all desolate and bereft of those beauties who enliven the forests and fields and complete that pulsating activity that lends to nature its own inimitable and enduring thrill of joy?

The protection of migratory birds was the subject of a bill introduced in the House of Representatives a year ago by

commerce bill to cover the 'aerial transportation of migratory birds.

The Department of Agriculture is appealed to to make regulations in regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and lines of migratory flight. It is intended to have the law in no way interfere with the game laws of the various states and territories, but to make a general law, which may escape the charge of constitutionality and protect the birds against

the pot hunter and pseudo-sportsman.

The disappearance of birds in New England is accounted the chief cause of the prevalence of the gypsy moth, for the little birds of passage do much to keep down the pests that attack the trees, foliage and shrubbery.

A careful study of the habits of birds is being made by the various states, and the impulse that has led Henry Ford in his earnest championship of the birds of the air lies latent in the hearts and minds of thousands of people throughout the country.

* * *

Henry Ford's love of birds is almost a passion. Never has he been known to shoot or kill a bird. He even does not enjoy fishing. To him life's greatest pleasure is to be on the farm where he was reared as a boy, roving in the fields and hearing nature's sweet symphony.

The first memories of his life are of a robin—a red-breasted robin. At the time his father carried Henry's brother, scarcely two years older, in his arms, so when Henry Ford looked upon that robin and realized it, he must have been very young. More than five hundred bird houses are on his farm, and the little wrens who winter in the Southland seem to come back early in the spring, as if to find good quarters on the Ford farm. Late last December the robins were still in the quarters here, and seven remained all winter.

Through the Ford farm flows the Rouge River, and as in his school days [the boy built a power plant by the brookside, so as a man he built on this stream a one hundred horsepower electric plant, which has shown what practical mechanical genius can do on a modern farm. As the boys on the farm enthusiastically remark, "It does all the work," even to milking the cows in twenty minutes. Mr. Ford remembers the

long boyhood hours spent in doing chores on the farm, and his genius has been concentrated upon lightening farm labor, even in other ways than inventing the automobile, so practical and popular with the farmers of America. In the same way he



FEEDING STATION FOR BIRDS

has kept personal experiences in mind when perfecting the Ford machine and it is easy to account for the popularity of the Ford on the farm. The owner of the Ford knows he has the value in his machine. It has been a potent factor in revolutionizing farm work, and was designed by a man who knew the hardships and drudgery on an old-fashioned farm.

Factory after factory making Ford motors has been built with marvelous rapidity, and the loyalty of the men about the plant for Mr. Ford is manifested in many ways. Their simple, democratic chief goes about among them as one companion with another, just as in the days when he worked with them all day under the galvanized iron roof of a temporary "factory" constructed to meet the growing demands of the Ford. At all

Mr. Ford made his first trip to Europe in 1912, when he was the recipient of well-deserved honors, feeling a glow of patriotic pride in this evidence of the great advance in American automobile construction made during the last decade and so largely through his enterprise. Since then European manufacturers, already alarmed at the invasion of American automobiles, are advocating customs regulations that will prohibit Americans from making European tours in American machines. The story of the American shoe is fresh in their minds, and European buyers are taking a lively interest in the American motor, as a product adjusted to the demands of a people insistently demanding the best and swiftest of modern motor cars.

There is a marked resemblance in the methods and ideals of Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford. In fact it is plain to see that the wizard of Menlo Park had been the ideal of the Michigan boy long before he became a manufacturer. Mr. Ford's great ambition now is to make a motor adjusted to the needs and means of all the people. He has labored unceasingly toward making but one size motor for all—emphasizing the true spirit of democracy, seeking less to create startling and revolutionary inventions than to secure a perfect machine, that can be sold at a price within the means of the majority of horse and vehicle owners. The result of this idea is indicated in figures of the business for the past year. The Ford Company transacted a gross business of sixty million dollars, which is more than the total receipts of the great Michigan Central Railroad system with all its years of development and investment. With unfilled orders of upwards of 25,000 machines, a still further reduction of ninety dollars on a touring car was made October 1, making its cost six hundred dollars complete.

In spite of the fact that the earnings are still piling up, the company have provided for a bigger future, and are completing additions to their factory with a



ONE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED BIRD HOUSES
MR. FORD HAS ERECTED ON HIS FARM AT
DEARBORN

times and under all circumstances Henry Ford is himself—a simple, genuine, hearty soul whom everyone loves.

The philanthropy of Henry Ford takes practical form. On one of his farms are fifteen to twenty orphan lads who are being provided for and educated by the erstwhile farmer boy of Wayne County, who in his prosperity and simple enjoyment of life is ensuring for himself big dividends in the future from a beneficence that will bear fruit from generation to generation.

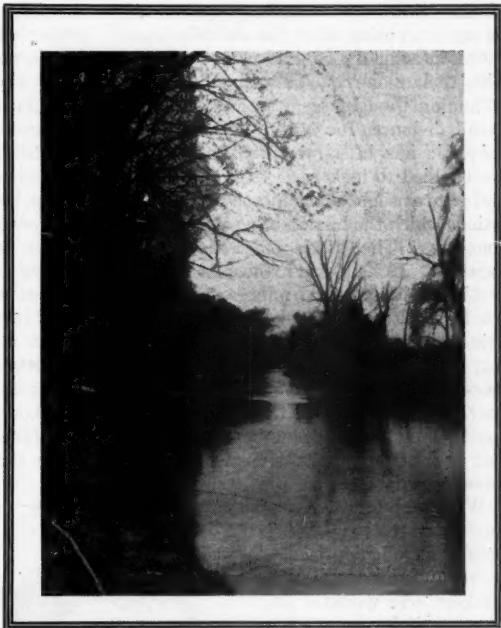
capacity of one thousand finished cars a day, all possessing the same basic and inherent merits of the other.

A story is told of one branch manager who received a special order and wanted a large number of cars painted gray, a color different from that always used on the Ford cars, and wrote Mr. Ford in person. He replied that he would provide any color they chose, no matter what color it was, so long as it was the same black as was used on the other cars. The uniform color in Ford cars emphasizes the principle of making all alike, equally good and just as thoroughly tested for one owner as for all others. Those who own Ford cars are always eager to tell you all about them, and how their pet motor has always met all demands. The tire expense is at a minimum and every automobile tourist knows what it is to see a string of Fords go sweeping along when other heavier cars are having trouble. This is accounted for by the light weight of the cars, and the rigid inspection concentrated on every part of the Ford.

Mr. Ford has not permitted his success to wean him away from Detroit and the old home near by where he was born. He enjoys life in the same simple, unpretentious way as when he was working as a director of the pioneer Detroit Automobile Company, and wanted to show them how to improve the car. He pointed out to them the way that led to the present construction of the Ford cars, which seem to "ford" every stream and "afford" everything necessary in automobile development. (If this pun escapes without causing a blow-out, the proof-reader will be happy.) Mr. Ford is not merely actuated by the desire of making more money, but, like Edison, delights rather in making and inventing things that will be of practical service to the largest number of people.

The Ford Company has never appro-

priated a large surplus with which to exploit the world's market. In every country in the world there is a Ford machine, and every owner becomes unconsciously a most effective salesman. At some time or other, everyone wants a Ford, and that is why it was impossible in 1912, even with all the increased facilities, to supply the demand. To tour Detroit in a Ford ma-



EVERYTHING REMAINS IN ITS WILD AND NATIVE STATE ON THE FORD FARM AND BIRDS AND ANIMALS FIND IT A HAVEN OF REFUGE

chine seemed most appropriate, also to sweep around the fine roads of Belle Isle, and through that incomparable Belle Isle Park for which Detroit is famous, and along the boulevards, viewing the great cluster of modern factories which have more than doubled Detroit's population in a decade. Then only it seemed that I had secured a proper setting for memories of the place whence come the irrepressible, universal Fords that flit over the motor paths of the world today—moving and enduring memorials of the man whose genius made them and their stupendous reputation and popularity possible.

A Campaign of Financial Education

by W. C. Jenkins

WHEN some future historian gives the world an analysis of the financial events of the latter part of the nineteenth and the first few years of the twentieth centuries, nothing will be more amazing than the childlike innocence in which men and women parted with their money. The well-defined laws of human thought seem to have been set at all defiance, for now that the mental epidemic has in a measure subsided, we are enabled to look back only a few years and gaze at some of the most idiotic speculations which the human mind can possibly conceive. The story of Tulip investments in Holland and the "Mississippi Bubble" will appear as minor events when the true history of the wild speculation of this period is written; and most interesting of all is the fact that not only the innocent and uneducated were drawn into the vortex, but often the biggest losers were men at the head of great financial and industrial institutions who should have known better.

What an interesting commentary upon the judgment of many American bankers one would discover if he were permitted to analyze a certain portion of the items which have been charged off to profit and loss in their financial institutions!

Within the past twenty years vast sums of money have been lost through injudicious investments; and, let it be known, there are few securities more susceptible of disappointment to investors than some of the

stocks and bonds of corporations of a semi-public nature. Without absolute compliance with the law and the resolutions authorizing the issuance of such securities, they are of little value as a protection to investors.

It is not expected that the layman can know whether all the legal requirements have been complied with, and he who ventures into this kind of speculation without first getting the opinion of a reliable authority upon such matters is taking long chances. A little care when purchasing public utility securities will obviate needless worry later. This care consists in dealing only through reliable brokers and bankers—men who are trained in public utility finance. Before they will handle stocks and bonds of this nature the details of organization, the legality of the issues and possible priority claims are thoroughly investigated. No honorable broker will handle paper regarding which there is any element of doubt.

Stung time and again by bad investments, the people of central Ohio have until very recently looked upon stocks and bonds with more or less suspicion and doubt. Since reliable brokers and bond houses began to trade in these securities, however, money is not so timid and many strong boxes in that section are being filled with securities of corporations of a semi-public nature. In fact, it is not difficult today to finance any legitimate Ohio enterprise at home.



CLAUDE MEEKER
(1172)

In clearing the financial atmosphere of central Ohio, due recognition must be given the service to investors by Claude Meeker of Columbus, for no man has been more active than he in separating the wheat from the chaff. It is through his efforts that so many country banks are now in the collateral loan market. Not many years ago the country bankers held aloof from this class of securities, but today Mr. Meeker receives hundreds of letters from men who want to invest their idle funds in stocks and bonds of corporations which can readily be converted into cash.

Mr. Meeker is a specialist in securities of this nature, and hence his brokerage house is the medium through which hundreds of banks are finding a safe market for idle funds. The earnings, capitalization, past performances and future prospects of companies whose securities he handles are matters of absolute knowledge in Mr. Meeker's office, and therefore his advice is based on solid foundation.

Claude Meeker is well known to the people of Central Ohio and in fact to many persons outside. His *clientele* forms a part of the people of almost every state, and his business conduct has always been above reproach. He received his early education in the schools of Columbus, and later engaged in newspaper work. When a writer on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, he had abundant opportunity to study the necessity for some specialist in public utility affairs to stand between the promoter and

the investor. When in later years Mr. Meeker was private secretary to Governor Campbell of Ohio, this same necessity was often impressed upon his mind. His plans for starting a brokerage house, however, were temporarily interrupted by his appointment by Grover Cleveland as consul to Bradford, England, an office he filled during Cleveland's second administration. Not only did he make many valuable reports from the Bradford consulate which were of advantage to American importers and exporters, but he perfected his knowledge regarding public utility finance and operation by a study of the English system, where matters of this nature are on the most conservative and solid basis. Therefore when he returned to the United States he was possessed of a fund of information which but few specialists in financial investments enjoyed.

Mr. Meeker's banking and brokerage house was the first dealer in local securities of an investment nature in Central Ohio. The business was started in a modest way, but it has grown until today it requires a force of trained assistants to handle the daily transactions of the office. Mr. Meeker's campaign of financial education has been of much value in Ohio, and instead of many citizens owning an assortment of worthless paper, those who have dealt through his house possess securities of the very best. Associated with Mr. Meeker are G. W. Meeker, H. H. Roundsevel and M. Helen Grant.

TRUE HAPPINESS

A delicious repose, a sweet book to read, a walk in some open solitary spot, a conversation in which one discloses all one's heart, a strong emotion that brings the tears to one's eyes and makes the heart beat faster, whether it hears of some tale of generous action or of a sentiment of tenderness, of wealth, of gaiety, of liberty, of indolence—that is true happiness, nor shall I ever know any other.

—Diderot.

The New First National Bank of Columbus

THE oldest National Bank in Columbus is what is now the New First National Bank of that city. For an unbroken record of honor and integrity, embracing a period of fifty years, there are none that shine with more luster than does this Columbus institution. Two pictures are presented herewith illustrating the history of this bank—one when the heads of the officials were bowed in grief over the assassination of President Lincoln; the other when the present owners had achieved sufficient success to build a home for the bank and which is now one of the prettiest buildings of its kind in the Middle West.

The present new First National Bank is a consolidation of two financial institutions which were doing business in Columbus in 1897. They were the National Bank of Columbus and the Fourth National Bank. The consolidation was brought about by Charles R. Mayers, now president of the bank. When this consoli-

dation was effected the deposits were \$724,600.19 with no surplus. Today the bank has deposits of approximately five million dollars and a surplus of about four hundred thousand dollars. It has paid its stockholders during the past fifteen years dividends aggregating \$804,000 and as stated above still has a surplus of four hundred thousand dollars. For the past two years this bank has paid its stockholders twenty per cent dividend which in itself speaks louder than words as to its strength and solidity.

Perhaps much of the distinction which this bank has achieved among the financial institutions of Ohio may be attributed to the aggressive spirit manifested by Charles R. Mayers, who has been president since the consolidation in 1897. Mr. Mayers was with his father in the banking business at Millersburg, Ohio. He took with him to Columbus ideas which were foreign to the majority of bankers. The primitive method of sitting idle waiting



NEW FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
COLUMBUS, OHIO

for deposits to come in were not adapted to a mind so full of energy and creative ability such as Mr. Mayers possessed; so he went out after business. He invited the accounts of business men and he solicited the reserve deposits of banks. It was largely through Mr. Mayers' efforts that Columbus was made a reserve city. On September 4, 1912, the deposits of outside banks in Columbus banking institutions

counties, municipalities and school districts and are the safest investments which can be purchased. They bear interest from four to five and one-half per cent. So large has this feature of the bank's business become that seventy-five per cent of its assets consist of or are secured by these municipal bonds.

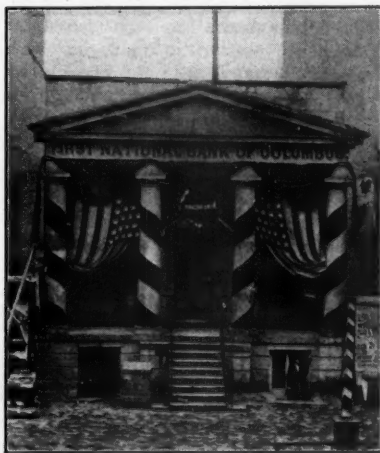
Leading students of finance assert that the president of an important financial institution should devote his entire time to the affairs of his bank and that he should not hold any official position in other business corporations. This theory is evidently subscribed to by Mr. Mayers, for his interests are centered absolutely and entirely in the New First National Bank. He holds aloof from all other corporate enterprises,



CHARLES R. MAYERS
President of the First National Bank of Columbus

were reported as \$3,462,319, of which \$1,673,323, or nearly one-half, were in the new First National Bank.

Mr. Mayers was the first banker in Columbus and in fact in the United States to realize the importance of dealing in municipal bonds as a feature of banking, and his bank was the first in the country to start a municipal bond department. This branch has been his hobby, and how successful he has made the department may be illustrated by the fact that the new First National Bank has sold over eighty million dollars of this class of securities and in not a single instance has there been a default in the payment of interest or principal. The bank's customers are scattered all over the United States and Europe. These bonds are obligations of



FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF COLUMBUS

Photograph of the old building, taken when the bank was draped in mourning at Lincoln's death. The theatre bill shown in the picture advertises Jenny Lind's appearance at the Opera House

and his energies and activity are concerned alone with his bank. Still he finds time to participate in every movement of importance which is calculated to build up the city of Columbus.

The directors are men who have achieved success in Columbus, and the managing officials have nearly all been identified with the bank since it was reorganized in 1897. Albert D. Heffner is Vice-President, Charles R. Shields, cashier; Henry Pausch and Edgar L. Abbott assistant cashiers.

A Public Utility Success

IF I were asked to direct an earnest inquirer to some city where public utility operation can be characterized as an unqualified success, I would answer: Go to Dayton, Ohio.

My studies while in that city were confined to the electric lighting and power branches of the public-utility service and the tribute gratuitously given in this article to the Dayton Power & Light Company, while unsolicited, is well deserved.

A careful study of public-utility conditions in our American cities during the past ten years has convinced me that much of the prejudice against corporations of a semi-public nature has been caused by incompetent, pessimistic managers who have believed that vested rights constituted the most important public utility requirements. These men could not see over their desk tops, and they have allowed their imagination to be obscured and their activities paralyzed because the people saw fit to complain. It has never entered their minds that the greatest asset which a public-utility company can possess is absolute confidence on the part of the people.

The Dayton plan of loan and building association practice has been studied and practiced by thousands of men, who have organized associations of this nature in the United States and Europe, and the Dayton plan of conducting a power and light company is equally worthy of emulation. In that city may be seen a manager of a great corporation recognizing to the full his broad duty for the public and

who attaches far less importance to franchise rights than he does to a satisfied people.

Perhaps it should be stated that F. M. Tait, President and General Manager of the Dayton Power & Light Company, is also president of the National Electric Light Association, an elective honor which has never been bestowed upon an inactive or unknown public-utility man. Here are a few axioms which Mr. Tait has started on their way to the corporation men of this country:

"If you have the public confidence and the public is willing to stand up and say a good word for you and your company, you have friends who in the time of need will save you a lot of trouble.

"It seems to me that it would be a good thing to spend a lot of time in trying to keep your public happy and satisfied.

"There is no place where diplomacy is needed as much as in the public-utility business."

"The more intelligent your men become, the more valuable will they be to your

company. You cannot keep their light under a bushel, providing they have the right candle power in the light."

"If you have the confidence of the public you are bound to obtain the maximum business."

Five years ago the Dayton Power & Light Company was the smallest public-utility company in Dayton; today it is the largest. During that time the Company's business has trebled and this in face of natural gas competition. The Company never affiliates itself with



F. M. TAIT

political parties, and it asks no favors that are not consistent with honorable public utility practice.

A considerable measure of success which the Dayton Company has achieved may be traced to its splendid organization. Visitors to the company's office never find the manager poring over diagrams, charts and figures at his desk. His time is employed to better advantage in dealing with the broad problems of policy and management; nevertheless the charts and diagrams are in the hands of competent subordinates. Every employee is made to feel that upon his shoulders, to more or less extent, rests the success of the company. The utmost courtesy to patrons is demanded by the management, which stands ready at all times to receive suggestions and rectify errors the moment they are brought to attention. It is Mr. Tait's belief that a public-utility manager must understand the people better than the best politicians of the city. He must be a man versed in practical modern sociology, a man who recognizes the needs of the public. The manager, he thinks, should have the widest local acquaintance, and particularly should he be in touch with the business leaders of the community.

The Dayton Power and Light Company has greatly popularized itself by promptness. A customer can order an electric light connection in the morning and get it in service before night. The average time required to fill such an order a few years ago was a week. Now it is less than a day. The company's slogan, "Anywhere in Dayton, electric light and power cheap," has been placed before the

people in every conceivable form, and they have learned to realize that the company means just what it says.

The maximum rate for power in Dayton is six and one-half cents. The minimum rate is one and three-quarter cents. The lighting rate is from three to nine cents, the price being governed by the quantity used and the load factor. At the present time the Company is supplying eighty per cent of all the power used in Dayton. The power development in that city is greater than in any similar size city in this country.

The Dayton Power and Light Company owns the Miami Light and Power Company of Piqua, a city of eighteen thousand people, and has recently purchased the Xenia Gas and Electric Company. Xenia has about twelve thousand inhabitants.

It is often the case that municipalities do a grievous injury to innocent people who have been induced to invest their money in corporations of a semi-public nature. Public service corporations must build many months and sometimes years ahead of the city. They must have confidence in the good intention of the people and also in the growth of the city; and this confidence can never be created unless the corporation is honorable in all its dealings with the people. The result of absolute integrity and honor is nowhere better illustrated than in the relationship which exists between the Dayton Power and Light Company and the people of that city. Investments in public utility companies of this nature are as safe as in government bonds, and are a great deal more profitable.



An Anomaly in Railroad Receivership

OUT in Ohio there is the strange anomaly of an interurban railroad in the hands of a receiver, with the bondholders resisting every effort to reorganize the company and terminate the receivership. As the bondholders are in control, it is probable that the railroad will be operated by the receiver for some time to come.

This interurban system is known as the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Railway Company, and it has a strange history. The details concerning the early methods of financing the property would add another chapter to get-rich-quick literature, and would also portray the principal causes which convey so many interurban railroads into the hands of receivers. Nevertheless receivership has been a distinct blessing to the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Railway, and that without any reorganization, but simply intelligent direction on the part of the receiver and court.

The system is a consolidation of the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Electric Railroad Company, incorporated in 1901; the Marion Railway Light and Power Company, incorporated in 1903, and the Columbus Northern Railway, Power and Equipment Company, incorporated in 1904; and besides operating the interurban line from Columbus to Marion, Ohio, and the power houses and substations at Stratford, Chaseland, Prospect and Marion, it owns and operates the street railways and electric plant at Marion, the street

railways at Delaware and the various parks and amusement resorts along the line.

When the property was placed in the hands of Receiver Eli M. West three years ago its finances were in a sadly demoralized condition. No dividends were paid to stockholders and the bondholders were looking in vain for interest; in fact the physical assets were unmistakably headed towards the junk heap. Mr. West, however, took hold of the company's affairs, and in less than a year succeeded in bringing order out of chaos. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, the gross earnings of the company amounted to \$402,633.90, against \$316,424.65 during the last year the property was operated by the company itself. The bondholders are now getting their interest and at the same time they see the property greatly enhanced in value by legitimate expenditures for betterments, thereby greatly augmenting their security.

As a receiver, Mr. West is more than the term implies; he is the manager, and the system is under his personal supervision. No unnecessary managing officials are maintained, and his corps of assistants are men trained in the particular departments in which they are placed. The general method of receivership is for the court to appoint three men, each of whom is supposed to be trained in the particular duties assigned to him. A Wisconsin interurban company is now being managed by four receivers. All this expense is eliminated in the method which



ELI M. WEST

A receiver for an interurban railway company who has brought order out of chaos

is being applied to the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Railway.

J. H. Lahrner, superintendent for the receiver, has been in the railway business for sixteen years and is considered in railroad circles very practical in the various branches of the work. A. F. Elkins, auditor for the receiver, has spent fifteen years in public utility service as accountant and auditor, and is well known because of a number of valuable articles he has contributed from time to time to railway literature.

The system is in excellent physical condition, and the general intelligence of the employees of the road is above the average.

Mr. West was born on a farm in Perry County and is associated with George Chennell in Columbus in the bill-posting business. From 1884 to 1886 Mr. West was treasurer of Hocking County. From 1896 to 1900 he was steward at the Ohio Penitentiary. The success he has achieved as receiver has been a matter of considerable interest among railway men.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET

THE moon looked down on Denver one matchless summer night
And bathed the earth in splendor, a flood of silver light
Suffused the hills and valleys, all wrap't in sweet repose;
We wandered near a garden, I mind I smelled a rose.
We rested in the garden, I and my heart's delight:
The moon beamed down on Denver that scented summer night.

The rain came down in Denver one blowy autumn night,
One bleak night in November, and blurred the tower light.
I told my love a story, the grate glowed warm and red;
She toyed with her fair fingers, then slowly shook her head.
She kindly drew her curtain to give my going light;
Oh, how it rained in Denver that black November night!

The snow came down in Denver, one windless winter night,
And robed the earth in splendor, in splendid robe of white;
I told the same old story, she did not shake her head,
But toyed with her fair fingers. I took her hand and said:
"And this pig went to market, and this pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef, this little pig had none."
* * * * *

Eight years! The snow is falling tonight. Not far away
I hear a baby calling, and hear its mother say:
"And this pig went to market, and this pig stayed at home.
This little pig had roast beef, this little pig had none."
Down past my study window the snow flakes flutter white,
Just as they did in Denver that windless winter night.

—"Songs of Cy Warman."

Telephone Coöperation in Cincinnati

THE State of Ohio furnishes an interesting study for those who still cling to the primitive belief that telephone competition promotes better service and is an economic ideal to which a people may aspire. In that state may be seen telephone competition in all its varying forms of expense and annoyance; and in one city, Cincinnati, may be seen the effects of what is vulgarly termed "Monopoly." Surely time in its gentle manner has brought home to the people of Ohio the fact that one telephone system properly conducted is more to be desired than any effort to throttle the Bell and destroy monopoly.

In practically all of the large cities of Ohio, except Cincinnati, the people are being subjected to all the exasperating annoyances of the dual system; and this would not be so bad if the physical conditions of the properties, especially the Independent, kept up to a state of efficiency to best meet the demands of the public; but, pending negotiations for consolidation, but little new money has been put into the properties and as a consequence the general public finds the telephone service, which was never any too good, deteriorating and the impulse to indulge in profanity becomes more pronounced.

If there is one city in the United States that can give the people an object lesson in telephone experience that city is Cincinnati. The people of that city have always preferred to encourage the local company in its efforts to improve its property, than to encourage promoters who have sought to organize a rival company. What is the result? Today the telephone service in Cincinnati is far above that of the average American city. The rates are reasonable, and the people are not subject to all the grievous and petty annoyances incidental to double service. The splendid service and large telephone development in Cincinnati is the result of co-operation on the part of the citizens in the company's endeavor to bring the telephone business up to the

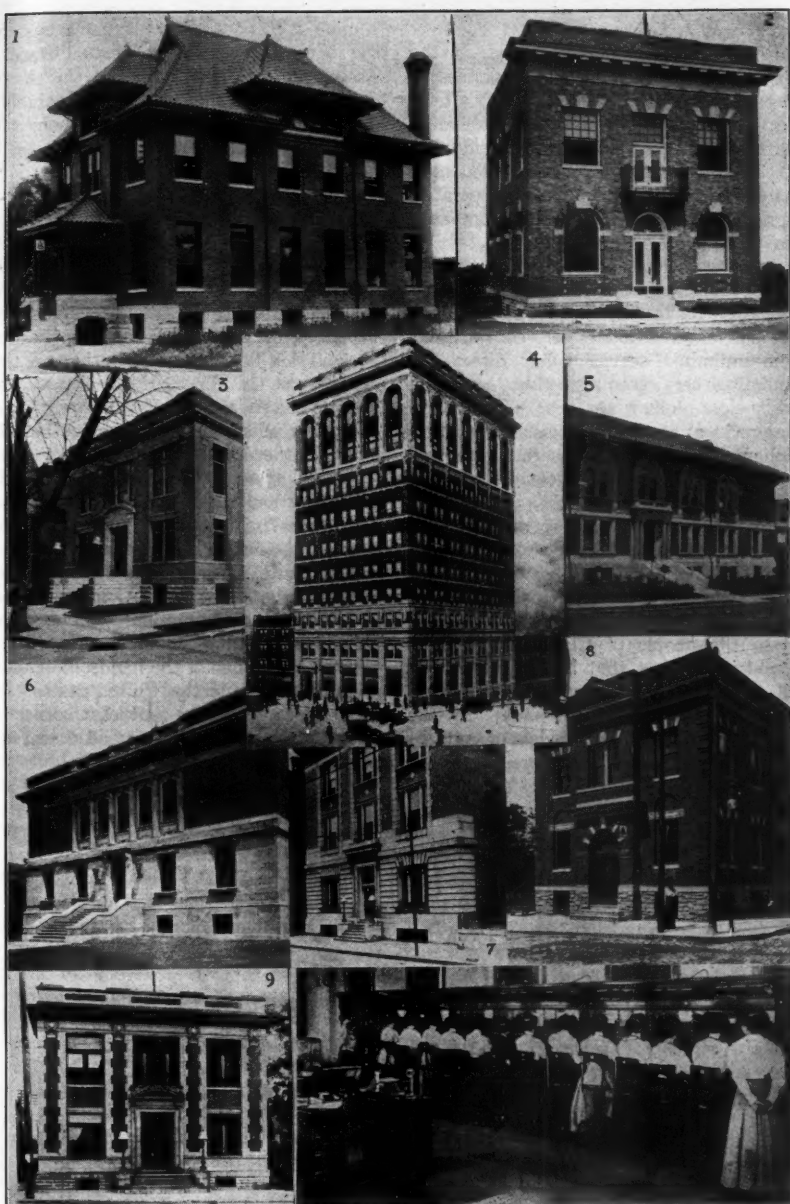
highest ideal. It is true the company has always been splendidly managed and being in possession of ample finances to carry on development and to take advantage of every new invention of importance the moment that it is put upon the market, with the result that the people of that city have enjoyed telephone service to which those of many other municipalities have been strangers.

The City and Suburban Telegraph Association, now known as the Cincinnati and Suburban Telephone Company, was incorporated in 1873 and the early work of the company was confined to an effort to furnish communication for its patrons by means of private telephone lines using electric printing machines, single stroke bells and sounders. It was a primitive method to be sure, but what appears strange today is the fact that when the telephone was introduced the Company had much difficulty in inducing its customers to substitute the telephones for the printing machines.

The telephone development and service in Cincinnati have always been ahead of most cities of its class. The district controlled by the Cincinnati and Suburban Bell has a radius of from thirty to forty miles with Cincinnati as the center. The district has a population of about 750,000, of which 550,000 are in what is known as the Metropolitan District which comprises Cincinnati and suburbs. The entire district consists of thirteen counties in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, all adjacent to Cincinnati. In this district with its population of 750,000 the Bell has approximately seventy thousand telephones in service.

In some of the smaller towns of the district the Independents gained a foothold a few years ago, but the total development is confined to less than four thousand subscribers.

The Bell has twenty exchanges in the Cincinnati exchange district, thirteen of which are located in modern buildings owned by the company and equipped with relay, multiple switchboards, and seven



NEW BUILDING OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN TELEPHONE COMPANY AND SOME
OF THE MODERN EXCHANGE BUILDINGS

(1) Norwood exchange (2) Highland exchange (3) Hamilton exchange (4) The beautiful new building of
the Cincinnati Telephone Company (5) Avon exchange (6) Nassau exchange (7) West exchange (8) Park
exchange (9) South exchange (10) Operating room of the Park exchange

exchanges in leased property, equipped with local battery switchboards. In this district there are 56,000 telephones in service. The rest of the company's territory is covered by nineteen exchanges with 7,500 telephones and twenty-four exchanges operated by sub-licensed companies with whom the Bell has operating agreements. The sub-licensed companies have 6,300 telephones.

The service in Cincinnati and through the entire district is quick and reliable. The rates for business houses in Cincinnati are one hundred dollars per year for direct line unlimited service. For direct line unlimited service to residences the rate is forty-eight dollars per year. Two party line resident service is furnished for thirty dollars per year. Measured rate and guaranteed service are given to both business houses and residences. Every condition has been properly worked out and a service to suit every person's requirement has been arranged.

Perhaps one of the principal reasons for the efficient service which the Company gives the people of Cincinnati may be found in the fact that the employees are all well paid and every consideration is given to them by the company. All the exchange buildings are models of convenience and comfort. Twenty years ago the

company encouraged the organization of the telephone employees Mutual Benefit Association of Cincinnati, and this Association has since that time been a valuable factor in stimulating fraternity among the employees. The members draw sick benefits of one dollar and a half a day, the funds for which are furnished by the company without assessment on the members. In case of death the beneficiary gets one thousand dollars, the funds for which are raised by an assessment upon the members. There are no regular dues. Probably few persons are carrying cheaper life and sick benefit insurance than are the members of this Association. The annual dues on one thousand dollars insurance and one dollar and a half per day sick benefit have never exceeded four dollars per year.

The Cincinnati Telephone Society is an association of the telephone employees which was organized five years ago for social and educational purposes.

The beautiful new home of the Cincinnati and Suburban Telephone Company, now in process of construction, will be completed the coming summer and will be without doubt one of the handsomest telephone buildings in the United States. It will be located on the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue and Hammond Street on the site of the old St. James Hotel.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

NAY! I will pray for them until I go
 To their far realm beyond the strait of death!
 For, past the deeps and all the winds that blow,
 Somewhere within God's silences I know
 My yearning heart, my prayers with sobbing breath,
 Will find and bring them gladness! Drear and slow
 Would dawn my days, were they not followed so
 With perfect love that never varyeth!
 Does the fond wife, when mists hide wave and lea,
 Forget her fisher's safety to implore,
 Till the lost bark that holds her joy in fee,
 Blithe, through the billows, comes again to shore?—
 Our vanished ones but sail a vaster sea,
 And there, as here, God listens evermore.



IT was Grandma's time for a story—after the apples had been passed. She told of leaving her home in Vermont because her husband had signed a note for a neighbor who had defaulted payment. In those days a failure to pay a note meant imprisonment to the endorser as well as the maker. The husband and father left for the far West, to escape the severe penalty of the bankrupt law. The mother and children were to follow and the kind neighbors took them in the wagon to Albany.

At Albany they boarded a canal boat and slowly made their way across the great Empire state. The scenes witnessed from the deck of that canal boat as it lazily wended its way down the valley made a deep impression on grandma, a little girl of five, as well as upon the older children. The mules at one place were jerked back, thrown into the water and drowned when the canal boat struck a snag. After days and days the little party reached Buffalo, where they were to embark on the first steamer to ply on the Great Lakes which had the Indian-like name of "Walk-in-the-Water." The steamer was long overdue, and there were no telephones or telegraph, and they had to wait in a little cabin near the wharf, for the boat to arrive. The children were carried across the swamp on which the business portion of Buffalo now stands.

The "Walk-in-the-Water" did not arrive and the mother of the little family was impatient and bundled the baggage aboard and took passage on the schooner Decatur,

a relic of Perry's days on Lake Erie. The vessel was wrecked in a storm one day out, and the passengers and crew were landed at Erie, Pennsylvania.

Grandma remembered that her dress was frozen to the side of the boat in which they were rescued and the ice had to be cut away with an axe. Some days later the steamer "Walk-in-the-Water" arrived, and the little family embarked for Portland, Ohio, the place where Portland cement, so generally used today, first received its name. The original name of the town "Portland" was later changed to Sandusky. Here there was an anxious father awaiting the arrival of his little family. For six weeks he had waited in suspense, not knowing the fate of his loved ones who had planned to leave the little Vermont home on a certain date according to a letter received far in advance of their arrival. They started for the home in the woods, and the children were carried on the backs of Indians anxious to earn a little money with which to buy the bright red clothes and trinkets brought by the palefaces. In the forest, on what is now known as the "Western Reserve" their first home was built of rough hewn logs, and here the family lived long before the advent of railroads—a sturdy group of children, in the solitude of their new home.

A welcome visitor every year was Apple Seed Johnny, who made himself famous by planting apple-seeds all over Ohio. And we all took a bite of apple in remembrance of the hero of the tale that was to follow.

IN the great city of New York at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second Streets is situated the School of Philanthropy, of which Edward T. Devine, the most widely known social worker in America, is director. This School of Philanthropy is a branch of the great charity organization of the city of New York, and is a professional training school to fit people to do social work. It is to



MAYOR GEORGE J. KARB

of Columbus, Ohio. First elected in 1891 was re-elected in 1893 and was again elected in 1911. Mayor Karb is a Democrat. He is progressive and liberal in his views and is giving the city a good administration

the problems of social work what the schools of law, medicine and engineering are to their respective lines.

The school began in 1898 as a summer session where a few social workers met to plan on mutual advancement in their chosen work. Later the work became of marked importance, and an endowment of \$1,000,000 from Mr. John S. Kennedy assured the future of educational work along purely social lines.

The enrollment of the School of Philanthropy is steadily increasing each year, and the present term shows more than one hundred and fifty students seeking

to perfect themselves in social work. The tuition fee is \$150 to cover a two year's course, and the enrollment entitles the student to affiliation with Columbia University and vice versa.

The work of the School of Philanthropy is being watched with keen interest. There are many places for well-trained social workers of executive ability in the various cities, and the pay is commensurate with the demand. The New York School of Philanthropy is one of several institutions of its kind in the country and keeps in close touch with the other schools in Boston, Chicago and St. Louis.

The next time you hear about the School of Philanthropy you will know that it isn't a school where young millionaires learn how to give money away; but an institution of serious study and field work, in the war for the abolition of poverty.

* * *

IN an interesting booklet published by the Erie Railroad, the great reconstruction work along its system is introduced as "greater than Panama." It is only one more illustration of the great effort which the business of modern railroading is making to provide for the present and the future. When the average man attacks a railroad on general principles, he little realizes what a tremendous undertaking the building and management of a railroad has become. A comparison of the Erie Railroad's reconstruction work with that of Panama makes an interesting story.

Says the booklet:

"It's bigger than the Panama Canal.

"What! The Erie Railroad?

"Yes.

"Listen: The Erie Railroad carries millions of tons more freight every year than the Panama Canal will accommodate, and serves more people, who are both shippers and passengers, than the Canal will ever serve.

"The Panama Canal is fifty miles long. Experts announce that, for the first year or two the annual movement of traffic through the Canal will be 10,500,000 tons, probably reaching 17,000,000 tons by 1925. For the fiscal year closing June 30, 1912, the Erie Railroad carried 136,471,206 tons of freight the length of the Panama Canal.

To float this tonnage would require nearly 27,294 vessels of 5,000 tons each, or nearly five times the tonnage capacity, steam and sail, of all the merchant fleets of all the nations of the world.

"The United States is paying for the Canal, but a large part of the commerce passing through it will have absolutely no connection with the United States or

Venezuela, Guatemala, Ecuador, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador and Honduras.

"To provide better facilities for handling the travel and shipments over its line, the Erie Railroad Company has now under construction two hundred and sixty miles of second and third track on its line west of Salamanca, which will be com-



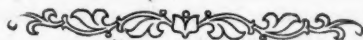
GAS PLANT AT CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE

its people. The traffic of the Erie Railroad embraces shipments to and from every habitable part of the world, and *our own people* are interested in the movement of every pound of it.

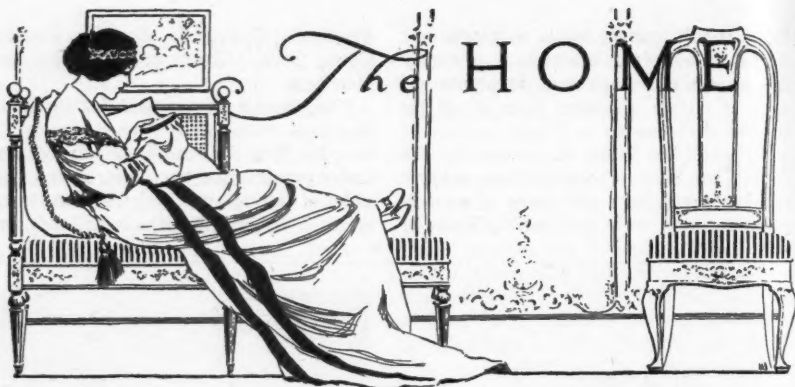
"Last year the Erie Railroad carried over 25,000,000 passengers—a far greater number of people than the combined population of Peru, Colombia, Chile,

pleted in 1913. Not only will the line from New York to Chicago be then double tracked, but three and four tracks will be available in the territory having the heaviest traffic."

Other railroads might do well to follow the example set by the Erie and give their patrons something to talk about. Toot! Toot!



MS
Kend



ACCORDING to the almanac, February the second is Groundhog Day, the day that decides winter's fate. And this year prophetic Mr. Woodchuck just poked his head out, saw that the sun was shining brightly and went back to his burrow for six weeks' more sleep. And the weather since has proved his wisdom. But yet it is none too soon to begin the spring planning. Houses and gardens will soon require the attention of householders, and now, too, is none too soon to make ready for that long-desired flock of chickens. At this time helpful hints, such as are found in "Pin-Money Suggestions," by Lillian W. Babcock, (published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston) are most welcome.

Primarily, this book was written for those women who, though not feeling the stern necessity of adding to the family income, nevertheless desire to earn a little money for some extras that they would otherwise have to get along without. It gives about four hundred ways in which a woman can use her spare time advantageously. All these suggestions have been contributed by those who have tried them with profit, and who have gladly pointed out to their sisters the pathway to success.

Besides being of value to those who desire a little pin money, the volume would make a very useful adjunct to the kitchen library of any woman who just desires to be a good homemaker, for there are many true and tried recipes in it for candies, breads and desserts, bearing the stamp of approval not only of the maker, but of the many consumers. Many hints on needlework, making toilet accessories, such as sachet

powder, complexion creams, perfumery, etc., are given. There is an index which it would be a good idea to consult frequently, for there are numerous ideas in it that can scarcely be embodied in a short article.

* * *

For those who love out-of-door work, the culture of flowers and vegetables is set forth and there are also talks on raising different kinds of stock, especially chickens, which somehow seem to thrive so well when under a woman's care. And speaking of chickens, here is a letter received from a young lady in California who is evidently making good:

"It is a great pleasure to write you in regard to my success in poultry raising. During the spring of 1911, I brought off young chickens, numbering eighty-five in all. Sixty were female birds and the remaining twenty-five males. The following January I sold the males at fifty cents each, bringing me \$12.50. The young pullets started producing eggs the following November and the average number they laid in each of the first four months was thirty dozen. Eggs sell at my home market during the months of November, December, January and February for fifty cents a dozen, and I sold eggs to the value of \$60. When spring came, of course, the chickens made a great gain. In March and April they laid 198 dozen. These I disposed of for thirty cents a dozen, which brought me \$59.90. The total amount received for male birds and eggs was \$311.90, my total expenses in raising chickens, \$55, which left me

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THE HOME

\$76.90 clear profit. My chickens are brown leghorns. In regard to feed I always keep before them plenty of green grass and sour milk. I feed wheat twice a day, allowing a full handful for each chicken at each meal. I also thoroughly wash and cook small potatoes and potato parings for them. Once a week I feed chipped up horse-radish leaves which they greatly relish and also keep before them burned bone to form shell with. In winter when the ground is covered with

snow I substitute green heads of cabbage for grass and cook carrots, turnips and parings of parsnips, which I give them warm. I get my spending money in this way and at the same time keep house for my father and four brothers, doing all the work without any assistance. The farmer's daughter has every opportunity of being independent and country life is so pure and healthy. I sincerely hope that some reader of the NATIONAL may be profited in the poultry business by my experience."

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.

TO MEND AGATE WARE

BY E. L.

When rust has eaten a hole in an agate or enamelled ware foot tub or other vessel of similar ware, that is not used on the stove, the hole may be covered by dropping in melted sealing wax; hot water does not affect the wax and when eventually it falls off, it may easily be renewed.

For Mourning Veils

To freshen a twisted silk mourning veil, either short or long, spread out smoothly on a covered table and sponge off carefully with coffee, then press between newspapers with irons moderately hot.

A USE FOR OLD CUFFS

BY A. F.

The detached cuffs that come with light shirts are rarely worn much by the time the shirt is worn out. Overhanded together, and with the starch thoroughly soaked out, they make excellent holders.

Linseed Oil

Equal parts of linseed oil and lime water make an excellent lotion for burns. Equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine make a fine furniture polish. A cloth dipped in it is good to wipe painted woodwork with.

A Bread-making Hint

A little ginger added to the yeast when making bread improves its "liveliness."

New Old Curtains

A little yellow ochre powder, dissolved and added to starch will make old white curtains look like new ecru ones.

IMPROVES CROQUETTES

BY N. R. M.

In making fish balls, croquettes, etc., an agreeable flavor is imparted by putting a whole clove in the article to be fried and removing it before serving. Extract of clove may be used instead, but does not impart quite so fine a flavor.

Butternut Fruit Cake

Two cups flour, one cup brown sugar, one cup sour cream, one cup chopped raisins, one cup chopped butternuts, one-fourth pound citron, cut very fine, two tablespoonfuls molasses, butter the size of a large egg, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

FOR THE BUTTER-MAKER

BY A. E. W.

Scalding of butter-making tools has long been considered essential to prevent the sticking of cream and butter to their sides. Scouring churn bowl, ladle and dash with salt and rinsing with cold water before using will have the same effect as boiling water and is less trouble. Even glass or crockery will not be sticky if rubbed with salt before using.

Spanish Meat Balls

One can of tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, garlic or cayenne to taste; this is the "Spanish." Soak half a loaf of stale bread, then drain off all water. Add, with one egg and pepper and salt to taste, to one and a half pounds of hamburger steak. Mix together, roll into balls the size of an egg and cook in the "Spanish" three-quarters of an hour.

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Notice to Contributors: We are always glad to read stories, poems, essays and illustrated articles, especially those by new writers, and we make every effort to return manuscript offered for our examination; but we cannot be responsible for unsolicited contributions. Enclose a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, to insure the safe return of your manuscript. **The Managing Editor.**

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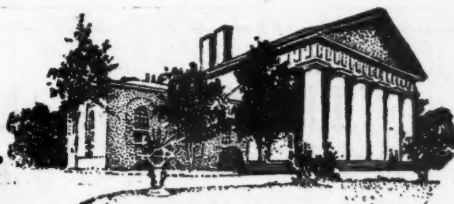
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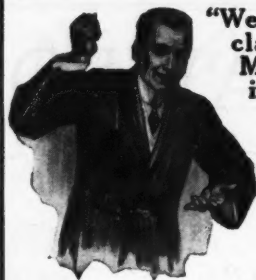


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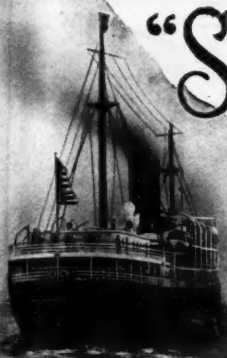
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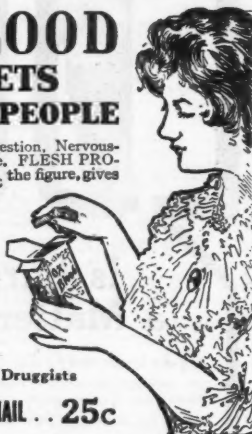
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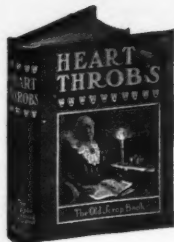
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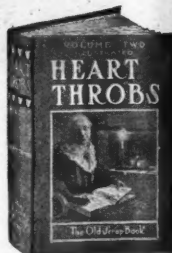
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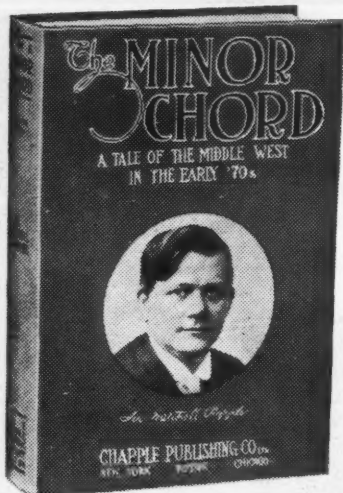
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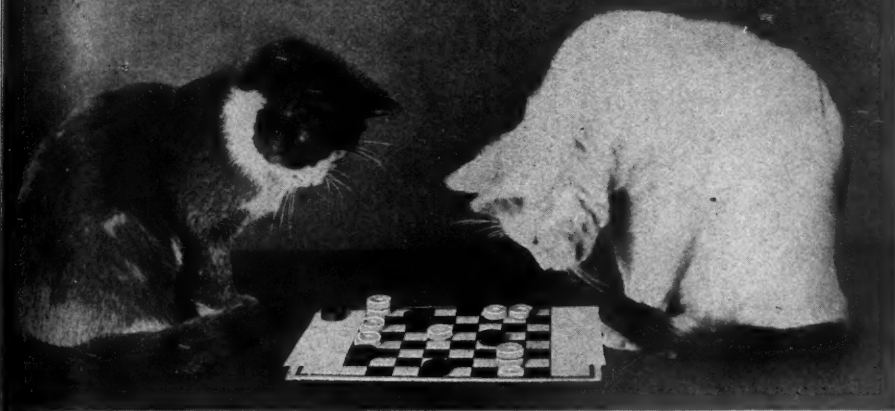
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